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LETTERS OF

HORACE WALPOLE

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
LONDON, EDINBURGH
NEW YORK

Horace Walpole

from a miniature by Zincke.

Walker & Cockerell Ph. Sc.

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

AND EDITED WITH NOTES AND INDICES

BY

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

VOL. III: 1750—1756

OXFORD

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

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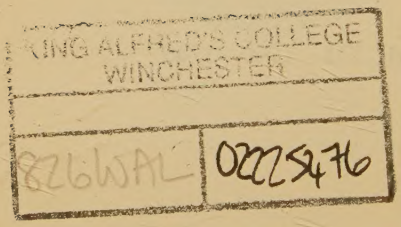
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THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

314. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 25, 1750.

I told you my idle season was coming on, and that I should have great intervals between my letters; have not I kept my word? For anything I have to tell you, I might have kept it a month longer. I came out of Essex last night, and find the town quite depopulated: I leave it to-morrow, and go to Mr. Conway's [1], in Buckinghamshire, with only giving a transient glance on Strawberry Hill. Don't imagine I am grown fickle; I thrust all my visits into a heap, and then am quiet for the rest of the season. It is so much the way in England to jaunt about, that one can't avoid it; but it convinces me that people are more tired of themselves and the country than they care to own.

Has your brother told you that my Lord Chesterfield has bought the Houghton lantern? the famous lantern, that produced so much Patriot wit [2]; and very likely some of his Lordship's? My brother had bought a much handsomer at Lord Cholmondeley's sale; for with all the immensity of the celebrated one, it was ugly, and too little for the hall. He

Letter 314.—[1] Mr. Conway hired Latimers, in Buckinghamshire, for three years. *Walpole.*

[2] In one pamphlet, the noise on this lantern was so exaggerated, that the author said, on a journey to Houghton, he was carried first into a glass-room, which he supposed was the porter's lodge, but proved to be the lantern. *Walpole.*

would have given it to my Lord Chesterfield rather than he should not have had it.

You tell us nothing of your big events, of the quarrel of the Pope and the Venetians, on the Patriarchate of Aquileia[3]. We look upon it as so decisive that I should not wonder if Mr. Lyttelton, or Whitfield the Methodist, were to set out for Venice, to make them a tender of some of our religions.

Is it true too what we hear, that the Emperor has turned the tables on her Cæsarean jealousy[4], and discarded Metastasio the poet, and that the latter is gone mad upon it, instead of hugging himself on coming off so much better than his predecessor in royal love and music, David Rizzio? I believe I told you that one of your sovereigns, and an intimate friend of yours, King Theodore, is in the King's Bench prison. I have so little to say, that I don't care if I do tell you the same thing twice. He lived in a privileged place; his creditors seized him by making him believe Lord Granville wanted him on business of importance; he bit at it, and concluded they were both to be reinstated at once. I have desired Hogarth to go and steal his picture for me; though I suppose one might easily buy a sitting of him. The King of Portugal[5] (and when I have told you this, I have done with kings) has bought a handsome house here[6] for the residence of his ministers.

I believe you have often heard me mention a Mr. Ashton[7], a clergyman, who, in one word, has great preferments, and owes everything upon earth to me. I have long had reason to complain of his behaviour; in short, my father is dead, and I can make no bishops. He has at last quite thrown

[3] The right to nominate the Patriarch of Aquileia was in dispute between the Austrians and Venetians. To put an end to the quarrel Benedict XIV suppressed the Patriarchate in this year (1750).

[4] The Empress Maria Theresa.

[5] John V.

[6] In South Audley Street. *Walpole.*

[7] Thomas Ashton, Fellow of Eton College, and Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate. *Walpole.*

off the mask, and in the most direct manner, against my will, has written against my friend Dr. Middleton, taking for his motto these lines:

Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magistri,
Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

I have forbid him my house, and wrote this paraphrase upon his picture:

Nullius addictus munus meminisse Patroni,
Quid vacat et qui dat, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

I own it was pleasant to me the other day, on meeting Mr. Tonson[8], his bookseller, at the Speaker's and asking him if he had sold many of Mr. Ashton's books, to be told, 'Very few indeed, Sir!'

I beg you will thank Dr. Cocchi much for his book; I will thank him much more when I have received and read it. His friend, Dr. Mead, is undone; his fine collection is going to be sold[9]: he owes above five-and-twenty thousand pounds. All the world thought him immensely rich; but, besides the expense of his collection, he kept a table for which alone he is said to have allowed seventy pounds a week. . . .[10] I wish you joy of your palace[11] filling again—mind, I don't say seraglio—oh! but they won't live with you—I had forgot. Adieu!

315. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 2, 1750.

I had just sent my letter to the Secretary's office the other day when I received yours: it would have prevented my reproving you for not mentioning the quarrel between the

[8] Jacob Tonson the younger (d. 1767).

[9] Dr. Mead's collections were not dispersed until after his death in 1754.

[10] Passage omitted.

[11] This alludes to the return of Mr. and Mrs. B. Mr. Mann was supposed to be in love with her. *Walpole.*

Pope and the Venetians; and I should have had time to tell you that Dr. Mead's bankruptcy is contradicted. I don't love to send you falsities, so I tell you this is contradicted, though it is by no means clear that he is not undone—he is scarce worth making an article in two letters.

I don't wonder that Marquis Acciauoli's villa did not answer to you: by what I saw in Tuscany and by the prints, their villas are strangely out of taste, and laboured by their unnatural regularity and art to destroy the romanticness of the situations. I wish you could see the villas and seats here! the country wears a new face; everybody is improving their places, and as they don't fortify their plantations with entrenchments of walls and high hedges, one has the benefit of them even in passing by. The dispersed buildings—I mean temples, bridges, &c.—are generally Gothic or Chinese, and give a whimsical air of novelty that is very pleasing. You would like a drawing-room in the latter style that I fancied and have been executing at Mr. Rigby's in Essex; it has large and very fine Indian landscapes, with a black fret round them, and round the whole entablature of the room, and all the ground or hanging is of pink paper. While I was there, we had eight of the hottest days that ever were felt; they say, some degrees beyond the hottest in the East Indies, and that the Thames was more so than the hot well at Bristol. The guards died on their posts at Versailles; and here a Captain Halyburton, brother-in-law of Lord Morton[1], went mad with the excess of it.

Your brother Gal will, I suppose, be soon making improvements like the rest of the world: he has bought an estate in Kent, called Bocton Malherbe[2], famous enough for having belonged to two men who, in my opinion, have very little title to fame, Sir Harry Wotton[3] and my Lord Chesterfield.

LETTER 315.—[1] James Douglas (1702–1768), fourteenth Earl of Morton.

[2] Called also Boughton Malherbe.

[3] Diplomatist and Provost of Eton; d. 1639.

I must have the pleasure of being the first to tell you that your pedigree is finished at last; a most magnificent performance, and that will make a pompous figure in a future great hall at Bocton Malherbe, when your great-nephews or great-[grand]children shall be Earls, &c. My cousin Lord Conway is made Earl of Hertford, as a branch of the Somersets: Sir Edward Seymour gave his approbation handsomely. He has not yet got the dukedom himself, as there is started up a Dr. Seymour who claims it, but will be able to make nothing out.

Dr. Middleton is dead—not killed by Mr. Ashton—but of a decay that came upon him at once. The Bishop of London [4] will perhaps make a jubilee for his death, and then we shall draw off some of your crowds of travellers. Tacitus Gordon [5] died the same day; he married the widow of Trenchard [6] (with whom he wrote *Cato's Letters*), at the same time that Dr. Middleton married her companion. The Bishop of Durham (Chandler), another great writer of controversy, is dead too, immensely rich; he is succeeded by Butler [7] of Bristol, a metaphysic author, much patronized by the late Queen; she never could make my father read his book, and which she certainly did not understand herself: he told her his religion was fixed, and that he did not want to change or improve it. A report is come of the death of the King of Portugal [8], and of the young Pretender; but that I don't believe.

I have been in town for a day or two, and heard no conversation but about M'Lean [9], a fashionable highwayman,

[4] Thomas Sherlock.

[5] Thomas Gordon, political writer. Sir Robert Walpole made him First Commissioner of Wine Licences.

[6] John Trenchard (1662–1723). Gordon's marriage to his widow is said to have been suggested by Trenchard himself on his death-bed.

[7] Joseph Butler (1692–1752), Bishop of Bristol, and author of the *Analogy of Religion*.

[8] John V of Portugal died on July 31, 1750.

[9] James Maclean or Maclaine, son of a Presbyterian minister at Monaghan; executed at Tyburn, Oct. 3, 1750.

who is just taken, and who robbed me among others; as Lord Eglinton[10], Sir Thomas Robinson of Vienna, Mrs. Talbot, &c. He took an odd booty from the Scotch Earl, a blunderbuss, which lies very formidably upon the justice's table. He was taken by selling a laced waistcoat to a pawnbroker, who happened to carry it to the very man who had just sold the lace. His history is very particular, for he confesses everything, and is so little of a hero, that he cries and begs, and I believe, if Lord Eglinton had been in any luck, might have been robbed of his own blunderbuss. His father was an Irish dean; his brother is a Calvinist minister in great esteem at the Hague. He himself was a grocer, but losing a wife that he loved extremely about two years ago, and by whom he has one little girl, he quitted his business with two hundred pounds in his pocket, which he soon spent, and then took to the road with only one companion, Plunket, a journeyman apothecary, my other friend, whom he has impeached, but who is not taken. M'Lean had a lodging in St. James's Street, over against White's, and another at Chelsea; Plunket one in Jermyn Street; and their faces are as known about St. James's as any gentleman's who lives in that quarter, and who perhaps goes upon the road too. M'Lean had a quarrel at Putney bowling-green two months ago with an officer, whom he challenged for disputing his rank; but the captain declined, till M'Lean should produce a certificate of his nobility, which he has just received. If he had escaped a month longer, he might have heard of Mr. Chute's genealogic expertness, and come hither to the College of Arms for a certificate. There was a wardrobe of clothes, three-and-twenty purses, and the celebrated blunderbuss found at his lodgings, besides a famous kept mistress. As I conclude he will suffer, and wish him

[10] Alexander Montgomerie, tenth Earl of Eglintoun. He was murdered in 1770 by Mungo Campbell, an Excise officer.

no ill, I don't care to have his idea, and am almost single in not having been to see him. Lord Mountford, at the head of half White's, went the first day: his aunt was crying over him: as soon as they were withdrawn, she said to him, knowing they were of White's, 'My dear, what did the lords say to you? have you ever been concerned with any of them?'—Was not it admirable? what a favourable idea people must have of White's!—and what if White's should not deserve a much better! But the chief personages who have been to comfort and weep over this fallen hero are Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe: I call them Polly and Lucy, and asked them if he did not sing

Thus I stand like the Turk with his doxies around[11].

Another celebrated Polly has been arrested for thirty pounds, even the old Cuzzoni[12]. The Prince of Wales bailed her—who will do as much for him?

I am much obliged to you for your intended civilities to my liking Madame Capello; but as I never liked anything of her but her prettiness, for she is an idiot, I beg you will dispense with them on my account: I should even be against your renewing your garden assemblies: you would be too good to pardon the impertinence of the Florentines, and would very likely expose yourself to more: besides, the absurdities which English travelling boys are capable, and likely to act or conceive, always gave me apprehensions of your meeting with disagreeable scenes—and then there is another animal still more absurd than Florentine men or English boys, and that is, travelling governors, who are mischievous into the bargain, and whose pride is always hurt because they are sure of its never being indulged. They will not learn the world, because they are sent to

[11] The last song in the *Beggar's Opera*.

[12] Francesca Cuzzoni, a celebrated singer. She died in Italy, in great poverty, in 1770.

teach it, and as they come forth more ignorant of it than their pupils, take care to return with more prejudices, and as much care to instil all theirs into their pupils. Don't assemble them!

Since I began my letter, the King of Portugal's death is contradicted: for the future, I will be as circumspect as one of your Tuscan residents was, who being here in Oliver's time, wrote to his court, 'Some say the Protector is dead; others that he is not: for my part, I believe neither one nor t'other.'

Will you send me some excellent melon seeds? I have a neighbour who shines in fruit, and have promised to get him some: Zatteè, I think he says, is a particular sort. I don't know the best season for sending them, but you do, and will oblige me by some of the best sorts.

I suppose you know all that execrable history that occasioned an insurrection lately at Paris, where they were taking up young children to try to people one of their colonies, in which grown persons could never live[13]. You have seen too, to be sure, in the papers the bustle that has been all this winter about purloining some of our manufacturers to Spain. I was told to-day that the informations, if they had had rope given them, would have reached to General Wall. Can you wonder? Why should Spain prefer a native of England[14] to her own subjects, but because he could and would do us more hurt than a Spaniard could? A grandee is a more harmless animal by far than an Irish Papist. We stifled this evidence: we are in their power; we forgot at the last peace to renew the most material treaty[15]! Adieu! *You* would not forget a material treaty.

[13] Apparently a false report. The real cause of the riots seems to have been the action of some of the police, who, on a pretext of arresting beggars, seized the children of well-to-do people in order to extort a ransom from the parents.

[14] General Richard Wall was of Irish parents, but I believe not born in these dominions. *Walpole.*—He was born in Ireland.

[15] The Treaty of Commerce. See letter to Mann of Oct. 18, 1750.

316. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Sept. 1, 1750.

Here, my dear child, I have two letters of yours to answer. I will go answer them; and then, if I have anything to tell you, I will. I accept very thankfully all the civilities you showed to Madame Capello on my account, but I don't accept her on my account: I don't know who has told you that I liked her, but you may believe me, I never did. For the Damers[1], they have lived much in the same world that I do. He is moderately sensible, immoderately proud, self-sufficient, and whimsical. She is very sensible, has even humour, if the excessive reserve and silence that she draws from both father and mother would let her, I may almost say, ever show it. You say, 'What people do we send you!' I reply, 'What people we do not send you!' Those that travel are reasonable, compared with those who can never prevail on themselves to stir beyond the atmosphere of their own whims. I am convinced that the opinions I give you about several people must appear very misanthrope; but yet, you see, you are generally forced to own at last that I did not speak from prejudice: but I won't triumph, since you own that I was in the right about the B.'s[2]. I was a little peevish with you in your last, when I came to the paragraph where you begin to say 'I have made use of all the interest I have with Mr. Pelham[3].' I concluded you was proceeding to say, 'to procure your arrears'; instead of that, it was, to

Letter 316.—[1] Joseph Damer, afterwards created Baron Milton in Ireland, married Lady Caroline Sackville, daughter of Lionel, Duke of Dorset. *Walpole.*

[2] The Barretts.

[3] Thomas Pelham, of Stanmer. A young gentleman who travelled with Mr. Milbank. *Walpole.*—First cousin of the Duke of Newcastle, whom he succeeded as Baron Pelham of Stanmer in 1768; cr. Earl of Chichester, 1801. Lord of Trade, 1754; Lord of the Admiralty, 1761–64; Comptroller of the Household, 1765–74; Surveyor-General of Customs of London, 1773–1805; Chief Justice in Eyre, north of Trent, 1774–75; Keeper of the Wardrobe, 1775–82; d. 1805.

make him serve Mr. Milbank[4]—will you never have done obliging people? do begin to think of being obliged. I dare say Mr. Milbank is a very pretty sort of man, very sensible of your attentions, and who will never forget them—till he is past the Giogo[5]. You recommend him to me: to show you that I have not naturally an inclination to hate people, I am determined not to be acquainted with him, that I may not hate him for forgetting you. Mr. Pelham will be a little surprised at not finding his sister[6] at Hanover. That was all a pretence of his wise relations here, who grew uneasy that he was happy in a way that they had not laid out for him[7]: Mrs. Temple is in Sussex. They looked upon the pleasure of an amour of choice as a transient affair; so, to make his satisfaction permanent, they proposed to *marry* him, and to a girl[8] he scarce ever saw!

I suppose you have heard all the exorbitant demands of the Heralds for your pedigree! I have seen one this morning, infinitely richer and better done, which will not cost more: it is for my Lady Pomfret. You would be entertained with all her imagination in it. She and my Lord both descend from Edward I, by his two Queens[9]. The pedigree is painted in a book: instead of a vulgar genealogical tree, she has devised a pine-apple plant, sprouting out of a basket, on which is King Edward's head; on the leaves are all the intermediate arms: the fruit is sliced open, and discovers

[4] Acclome, youngest son of Sir Ralph Milbanke, fourth Baronet. Mann was anxious that young Pelham should secure some post for Mr. Milbanke, whose father had left him badly off. He entered the army, reached the rank of Major, and died unmarried at Havannah.

[5] The highest part of the Apennine between Florence and Bologna. *Walpole.*

[6] Mrs. Temple, widow of Lord Palmerston's son: she was afterwards married to Lord Abergavenny. *Walpole.*

[7] Mr. Pelham was greatly attached to a Countess Acciauoli in Florence; hence the anxiety of his family to induce him to leave Italy. (See *Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 310.)

[8] Frances, second daughter of Henry Pelham, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. T. Pelham married Miss Frankland. *Walpole.*

[9] Eleanor of Castile and Margaret of France.

the busts of the Earl and Countess, from whence issue their issue! I have had the old Vere pedigree lately in my hands, which derives that house from Lucius Verus; but I am now grown to bear no descent but my Lord Chesterfield's, who has placed among the portraits of his ancestors two old heads, inscribed *Adam de Stanhope* and *Eve de Stanhope;* the ridicule is admirable. Old Peter Le Neve[10], the herald, who thought ridicule consisted in not being of an old family, made this epitaph, and it was a good one, for young Craggs[11], whose father[12] had been a footman, 'Here lies the last who died before the first of his family!' Pray mind, how I string old stories to-day! This old Craggs, who was angry with Arthur Moore[13], who had worn a livery too, and who was getting into a coach with him, turned about and said, 'God! Arthur, I am always going to get up behind; are not you?' I told this story the other day to George Selwyn, whose passion is to see coffins and corpses, and executions: he replied, 'that Arthur Moore had had his coffin chained to his whore's.'—'Lord!' said I, 'how do you know?'—'Why, I saw them the other day in a vault at St. Giles's.' He was walking this week in Westminster Abbey with Lord Abergavenny, and met the man who shows the tombs, 'Oh! your servant, Mr. Selwyn; I expected to have seen you here the other day, when the old Duke of Richmond's[14] body was taken up.' Shall I tell you another story of George Selwyn before I tap the chapter of Richmond, which you see opens here very apropos? With this strange and dismal turn, he has infinite fun and humour in him. He went lately on

[10] Peter Leneve, Norroy King-at-Arms (1661–1729).

[11] James Craggs the younger (d. 1721), sometime Secretary at War and Secretary of State.

[12] James Craggs the elder (d. 1721), sometime Joint Postmaster-General.

[13] Arthur Moore (d. 1730), sometime Lord of Trade. He began life either as groom or footman.

[14] Charles Lennox (1672–1723), first Duke of Richmond, son of Charles II by Louise de Keroualle. His body had been removed to Chichester Cathedral.

a party of pleasure to see places with Lord Abergavenny and a pretty Mrs. Frere, who love one another a little. At Cornbury there are portraits of all the royalists and regicides and illustrious headless[15]. Mrs. Frere ran about, looked at nothing, let him look at nothing, screamed about Indian paper, and hurried over all the rest. George grew peevish, called her back, told her it was monstrous, when he had come so far with her, to let him see nothing; 'And you are a fool, you don't know what you missed in the other room.'—'Why, what?'—'Why, my Lord Holland's[16] picture.'—'Well! what is my Lord Holland to me?'—'Why, do you know,' said he, 'that my Lord Holland's body lies in the same vault in Kensington Church with my Lord Abergavenny's mother[17]?' Lord! she was so obliged, and thanked him a thousand times.

The Duke of Richmond[18] is dead, vastly lamented: the Duchess is left in great circumstances. Lord Albemarle, Lord Lincoln, the Duke of Marlborough, Duke of Leeds, and the Duke of Rutland, are talked of for Master of the Horse. The first is likeliest to succeed; the Pelhams wish most to have the last: you know he is Lady Catherine's brother, and at present attached to the Prince. His son Lord Granby's match, which is at last to be finished to-morrow, has been a mighty topic of conversation lately. The bride is one of the great heiresses of old proud Somerset. Lord Winchilsea, who is her uncle, and who has married the other sister very loosely to his own relation, Lord Guernsey[19], has tied up Lord Granby so rigorously that the Duke of Rutland has endeavoured to break the match. She has four thousand

[15] For some account of these pictures see Horace Walpole's letter to Bentley of Sept. 1753.

[16] Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, beheaded in 1649.

[17] Catherine Tatton, Baroness Abergavenny; d. 1729.

[18] Charles Lennox, second Duke of Richmond.

[19] Heneage Finch (1715–1777), Lord Guernsey, eldest son of second Earl of Aylesford, whom he succeeded in 1759.

pounds a year: he is to have the same in present, but not to touch hers. He is in debt ten thousand pounds. She was to give him ten, which now Lord Winchilsea refuses. Upon the strength of her fortune, Lord Granby proposed to treat her with presents of twelve thousand pounds; but desired her to buy them. She, who never saw nor knew the value of ten shillings while her father lived, and has had no time to learn it, bespoke away so roundly, that for one article of the plate she ordered ten sauceboats: besides this, she and her sister have squandered seven thousand pounds apiece in all kinds of baubles and frippery; so her four thousand pounds a year is to be set apart for two years to pay her debts. Don't you like this English management? two of the greatest fortunes meeting and setting out with poverty and want! Sir Thomas Bootle, the Prince's Chancellor, who is one of the guardians, wanted to have her tradesmen's bills taxed; but in the meantime he has wanted to marry her Duchess-mother[20]: his love-letter has been copied and dispersed everywhere. To give you a sufficient instance of his absurdity, the first time he went with the Prince of Wales to Cliefden, he made a night-gown, cap, and slippers of gold brocade, in which he came down to breakfast the next morning.

My friend M'Lean is still the fashion: have not I reason to call him my friend? He says, if the pistol had shot me, he had another for himself. Can I do less than say I will be hanged if he is? They have made a print, a very dull one, of what I think I said to Lady Caroline Petersham about him,

Thus I stand like the Turk with his doxies around!

You have seen in the papers a Hanoverian duel, but maybe you don't know that it was an affair of jealousy. Swiegel,

[20] The Dowager Duchess of Somerset.

the slain, was here two years ago, and paid his court so assiduously to the Countess[21], that it was intimated to him to return; and the summer *we*[22] went thither afterwards, he was advised to stay at his villa. Since that, he has grown more discreet and a favourite. Freychappel came hither lately, was proclaimed a beauty by the Monarch, and to return the compliment, made a tender of all his charms where Swiegel had. The latter recollected his own passion, jostled Freychappel, fought, and was killed. I am glad he never heard what poor Gibberne was intended for.

They have put in the papers a good story made on White's: a man dropped down dead at the door, was carried in; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and when they were going to bleed him, the wagerers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet.

Mr. Whithed has been so unlucky to have a large part of his seat[23], which he had just repaired, burnt down: it is a great disappointment to me too, who was going thither gothicizing. I want an Act of Parliament to make master-builders liable to pay for any damage occasioned by fire before their workmen have quitted it. Adieu! This I call a very gossiping letter; I wish you don't call it worse.

317. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 10, 1750.

You must not pretend to be concerned at having missed me here, when I had repeatedly begged you to let me know what day you would call; and even after you had learnt that I was to come the next day, you paraded by my house with all your matrimonial streamers flying[1], without even

[21] Lady Yarmouth. *Walpole.*
[22] The King.
[23] Southwick, in Hampshire.

Letter 317.—[1] On August 9 Montagu's sister married Nathaniel Whetenhall.

saluting the future castle. To punish this slight, I shall accept your offer of a visit on the return of your progress; I shall be here, and Mrs. Leneve will not.

I feel for the poor Handasyde[2]! If I wanted examples to deter one from making all the world happy, from obliging, from being always in good-humour and spirits, she should be my memento. You find long wise faces every day, that tell you riches cannot make one happy.—No, can't they? What pleasantry is that poor woman fallen from! and what a joyous feel must Vanneck[3] have expired in, who could call and think the two Schutz's his friends, and leave five hundred pound a-piece to their friendship—nay, riches made him so happy, that, in the overflowing of his satisfaction, he has bequeathed an hundred pounds a-piece to eighteen fellows, whom he calls *his good friends, that favoured him with their company on Fridays.*—He took it mighty kind that Captain *James de Normandie*, and twenty such names, that come out of the Minories, would constrain themselves to live upon him once a week!

I should have liked to visit the castles and groves of your old Welsh ancestors with you: by the draughts I have seen, I have always imagined that Wales preserved the greatest remains of ancient days, and have often wished to visit Picton Castle, the seat of my Philipps-progenitors.

Make my best compliments to your sisters, and with their leave make haste to this side of the world; you will be extremely welcome hither as soon and for as long as you like: I can promise you nothing very agreeable, but that I will try to get our favourite Mr. Bentley to meet you. Adieu!

Yours very sincerely,

Hor. Walpole.

[2] The widow of Brigadier-General Handasyde. *Wright.*

[3] Gerard Vanneck, merchant. For his will see *Gent. Mag.* 1750, p. 393.

318. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Sept. 20, 1750.

I only write you a line or two to answer some of your questions, and to tell you that I can't answer others. I have inquired much about Dr. Mead, but can't tell you anything determinately: his family positively deny the foundation of the reports, but everybody does not believe their evidence. Your brother is positive that there is much of truth in his being undone, and even that there will be a sale of his collection[1] when the town comes to town. I wish for Dr. Cocchi's sake it may be false. I have given your brother Middleton's last piece to send you. Another Fellow of Eton[2] has popped out a sermon against the Doctor since his death, with a note to one of the pages, that is the true sublime of ecclesiastic absurdity. He is speaking against the custom of dividing the Bible into chapters and verses, and says it often encumbers the sense. This note, though long, I must transcribe, for it would wrong the author to paraphrase his nonsense:—'It is to be wished, therefore, I think, that a fair edition were set forth of the original Scriptures, *for the use of learned men in their closets*, in which there should be no notice, either in the text or margin, of chapter, or verse, or paragraph, or any such arbitrary distinctions (now mind), and I might go so far as to say even *any pointings or stops*. It could not but be matter of much satisfaction, and much use, to have it in our power to recur occasionally to such an edition, where the understanding might have full range, free from any external influence from the eye, and the continual danger of being either confined or misguided by it.' Well, Dr. Cocchi, do English divines yield to the Romish for refinements in absurdity! did one

Letter 318.—[1] His collection was not sold till after his death in the years 1754 and 1755. *Walpole.*
[2] William Cooke. *Walpole.*

ever hear of a better way of making sense of any writing than by reading it without stops! How determined must that rule of salvation be, that is in danger of being misunderstood, if it is subjected to the common rules that are used to make certain sense of anything else! Most of the parsons that read the first and second lessons practise Mr. Cooke's method of making them intelligible, for they seldom observe any stops. George Selwyn proposes to send the man his own sermon, and desire him to scratch out the stops, in order to help it to some sense.

For the questions in Florentine politics, and who are to be your governors, I am totally ignorant: you must ask Sir Charles Williams: he is the present ruling star of our negotiations. His letters are as much admired as ever his verses were. He has met the ministers of the two angry Empresses, and pacified Russian savageness and Austrian haughtiness. He is to teach the monarch of Prussia to fetch and carry, unless they happen to treat in iambics, or begin to settle the limits of Parnassus instead of those of Silesia. As he is so good a pacificator, I don't know but we may want his assistance at home before the end of the winter:

> With secretaries, secretaries jar,
> And rival bureaus threat approaching war.

Those that deal in elections look still higher, and snuff a new Parliament; but I don't believe the King ill, for the Prince is building baby-houses at Kew; and the Bishop of Oxford[3] has laid aside his post-obit views on Canterbury, and is come roundly back to St. James's for the deanery of St. Paul's. I could not help being diverted the other day with the life of another Bishop of Oxford, one Parker[4], who,

[3] Dr. Secker. *Walpole.*—He obtained the deanery in the following December.

[4] Samuel Parker, d. 1688.

like Secker, set out a Presbyterian, and died King James the Second's arbitrary master of Maudlin College.

M'Lean is condemned, and will hang. I am honourably mentioned in a Grub ballad for not having contributed to his sentence. There are as many prints and pamphlets about him as about the earthquake. His profession grows no joke: I was sitting in my own dining-room on Sunday night, the clock had not struck eleven, when I heard a loud cry of 'Stop thief!' a highwayman had attacked a post-chaise in Piccadilly, within fifty yards of this house: the fellow was pursued, rode over the watchman, almost killed him, and escaped. I expect to be robbed some night in my own garden at Strawberry; I have a pond of gold-fish, that to be sure they will steal to burn like old lace; and they may very easily, for the springs are so much sunk with this hot summer that I am forced to water my pond once a week! The season is still so fine, that I yesterday, in Kensington town, saw a horse-chestnut tree in second bloom.

As I am in town, and not within the circle of Pope's walks, I may tell you a story without fearing he should haunt me with the ghost of a satire. I went the other day to see little Spence[5], who fondles an old mother in imitation of Pope. The good old woman was mighty civil to me, and, among other chat, said she supposed I had a good neighbour in Mr. Pope. 'Lord! Madam, he has been dead these seven years!'—'Alas! aye, Sir, I had forgot.' When the poor old soul dies, how Pope will set his mother's spectre upon her for daring to be ignorant 'if Dennis be alive or dead[6]'!

[5] Joseph Spence, author of an *Essay on Pope's Odyssey*, *Polymetis*, &c. *Walpole.*

[6] Pope, *Prologue to Satires*, l. 270.

319. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 18, 1750.

I had determined so seriously to write Dr. Cocchi a letter myself to thank him for his Baths of Pisa, that it was impossible not to break my resolution. It was to be in Italian, because I thought their superlative *issimos* would most easily express how much I like it, and I had already gathered a tolerable quantity together, of *entertaining*, *charming*, *useful*, *agreeable*, and had cut and turned them into the best-sounding Tuscan adjectives I could find in my memory or my Crusca: but, alack! when I came to range them, they did not fadge at all; they neither expressed what I would say, nor half what I would say, and so I gave it all up, and am reduced to beg you would say it all for me; and make as many excuses and as many thanks for me as you can, between your receiving this, and your next going to bully Richcourt, or whisper Count Lorenzi. I laughed vastly at your idea of the latter's *hopping into matrimony;* and I like as much Stainville's jumping into Richcourt's place. If your pedigree, which is on its journey, arrives before his fall, he will not dare to exclude you from the *libro d'oro*—why, child, you will find yourself as sumptuously descended as

——All the blood of all the Howards,

or as the best-bred Arabian mare, that ever neighed beneath . . .[1] Abou-âl-eb-saba-bedin-lolo-ab-alnin! But pray now, how does *cet homme-là*, as the Princess used to call him, dare to tap the chapter of birth? I thought he had not had a grandfather since the Creation, that was not born within these twenty years!—But come, I must tell you news, big news! the treaty of commerce with Spain is arrived *signed*. Nobody

Letter 319.—[1] Passage omitted.

expected it would ever come, which I believe is the reason it is reckoned so good; for *autrement* one should not make the most favourable conjectures, as they don't tell us how good it is. In general, they say, the South Sea Company is to have one hundred thousand pounds in lieu of their annual ship[2]; which, if it is not over and above the ninety-five thousand pounds that was allowed to be due to them, it appears to me only as if there were some halfpence remaining when the bill was paid, and the King of Spain had given them to the Company to drink his health. What does look well for the treaty is, that stocks rise to high-water mark; and what is to me as clear, is, that the exploded *Don Benjamin*[3] has repaired what the *Patriot* Lord Sandwich had forgot, or not known to do at Aix-la-Chapelle. I conclude Keene will now come over and enjoy the Sabbath of his toils. He and Sir Charles are the plenipotentiaries in fashion. Pray, brush up your *Minyhood*, and figure too: blow the coals between the Pope and the Venetians, till the Inquisition burns the latter, and they the Inquisition. If you should happen to receive instructions on this head, don't wait for *St. George's Day* before you present your memorial to the Senate, as they say Sir Harry Wotton was forced to do for St. James's, when those aquatic republicans had quarrelled with Paul the Fifth, and James the First thought the best way in the world to broach a schism was by beginning it with a quibble. I have had some *Protestant* hopes too of a civil war in France, between the King and his clergy: but it is a dull age, and people don't set about cutting one another's throats with any spirit! Robbing is the only thing that goes on with any vivacity, though my

[2] By the Treaty of Seville (1729) the South Sea Company was empowered to dispatch one ship a year to Spanish America.

[3] Benjamin Keene, afterwards Knight of the Bath, Ambassador at Madrid, was exceedingly abused by the Opposition in Sir R. Walpole's time, under the name of Don Benjamin, for having made the Convention in 1739. *Walpole.*

friend Mr. M'Lean is hanged. The first Sunday after his condemnation, three thousand people went to see him; he fainted away twice with the heat of his cell. You can't conceive the ridiculous rage there is of going to Newgate; and the prints that are published of the malefactors, and the memoirs of their lives and deaths set forth with as much parade as—as—Marshal Turenne's—we have no generals worth making a parallel.

The pasquinade was a very good one[4]. When I was desiring you to make speeches for me to Dr. Cocchi, I might as well have drawn a bill upon you too in Mr. Chute's name; for I am sure he will never write himself. Indeed, at present he is in his brother's purgatory, and then you will not wonder if he does nothing but pray to get out of it. I am glad you are getting into a villa: my castle will, I believe, begin to rear its battlements next spring. I have got an immense cargo of painted glass from Flanders: indeed, several of the pieces are Flemish arms; but I call them the achievements of the old Counts of Strawberry. Adieu!

320. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 19, 1750.

I STAYED to write to you, till I could tell you that I had seen Mr. Pelham and Mr. Milbank, and could give you some history of a new administration—but I found it was too long to wait for either. I pleaded with your brother as I did with you against visiting your friends, especially when, to encourage me, he told me that you had given them a very advantageous opinion of me. That is the very reason, says I, why I don't choose to see them: they will be extremely civil to me at first: and then they will be told I have horns and hoofs, and they will shun me, which

[4] It alluded to the dispute between the Pope and the Venetians.

I should not like. I know how unpopular I am with the people with whom they must necessarily live[1]: and, not desiring to be otherwise, I must either seek your friends where I would most avoid them, or have them very soon grow to avoid me. However, I went and left my name for Mr. Pelham, where your brother told me he lodged, eight days ago; he was to come but that night to his lodgings, and by his telling your brother he believed I had not been, I concluded he would not accept that for a visit; so last Thursday, I left my name for both—to-day is Monday, and I have heard nothing of them—very likely I shall before you receive this—I only mention it to show you that you was in the wrong and I in the right, to think that there would be no *empressement* for an acquaintance. Indeed, I would not mention it, as you will dislike being disappointed by any odd behaviour of your friends, if it were not to justify myself, and convince you of my attention in complying with whatever you desire of me. The King, I hear, commends Mr. Pelham's dancing; and he must like Mr. Milbank, as he distinguished himself much in a tournament of bears at Hanover.

For the ministry, it is all in shatters; the Duke of Newcastle is returned more averse to the Bedfords than ever: he smothered that Duke with embraces at their first meeting, and has never borne to be in the room with him since. I saw the meeting of Octavia and Cleopatra[2]; the Newcastle was all haughtiness and coldness. Mr. Pelham, who foresaw the storm, had prudentially prepared himself for the breach by all kind of invectives against the house of Leveson. The ground of all, besides Newcastle's natural fickleness and jealousy, is, that the Bedford and Sandwich have got the Duke[3]. A crash has been expected, but people

LETTER 320.—[1] The ministry.
[2] The Duchesses of Newcastle and Bedford. *Walpole.*
[3] Of Cumberland.

now seem to think that they will rub on a little longer, though all the world seems indifferent whether they will or not. Mankind is so sick of all the late follies and changes, that nobody inquires or cares whether the Duke of Newcastle is Prime Minister, or whom he will associate with him. The Bedfords have few attachments, and Lord Sandwich is universally hated. The only difficulty is, who shall succeed them; and it is even a question whether some of the old discarded must not cross over and figure in again. I mean, it has even been said, that Lord Granville will once more be brought upon the stage:—if he should, and should push too forward, could they again persuade people to resign with them? The other nominees for the Secretaryship are Pitt, the Vienna Sir Thomas Robinson, and even that formal piece of dullness at the Hague, Lord Holderness. The talk of the Chancellor's being President, in order to make room, by the promotion of the Attorney[4] to the seals, for his second son[5] to be Solicitor, as I believe I once mentioned to you, is revived; though he told Mr. Pelham, that if ever he retired, it should be to Wimple[6]. In the mean time, the Master of the Horse, the Groom of the Stole, the Presidentship (vacant by the nomination of Dorset to Ireland in the room of Lord Harrington, who is certainly to be given up to his master's dislike), and the Blues, are still vacant. Indeed, yesterday I heard that Honeywood[7] was to have the latter. Such is the interregnum of our politics! The Prince's faction lie still, to wait the event, and the disclosing of the new treaty[8]. Your friend Lord Fane[9] some time ago had a mind to go to Spain: the Duke of Bedford, who I really believe is an honest man, said very bluntly, 'Oh! my Lord,

[4] Sir Dudley Ryder.

[5] Charles Yorke.

[6] The Chancellor's seat in Cambridgeshire. *Walpole.*

[7] Sir Philip Honeywood, Knight of the Bath. *Walpole.*

[8] The commercial treaty with Spain.

[9] Charles, Lord Viscount Fane, formerly Minister at Florence. *Walpole.*

nobody can do there but Keene.' Lord North[10] is made governor to Prince George with a thousand pound a year, and an earl's patent in his pocket; but as the passing of the patent is in the pocket of time, it would not sell for much. There is a new preceptor, one Scott[11], recommended by Lord Bolingbroke. You may add that recommendation to the chapter of our wonderful politics. . . .[12] I love the history of refinements. Mr. Dodington has a steel machine to pick up his handkerchief. I have heard of old fat men having such to reach coals that fell on the hearth.

I have received your letter from Fiesoli Hill; poor Strawberry blushes to have you compare it with such a prospect as yours. I say nothing to the abrupt sentences about Mr. B.[13] I have long seen his humour—and a little of your partiality to his wife.

We are alarmed with the distemper being got among the horses: few have died yet, but a farrier who attended General Ligonier's dropped down dead in the stable. Adieu!

321. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 19, 1750

Well! you may be easy; your friends have been to see me at last, but it has so happened that we have never once met, nor have I ever seen their persons. They live at Newcastle House; and though I give you my word my politics are exceedingly neutral, I happen to be often at the court of Bedford. The interministerium still subsists; no place is filled up but the Lieutenancy of Ireland; the Duke of Dorset was too impatient to wait. Lord Harrington remains

[10] Francis, Lord North, afterwards Earl of Guildford. *Walpole.*

[11] George Louis Scott (1708–1780). He was a godson of George I, and an accomplished mathematician. His appointment as tutor caused some agitation, as he was supposed to be a Jacobite.

[12] Passage omitted.

[13] Mr. Barrett.

a melancholy sacrifice to the famous general resignation[1], which he led up, and of which he is the only victim. Overtures have been made to Lord Chesterfield to be President; but he has declined it; for he says he cannot hear causes, as he is grown deaf. I don't think the proposal was imprudent, for if they should happen, as they now and then happened, to want to get rid of him again, they might without consequence; that is, I suppose nobody would follow him out, any more than they did when he resigned voluntarily. For these two days everybody has expected to see Lord Granville President, and his friend the Duke of Bolton colonel of the Blues; two nominations that would not be very agreeable, nor calculated to be so to the Duke, who favours the Bedford faction. His old governor Mr. Poyntz[2] is just dead, ruined in his circumstances by a devout brother, whom he trusted, and by a simple wife, who had a devotion of marrying dozens of her poor cousins at his expense: you know she was the 'Fair Circassian[3].' Mr. Poyntz was called a very great man, but few knew anything of his talents, for he was timorous to childishness. The Duke has done greatly for his family, and secured his places for his children, and sends his two sons abroad, allowing them eight hundred pounds a year. The little Marquis of Rockingham[4] has drowned himself in claret; and old Lord Dartmouth[5] is dead of age. When Lord

LETTER 321.—[1] In 1746. *Walpole.*—When the Pelham ministry resigned on George II's refusal to employ Pitt; they returned to office in two days, on Lord Granville's failure to form a ministry. Harrington remained unemployed till his death in 1756.

[2] Stephen Poyntz, formerly Minister in Sweden, after being tutor to Lord Townshend's sons. *Walpole.*

[3] Anna Maria Mordaunt, Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline. A young gentleman at Oxford wrote the *Fair Circassian* on her, and died for love of her. *Walpole.*—The author was Samuel Croxall, a young clergyman. The announcement of his death was fictitious; he enjoyed many preferments in the diocese of Hereford, and died in 1752.

[4] Sir Thomas Watson Wentworth, Knight of the Bath, created Earl of Malton and Marquis of Rockingham. *Walpole.*

[5] William Legge, Earl of Dartmouth, Secretary of State to Queen Anne. *Walpole.*

Bolingbroke's last work was published, on the *State of Parties at the late King's Accession*, Lord Dartmouth said, he supposed Lord Bolingbroke believed that everybody was dead who had lived at that period.

There has been a droll cause in Westminster Hall: a man laid another a wager that he produced a person who should weigh as much again as the Duke. When they had betted, they recollected not knowing how to desire the Duke to step into a scale. They agreed to establish his weight at twenty stone, which, however, is supposed to be two more than he weighs. One Bright[6] was then produced, who is since dead, and who actually weighed forty-two stone and a half. As soon as he was dead, the person who had lost objected that he had been weighed in his clothes, and though it was impossible to suppose that his clothes could weigh above two stone, they went to law. There were the Duke's twenty stone bawled over a thousand times,—but the righteous law decided against the man who had won!

Poor Lord Lempster[7] is more Cerberus[8] than ever (you remember his *bon mot* that proved such a blunder); he has lost twelve thousand pounds at hazard to an ensign of the Guards—but what will you think of the folly of a young Sir Ralph Gore[9], who took it into his head that he would not be waited on by drawers in brown frocks and blue aprons, and has literally given all the waiters at the King's Arms rich embroideries and laced clothes!

[6] Edward Bright, of Maldon, in Essex. (See *Gent. Mag.* 1750, p. 525.)

[7] Eldest son of Thomas Fermor, Earl of Pomfret, whom he succeeded in the title. *Walpole.*

[8] When he was on his travels and had run much in debt, his parents paid his debts: some more came out afterwards; he wrote to his mother, that he could only compare himself to Cerberus, who, when one head was cut off, had another spring up in its room. *Walpole.*

[9] Sir Ralph Gore (1725–1802), sixth Baronet, cr. (June 30, 1764) Baron Gore, of Manor Gore, co. Donegal; Viscount Bellisle, 1768; Earl of Ross, 1772. He served in the army, and distinguished himself at Laffeldt (1747); Lieutenant-General, 1782; Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, 1788.

The town is still empty: the parties for the two playhouses are the only parties that retain any spirit. I will tell you one or two *bons mots* of Quin the actor. Barry would have had him play the ghost in *Hamlet*, a part much beneath the dignity of Quin, who would give no other answer but, 'I won't catch cold in my ——.' I don't know whether you remember that the ghost is always ridiculously dressed, with a morsel of armour before, and only a black waistcoat and breech behind. The other is an old one, but admirable. When Lord Tweedale was *nominal* Secretary of State for Scotland, Mitchell[10], his secretary, was supping with Quin, who wanted him to stay another bottle: but he pleaded *my Lord's business*. 'Then,' said Quin, 'only stay till I have told you a story. A vessel was becalmed: the master looked up and called to one of the cabin-boys on the top of the mast, "Jack, what are you doing?" "Nothing, Sir." He called to another, a little below the first, "Will, what are you doing?" "Helping Jack, Sir."' Adieu!

322. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 22, 1750.

As I am idling away some Christmas days here, I begin a letter to you, that perhaps will not set out till next year. Any changes in the ministry will certainly be postponed till that date: it is even believed that no alteration will be made till after the session; they will get the money raised and the new treaty ratified in Parliament before they

[10] Andrew Mitchell (1708–1771), afterwards Knight of the Bath; Under-Secretary of State for Scotland, 1742–47; Commissioner at Antwerp, 1751–52; Envoy to Berlin, 1756–71. During his residence at Berlin, he was on very confidential terms with Frederick the Great, whom he frequently accompanied on his campaigns. When it was proposed to remove Mitchell in 1758, Frederick refused to part with him. His valuable diplomatic correspondence is now in the British Museum. Two volumes of his papers were published by Bisset in 1850.

break and part. The German ministers are more alarmed, and seem to apprehend themselves in as tottering a situation as some of the English: not that any Secretary of State is jealous of them—their Countess[1] is on the wane. The housekeeper[2] at Windsor, an old monster that Verrio painted for one of the Furies, is dead. The revenue is large, and has been largely solicited. Two days ago, at the Drawing-room, the gallant Orondates[3] strode up to Miss Chudleigh, and told her he was glad to have an opportunity of obeying her commands, that he appointed her mother housekeeper at Windsor, and hoped she would not think a kiss too great a reward—against all precedent he kissed her in the circle. He has had a hankering these two years. Her life, which is now of thirty years' standing, has been a little historic[4]. Why should not experience and a charming face on her side, and near seventy years on his, produce a title?

Madame de Mirepoix is returned: she gives a lamentable account of another old mistress[5], her mother. She has not seen her since the Princess went to Florence, which she it seems has left with great regret; with greater than her beauty, whose ruins she has not discovered: but with few teeth, few hairs, sore eyes, and wrinkles, goes bare-necked and crowned with jewels! Madame Mirepoix told me a reply of Lord Cornbury, that pleased me extremely. They have revived at Paris old Fontenelle's opera of *Peleus and Thetis;* he complained of being dragged upon the stage

LETTER 322.—[1] Lady Yarmouth. The new amour did not proceed. *Walpole.*

[2] Mrs. Marriot. *Walpole.*

[3] George II. Orondates appears in La Calprenède's novel, *Cassandre.*

[4] She was, though Maid of Honour, privately married to Augustus, second son of the late Lord Hervey, by whom she had two children; but disagreeing, the match was not owned. She afterwards, still Maid of Honour, lived very publicly with the Duke of Kingston, and at last married him—during Mr. Hervey's life. *Walpole.*

[5] Princess Craon, formerly mistress of Leopold, Duke of Lorrain. *Walpole.*

again for one of his juvenile performances, and said he could not bear to be hissed now: Lord Cornbury immediately replied to him out of the very opera,—

Jupiter en courroux
Ne peut rien contre vous,
Vous êtes immortel.

Our old Laureat has been dying: when he thought himself at the extremity, he wrote this lively, good-natured letter to the Duke of Grafton:—

'May it please your Grace,

'I know no nearer way of repaying your favours for these last twenty years than by recommending the bearer, Mr. Henry Jones[6], for the vacant laurel: Lord Chesterfield will tell you more of him. I don't know the day of my death, but while I live, I shall not cease to be, your Grace's, &c.

'Colley Cibber.'

I asked my Lord Chesterfield who this Jones[7] is; he told me a better poet would not take the post, and a worse ought not to have it. There are two new *bons mots* of his lordship much repeated, better than his ordinary. He says, 'he would not be President[8] because he would not be between two fires'; and that 'the two brothers are like Arbuthnot's Lindamira and Indamora[9]; the latter was a peaceable, tractable gentlewoman, but her sister was always quarrelling

[6] A bricklayer's apprentice. He attracted the notice of Chesterfield when the latter was Viceroy of Ireland, and was enabled by his help to publish his *Poems on Several Occasions*. After the successful production of his tragedy, *The Earl of Essex*, Jones took to drink, and died in the workhouse in 1770.

[7] I think he was an Irish bricklayer; he wrote an *Earl of Essex*. *Walpole.*

[8] Of the Council. See the previous letter.

[9] See the Memoirs of Martin Scribblerus in Swift's Works; Indamora alludes to Mr. Pelham, Lindamira to the Duke of Newcastle. *Walpole.*

and kicking, and as they grew together, there was no parting them.'

You will think my letters are absolute jest-and-story books, unless you will be so good as to dignify them with the title of Walpoliana. Under that hope, I will tell you a very odd new story. A citizen had advertised a reward for the discovery of a person who had stolen sixty guineas out of his scrutore. He received a message from a condemned criminal in Newgate, with the offer of revealing the thief. Being a cautious grave personage, he took two friends along with him. The convict told him that he was the robber; and when he doubted, the fellow began with these circumstances: 'You came home such a night, and put the money into your bureau: I was under your bed: you undressed, and then went to the foot of the garret stairs, and cried, "Mary, come to bed to me——"' 'Hold, hold,' said the citizen, 'I am convinced.' 'Nay,' said the fellow, 'you shall hear all, for your intrigue saved your life. Mary replied, "If anybody wants me, they may come up to me:" you went: I robbed your bureau in the meantime, but should have cut your throat, if you had gone into your own bed instead of Mary's.'

The conclusion of my letter will be a more serious story, but very proper for the Walpoliana. I have given you scraps of Ashton's history. To perfect his ingratitude, he has struck up an intimacy with my second brother, and done his utmost to make a new quarrel between us, on the merit of having broke with me on the affair of Dr. Middleton. I don't know whether I ever told you that my brother hated Middleton, who was ill with a Dr. Thirlby [10],

[10] Styan Thirlby, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, published an edition of Justin Martyr, and I think wrote something against Middleton. He communicated several notes to Theobald for his Shakspeare, and in the latter part of his life took to study the common law; he lived chiefly for his last years with Sir Edward Walpole, who had procured

a creature of his. He carried this and his jealousy of me so far, that once when Lord Mountford brought Middleton for one night only to Houghton, my brother wrote my father a most outrageous letter, telling him that he knew I had fetched Middleton to Houghton to write my father's life, and how much more capable Thirlby was of that task. Can one help admiring in these instances the dignity of human nature? Poor Mrs. Middleton is alarmed with a scheme that I think she very justly suspects a plot of the clergy to get at and suppress her husband's papers. He died in a lawsuit with a builder, who has since got a monition from the *Commons* for her to produce all the Doctor's effects and *papers*. The whole debt is but eight *hundred* pounds. She offered ten *thousand* pounds security, and the fellow will not take it. Is there clergy in it, or no[11]? Adieu!

323. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 9, 1751.

You will wonder that I, who am pretty punctual, even when I have little to say, should have been so silent at the beginning of a session: I will tell you some reasons why; what I had to tell you was not finished; I wished to give you an entire account; besides, we have had so vigorous an attendance, that with that, and the fatigue, it was impossible to write. Before the Parliament met, there was a dead tranquillity, and no symptoms of party spirit. What is more extraordinary, though the opposition set out vehemently the very first day, there has appeared ten times greater spirit on the court side, a Whig vehemence that

for him a small place in the Custom House, and to whom he left his papers; he had lost his intellects some time before his death. *Walpole.*

[11] Mrs. Middleton was not deprived of her husband's papers, which were left by her to Dr. Heberden.

has rushed on heartily. I have been much entertained—what should I have been, if I had lived in the times of the Exclusion Bill[1], and the end of Queen Anne's reign, when votes and debates really tended to something! Now they tend but to the alteration of a dozen places, perhaps, more or less—but come, I'll tell you, and you shall judge for yourself. The morning the Houses met, there was universally dispersed, by the penny post, and by being dropped into the areas of houses, a paper called *Constitutional Queries*[2], a little equivocal, for it is not clear whether they were levelled at the *family*, or by *part* of the *family* at the Duke. The Address was warmly opposed, and occasioned a remarkable speech of Pitt, in recantation of his former orations on the Spanish war, and in panegyric on the Duke of Newcastle, with whom he is pushing himself, and by whom he is pushed at all rates, in opposition to Lord Sandwich and the Bedfords. Two or three days afterwards there were motions in both Houses to have the *Queries* publicly burnt. That too occasioned a debate with us, and a fine speech of Lord Egmont, artfully condemning the paper, though a little suspected of it, and yet supporting some of the reasonings in it. There was no division on the resolution; but two days afterwards we had a very extraordinary and unforeseen one. Mr. Pelham had determined to have but 8,000 seamen this year, instead of 10,000. Pitt and his cousins, without any notice given, declared with the opposition for the greater number. The key to this you will find in his old behaviour; whenever he wanted new advancement, he used to go off. He has openly met with great discouragement now; though he and we know Mr. Pelham so well, that it will not be surprising if, though baffled, he still carries his point of Secretary of State. However, the old corps resented this

LETTER 323.—[1] In 1679–80. [2] Attributed to Lord Egmont.

violently, and rubbed up their old anger: Mr. Pelham was inclined to give way, but Lord Hartington, at the head of the young Whigs, divided the House, and Pitt had the mortification of being followed into the minority by only fifteen persons. The King has been highly pleased with this event; and has never named the Pitts and Grenvilles to the Duke of Newcastle, but to abuse them, and to commend the spirit of the young people. It has not weakened the Bedford faction, who have got more strength too by the clumsy politics of another set of their enemies. There has all the summer been a Westminster petition in agitation, driven on by the independent electors, headed by Lord Elibank, Murray[3] his brother, and one or two gentlemen. Sir John Cotton, and Cooke[4] the member for Middlesex, discouraged it all they could, and even stifled the first drawn, which was absolutely treason. However, Cooke at last presented one from the inhabitants, and Lord Egmont another from Sir George Vandeput: and Cooke even made a strong invective against the High Bailiff; on which Lord Trentham produced and read a letter written by Cooke to the High Bailiff, when he was in their interest, and stuffed with flattery to him. Lord Trentham's friends then called in the High Bailiff, who accused some persons of hindering and threatening him on the scrutiny, and, after some contention, named Crowle, counsel for Sir George Vandeput, Gibson, an upholster and independent, and Mr. Murray. These three were ordered to attend on the following Thursday to defend themselves. Before that day came, we had the report on the 8,000 seamen, when Pitt and his associates made speeches of lamentation on their disagreement with Pelham, whom they flattered inordinately. This ended in a burlesque

[3] Hon. Alexander Murray (d. 1777), fourth son of fourth Baron Elibank.

[4] George Cooke (d. 1768), Prothonotary of the Common Pleas; Joint Paymaster-General, 1766.

quarrel between Pitt and Hampden[5], a buffoon Whig, who hates the cousinhood, and thinks his name should entitle him to Pitt's office. We had a very long day on Crowle's defence, who had called the power of the House *brutum fulmen:* he was very submissive, and was dismissed with a reprimand on his knees. Lord Egmont was so severely handled by Fox, that he has not recovered his spirits since. He used to cry up Fox against Mr. Pelham, but since the former has seemed rather attached to the Duke and the Duke of Bedford, the party affect to heap incense on Pelham and Pitt—and it is returned.

The day that Murray came to the bar, he behaved with great confidence, but at last desired counsel, which was granted: in the mean time we sent Gibson to Newgate.

Last Wednesday was the day of trial: the accusation was plentifully proved against Murray, and it was voted to send him close prisoner to Newgate. His party still struggling against the term *close*, the Whigs grew provoked, and resolved he should receive his sentence on his knees at the bar. To this he refused to submit. The Speaker stormed, and the House and its honour grew outrageous at the dilemma they were got into, and indeed out of which we are not got yet. If he gets the better, he will indeed be a meritorious martyr for the cause: *en attendant*, he is strictly shut up in Newgate.

By these anecdotes you will be able to judge a little of the news you mention in your last, of January 29th, and will perceive that our ministerial vacancies and successions are not likely to be determined soon. Niccolini's account of the aversion to Lord S.[6] is well grounded, though as to inflexible resentments, there cannot easily be any such thing,

[5] John Hampden (d. 1754), M.P. for Wendover, the last descendant in the male line of the patriot. His estates passed to the Trevor family.

[6] Lord Sandwich.

where parties and factions are so fluctuating as in this country. I was to have dined the other day at Madame de Mirepoix's with my Lord Bolingbroke, but he was ill. She said, she had repented asking me, as she did not know if I should like it. 'Oh! Madam, I have gone through too many of those things, to make any objection to the only one that remains!'

I grieve much for the return of pains in your head and breast; I flattered myself that you had quite mastered them.

I have seen your Pelham and Milbank, not much, but I like the latter; I have some notion, from thinking that he resembles you in his manner. The other seems very good-humoured, but he is nothing but complexion. Damer is returned; he looks ill; but I like him better than I used to do, for he commends you. My Lord Pomfret is made Ranger of the parks, and by consequence my Lady is queen of the Duck Island[7]. Our greatest miracle is Lady Mary Wortley's son, whose adventures have made so much noise: his parts are not proportionate, but his expense is incredible. His father[8] scarce allows him anything: yet he plays, dresses, diamonds himself, even to distinct shoe-buckles for a frock, and has more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with an hundred noses. But the most curious part of his dress, which he has brought from Paris, is an iron wig; you literally would not know it from hair—I believe it is on this account that the Royal Society have just chosen him of their body. This may surprise you: what I am now going to tell you will not, for you have long known her follies: the Duchess of Queensberry told Lady Di. Egerton[9], a pretty daughter of the Duchess of

[7] In St. James's Park, so called from the decoy established there by Charles II.

[8] Edward Wortley-Montagu, senior (d. 1761), grandson of first Earl of Sandwich, and sometime Lord of the Treasury and Ambassador at Constantinople.

[9] Daughter of Scroop, Duke of Bridgwater, by the Lady Rachel Russell, sister of the Duke of Bedford. Lady Diana Egerton was afterwards married to the Earl of Baltimore. *Walpole.*

Bridgewater, that she was going to make a ball for her: she did, but did not invite her: the girl was mortified, and Mr. Lyttelton [10], her father-in-law, sent the mad Grace a hint of it. She sent back this card:

'The advertisement came to hand: it was very pretty and very ingenious; but everything that is pretty and ingenious does not always succeed: the Duchess of Q. piques herself on her house not being unlike Socrates's; his was small and held all his friends; hers is large, but will not hold half of hers: postponed, but not forgot: unalterable.' Adieu!

324. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 13, 1751.

You will be expecting the conclusion of Mr. Murray's history, but as he is too great a hero to submit, and not hero enough to terminate his prison in a more summary, or more English way, you must have patience, as we shall have, till the end of the session. His relations, who had leave to visit him, are excluded again: rougher methods with him are not the style of the age: in the mean time he is quite forgot. General Anstruther is now the object in fashion, or made so by a Sir Harry Erskine [1], a very fashionable figure in the world of politics, who has just come into Parliament, and has been laying a foundation for the next reign by attacking the Mutiny Bill, and occasionally General Anstruther, who treated him hardly ten years ago in Minorca. Anstruther has mutually persecuted and been persecuted by

[10] Richard Lyttelton, afterwards Knight of the Bath.

Letter 324.—[1] Sir Harry Erskine, fifth Baronet (d. 1765); M.P. for Ayr; served in the army, from which he was dismissed for parliamentary opposition, but was subsequently restored, and became a Lieutenant-General. He was a favourite of Lord Bute, and a prominent figure in society. By his marriage with a sister of Alexander Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Chancellor and Earl of Rosslyn, he had a son who succeeded as second Earl of Rosslyn.

the Scotch ever since Porteous's affair, when, of all that nation, he alone voted for demolishing part of Edinburgh. This affair would be a trifle, if it had not opened the long-smothered rivalship between Fox and Pitt: for these ten days they have been civilly at war together; and Mr. Pelham is bruised between both. However, this impetuosity of Pitt has almost overset the total engrossment that the Duke of Newcastle had made of all power, and if they do not, as it is suspected, league with the Prince, you will not so soon hear of the fall of the Bedfords, as I had made you expect. With this quantity of factions and infinite quantity of speakers, we have had a most fatiguing session, and seldom rise before nine or ten at night.

There have been two events, not political, equal to any absurdities or follies of former years. My Lady Vane[2] has literally published the Memoirs of her own life, only suppressing part of her lovers, no part of the success of the others with her: a degree of profligacy not to be accounted for; she does not want money, none of her stallions will raise her credit; and the number, all she had to brag of, concealed! The other is a play[3] that has been acted by people of some fashion at Drury Lane, hired on purpose. They really acted so well, that it is astonishing they should not have had sense enough not to act at all. You would know none of their names, should I tell you: but the chief were a family of Delavals, the eldest of which was married by one Foote[4], a player, to Lady Nassau Poulett[5], who had kept the latter. The rage was so great

[2] Anne, daughter of Mr. Hawes, and wife of William, Lord Viscount Vane. The history of her intrigues, communicated by herself, were published in a novel called *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle. Walpole.*

[3] *Othello.*

[4] Samuel Foote (1720–1777).

[5] Isabella, youngest daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Tufton, Earl of Thanet, and widow of Lord Nassau Poulett, youngest brother of the Duke of Bolton. She was mad. *Walpole.*—Her husband was Francis Blake Delaval (afterwards Knight of the Bath), who died in 1771.

to see this performance, that the House of Commons literally adjourned at three o'clock on purpose: the footman's gallery was strung with blue ribands. What a wise people! what an august Senate! yet my Lord Granville once told the Prince, I forget on occasion of what folly, 'Sir, indeed your Royal Highness is in the wrong to act thus; the English are a grave nation.'

The King has been much out of order, but he is quite well again, and they say, not above sixty-seven! Adieu!

325. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 21, 1751.

What, another letter, when I wrote to you but last week! —Yes—and with an event too big to be kept for a regular interval. You will imagine from the conclusion of my last letter that our King is dead—or, before you receive this, you will probably have heard by flying couriers that it is only our King that was to be. In short, the Prince died last night between nine and ten. If I don't tell you ample details, it is because you must content yourself with hearing nothing but what I know true. He had had a pleurisy, and was recovered. Last Tuesday was se'nnight he went to attend the King's passing some bills in the House of Lords; from thence to Carlton House, very hot, where he unrobed, put on a light unaired frock and waistcoat, went to Kew, walked in a bitter day, came home tired, and laid down for three hours, upon a couch in a very cold room at Carlton House, that opens into the garden. Lord Egmont told him how dangerous it was, but the Prince did not mind him. My father once said to this King, when he was ill and royally untractable, 'Sir, do you know what your father died of? of thinking he could not die.' In short, the Prince relapsed that night, has had three physicians ever since, and

has never been supposed out of danger till yesterday: a thrush had appeared, and for the two or three last evenings he had dangerous suppressions of breath. However, his family thought him so well yesterday, that there were cards in his outward room. Between nine and ten he was seized with a violent fit of coughing. Wilmot[1], and Hawkins[2] the surgeon, were present: the former said, 'Sir, have you brought up all the phlegm? I hope this will be over in a quarter of an hour, and that your Royal Highness will have a good night.' Hawkins had occasion to go out of the room, and said, 'Here is something I don't like.' The cough continued; the Prince laid his hand upon his stomach, and said, 'Je sens la mort!' The page who held him up, felt him shiver, and cried out, 'The Prince is going!' The Princess was at the feet of the bed; she catched up a candle and ran to him, but before she got to the head of the bed, he was dead.

Lord North was immediately sent to the King, who was looking over a table, where Princess Emily, the Duchess of Dorset[3], and Duke of Grafton were playing. He was extremely surprised, and said, 'Why, they told me he was better!' He bid Lord North tell the Princess he would do everything she could desire; and has this morning sent her a very kind message in writing. He is extremely shocked —but no pity is too much for the Princess; she has eight children, and is seven months gone with another. She bears her affliction with great courage and sense. They asked her if the body was to be opened; she replied, what the King pleased.

LETTER 325.—[1] Edward Wilmot (1693–1786), Physician in ordinary to the King; created a Baronet in 1759.

[2] Cæsar Hawkins (1711–1786), afterwards Sergeant Surgeon to George III; created a Baronet in 1778.

[3] Elizabeth (d. 1768), daughter of Lieutenant-General Colyear; m. (1709) Lionel Cranfield Sackville, seventh Earl (afterwards first Duke) of Dorset. She was First Lady of the Bedchamber and Mistress of the Robes to Queen Caroline.

This is all I know yet; you shall have fresh and fresh intelligence—for reflections on minorities, Regencies, Jacobitism, oppositions, factions, I need not help you to them. You will make as many as anybody, but those who reflect on their own disappointments. The creditors are no inconsiderable part of the moralists. They talk of fourteen hundred thousand pounds on post-obits. This I am sure I don't vouch: I only know that I never am concerned to see the tables of the money-changers overturned and cast out of the temple[4].

I much fear, that by another post I shall be forced to tell you news that will have much worse effects for my own family. My Lord Orford[5] has got such another violent boil as he had two years ago—and a thrush has appeared too along with it. We are in the utmost apprehensions about him, the more, because there is no possibility of giving him any about himself. He has not only taken an invincible aversion to physicians, but to the bark, and we have no hopes from anything else. It will be a fatal event for me, for your brother, and for his own son. Princess Emily[6], Mr. Pelham[7], and my Lady Orford, are not among the most frightened.

Your brother, who dines here with Mr. Chute and Gray[8], has just brought me your letter of March 12th. The libel you ask about was called *Constitutional Queries*; have not you received mine of February 9th? there was some account of our present history. Adieu! I have not time to write any longer to you; but you may well expect our correspondence will thicken.

[4] Frederick Prince of Wales' debts were never paid. *Dover.*

[5] Robert, eldest son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford, was Knight of the Bath, Auditor of the Exchequer, Master of the Buckhounds, and Ranger of Richmond Park. *Walpole.*

[6] Princess Emily had the reversion of New Park. *Walpole.*

[7] The Auditor of the Exchequer was in the gift of Mr. Pelham, as Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Treasury. *Walpole.*

[8] Thomas Gray, author of the *Elegy in a Churchyard*, and other poems. *Walpole.*

326. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 1, 1751.

How shall I begin a letter that will—that must—give you as much pain as I feel myself? I must interrupt the story of the Prince's death, to tell you of *two* more, much more important, God knows! to you and me! One I had prepared you for—but how will you be shocked to hear that our poor Mr. Whithed[1] is dead as well as my brother! Whithed had had a bad cough for two months; he was going out of town to the Winchester assizes; I persuaded and sent him home from hence one morning to be blooded. However, he went in extreme bad weather. His youngest brother, the clergyman, who is the greatest brute in the world, except the elder brother, the layman, dragged him out every morning to hunt, as eagerly as if it had been to hunt heretics. One day they were overturned in a water, and then the parson made him ride forty miles; in short, he arrived at the Vine half dead, and soon grew delirious. Poor Mr. Chute was sent for to him last Wednesday, and sent back for two more physicians, but in vain; he expired on Friday night! Mr. Chute is come back half distracted, and scarce to be known again. You may easily believe that my own distress does not prevent my doing all in my power to alleviate his. Whithed, that best of hearts, had forgiven all his elder brother's beastliness, and has left him the Norton estate, the better half; the rest to the clergyman, with an annuity of one hundred and twenty pounds a year to his Florentine mistress, and six hundred pounds to their child. He has left Mr. Chute one thousand pounds, which, if forty times

Letter 326.—[1] Francis Thistlethwaite, who took the name of Whithed for his uncle's estate, and, as heir to him, recovered Mr. Norton's estate, which he had left to the Parliament for the use of the poor, &c., but the will was set aside for insanity. *Walpole.*

the sum, would not comfort him, and, little as it is, does not in the least affect or alter his concern. Indeed, he not only loses an intimate friend, but in a manner an only child; he had formed him to be one of the prettiest gentlemen in England, and had brought about a match for him, that was soon to be concluded with a Miss Nicoll[2], an immense fortune; and I am persuaded had fixed his heart on making him his own heir, if he himself outlived his brother. With such a fortune, and with such expectations, how hard to die!—or, perhaps, how lucky, before he had tasted misfortune and mortification!

I now must mention my own misfortune. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday mornings, the physicians and *all the family of painful death*[3] (to alter Gray's phrase) were persuaded, and persuaded me, that the bark, which took great place, would save my brother's life—but he relapsed at three o'clock on Thursday, and died last night. He ordered to be drawn and executed his will with the greatest tranquillity and satisfaction on Saturday morning. His spoils are prodigious—not to his own family! indeed I think his son the most ruined young man in England. My loss, I fear, may be considerable, which is not the only motive of my concern, though, as you know, I had much to forgive, before I could regret: but indeed I do regret. It is no small addition to my concern, to fear or foresee that Houghton and all the remains of my father's glory will be pulled to pieces! The widow-Countess immediately marries —not Richcourt, but Shirley, and triumphs in advancing her son's ruin by enjoying her own estate, and tearing away great part of his.

[2] She was afterwards married to the Marquis of Carnarvon. *Walpole.* — Margaret, daughter and heiress of John Nicholl, of Minchendon House, Southgate. She died in 1768, before her husband succeeded to the dukedom of Chandos.

[3] Vide Gray's *Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College.* *Walpole.*

Now I will divert your private grief by talking to you of what is called the public. The King and Princess are grown as fond as if they had never been of different parties, or rather as people who always had been of different. She discountenances all opposition, and he *all ambition.* Prince George, who, with his two eldest brothers, are to be lodged at St. James's, is speedily to be created Prince of Wales. Ayscough, his tutor, is to be removed with her entire inclination as well as with everybody's approbation. They talk of a Regency to be established (in case of a minority) by authority of Parliament, even this session, with the Princess at the head of it. She and Dr. Lee, the only one she consults of the late cabal, very sensibly burned the late Prince's papers the morning he was dead. Lord Egmont, by seven o'clock the next morning, summoned (not very decently) the faction to his house: all was whisper! at last he hinted something of taking the Princess and her children under their protection, and something of the necessity of harmony. No answer was made to the former proposal. Somebody said, it was very likely indeed they should agree now, when the Prince could never bring it about; and so everybody went away to take care of himself. The imposthumation is supposed to have proceeded, not from his fall last year, but from a blow with a tennis-ball some years ago. The grief for the dead brother is affectedly great; the aversion to the living one[4] as affectedly displayed. They cried about an elegy[5], and added, 'Oh, that it were but his brother!' On 'Change they said, 'Oh, that it were but the butcher!'

[4] The Duke of Cumberland.

[5] 'Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead:
Had it been his father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation:
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,—
There 's no more to be said.'
Horace Walpole, *Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. i. p. 504.

The Houses sit, but no business will be done till after the holidays. Anstruther's affair[6] will go on, but not with much spirit. One wants to see faces about again! Dick Lyttelton, one of the Patriot officers, had collected depositions on oath against the Duke for his behaviour in Scotland, but I suppose he will now throw his papers into Hamlet's grave!

Prince George, who has a most amiable countenance, behaved excessively well on his father's death. When they told him of it, he turned pale, and laid his hand on his breast. Ayscough said, 'I am afraid, Sir, you are not well!'—he replied, 'I feel something here, just as I did when I saw the two workmen fall from the scaffold at Kew.' Prince Edward is a very plain boy, with strange loose eyes, but was much the favourite. He is a sayer of things! Two men were heard lamenting the death in Leicester Fields: one said, 'He has left a great many small children!'—'Ay,' replied the other, 'and what is worse, they belong to our parish!' But the most extraordinary reflections on his death were set forth in a sermon at Mayfair Chapel. 'He had no great parts (pray mind, this was the parson said so, not I), but he had great virtues; indeed, they degenerated into vices: he was very generous, but I hear his generosity has ruined a great many people: and then his condescension was such, that he kept very bad company.'

Adieu! my dear child; I have tried, you see, to blend so much public history with our private griefs, as may help to interrupt your too great attention to the calamities in the former part of my letter. You will, with the properest

[6] During a debate on the Mutiny Bill, Sir Harry Erskine accused General Anstruther of cruelty towards himself. The cause came on before the House of Commons, when the lawyers declared that proceedings were barred by the Act of Indemnity. The parties were accordingly formally reconciled.

good-nature in the world, break the news to the poor girl, whom I pity, though I never saw. Miss Nicoll is, I am told, extremely to be pitied too; but so is everybody that knew Whithed! Bear it yourself as well as you can!

327. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 22, 1751.

I could not help, my dear child, being struck with the conclusion of your letter of the 2nd of this month, which I have just received: it mentions the gracious assurances you had received from the dead Prince—indeed, I hope you will not want them. The person[1] who conveyed them was so ridiculous as to tell your brother that himself was the most disappointed of all men, he and the Prince having settled *his* first ministry in such a manner that nothing could have defeated the plan. An admirable scheme for power in England, founded only on two persons! Some people say he was to be a duke and secretary of state. I would have him drawn like Edward V with the coronet hanging over his head. You will be entertained with a story of Bootle: his *washerwoman* came to a friend of hers in great perplexity, and said, 'I don't know what to do, pray advise me; my master is gone the circuit, and left me particular orders to send him an express if the King died: but here's the Prince dead, and he said nothing about him.' You would easily believe this story, if you knew what a mere law-pedant it is!

The Lord[2] you hint at certainly did not write the *Queries*, nor ever anything so well: he is one of the few discarded; for almost all have offered their services, and been accepted. The King asked the Princess if she had a mind for a Master of the Horse; that it must be a noble-

Letter 327.—[1] George Bubb Dodington. *Walpole.*
[2] Lord Middlesex. *Walpole.*

man, and that he had objections to a particular one, Lord Middlesex. I believe she had no objection to his objections, and desired none. Bloodworth is at the head of her stables; of her ministry, Dr. Lee; all knees bow to him. The Duke of Newcastle is so charmed with him, and so sorry he never knew him before, and can't live without him! He is a grave, worthy man; as a civilian, not much versed in the world of this end of the town, but much a gentleman. He made me a visit the other day on my brother's death, and talked much of the great and good part the King had taken (who, by the way, has been taught by the Princess to talk as much of him), and that the Prince's servants could no longer oppose, if they meant to be *consistent.* I told this to Mr. Chute, who replied instantly, 'Pho! he meant *subsistent.*' You will not be surprised, though you will be charmed, with a new instance of our friend's disinterested generosity: so far from resenting Whithed's neglect of him, he and your brother, on finding the brute-brothers making difficulties about the child's fortune, have taken upon them to act as trustees for her, and to stand all risks. Did not Mr. Whithed know that Mr. Chute would act just so?

Prince George is created Prince of Wales, and his household is settled. Lord Harcourt is his governor, in the room of Lord North, to whom there was no objection but his having a glimpse of parts more than the new one, who is a creature of the Pelhams, and very fit to cipher where Stone is to figure. This latter is sub-governor, with the Bishop of Norwich[3] preceptor, and Scott sub-preceptor. The Bishop is a sensible, good-humoured gentleman, and believed to be a natural son of the old Archbishop of York[4]. Lord Waldegrave[5], long a personal favourite of the King,

[3] Thomas Hayter, Bishop of Norwich. *Walpole.*

[4] Dr. Lancelot Blackburne. *Walpole.*—The report of his relationship to Hayter is unfounded.

[5] James, second Earl of Walde-

who has now got a little interest at his own court, is Warden of the Stannaries, in the room of Tom Pitt; old Selwyn, Treasurer; Lord Sussex[6], Lord Downe[7], and Lord Robert Bertie, Lords of the Bedchamber; Peachy, a young Schutz, and Digby[8], Grooms: but those of the House of Commons have not kissed hands yet, a difficulty being started, whether, as they are now nominated by the King, it will not vacate their seats. Potter has resigned Secretary to the Princess, and is succeeded by one Cressett[9], his predecessor, her chief favourite, and allied to the house of Hanover by a Duchess of Zell[10], who was of a French family—not of that of Bourbon. I was going on to talk to you of the Regency; but as that measure is not complete, I shall not send away my letter till the end of next week.

My private satisfaction in my nephew of Orford is very great indeed: he has an equal temper of reason and goodness that is most engaging. His mother professes to like him as much as everybody else does, but is so much a woman that she will not hurt him at all the less. So far from contributing to retrieve his affairs, she talks to him of nothing but mob stories of his grandfather's having laid up —the Lord knows where!—three hundred thousand pounds

grave, and Lord of the Bedchamber to the King. *Walpole.*—Lord Waldegrave was Governor to the Prince of Wales, 1752–56; Teller of the Exchequer, 1757; K.G., 1757. In the year 1757 he accepted office as First Lord of the Treasury, but resigned in a few days, foreseeing the impossibility of commanding a majority in the House of Commons. His marriage to Horace Walpole's niece Maria, natural daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, brought him into intimate personal relations with Horace Walpole. Lord Waldegrave's death of smallpox (in 1763) was greatly regretted by Horace Walpole, on personal as well as political grounds.

[6] George Augustus Yelverton (1727–1758), second Earl of Sussex.

[7] Henry Pleydell-Dawnay (1727–1760), third Viscount Downe. He served in the army, and behaved with great gallantry in command of his regiment at Minden. He died of wounds received in the battle of Campen (Oct. 16, 1760).

[8] Edward Digby (d. 1757), grandson of fifth Baron Digby, whom he succeeded in 1752.

[9] James Cresset. He became a Comptroller of Army Accounts, and Treasurer to the Prince of Wales.

[10] Eléonore d'Olbreuse, wife of George William, Duke of Zell, and mother of Sophia Dorothea, wife of George I of England.

for him; and of carrying him with her to *Italy*, that he may converse with *sensible* people! In looking over her husband's papers, among many of her intercepted *billets-doux*, I was much entertained with one, which was curious for the whole orthography, and signed *Stitara:* if Mr. Shirley was to answer it in the same romantic tone, I am persuaded he would subscribe himself *the dying Hornadatus*. The other learned Italian Countess [11] is disposing of her fourth daughter, the fair Lady Juliana, to Penn [12], the wealthy sovereign of Pennsylvania; but the nuptials are adjourned till he recovers of a wound in his thigh, which he got by his pistol going off as he was overturned in his post-chaise. Lady Caroline Fox has a legacy of five thousand pounds from Lord Shelburne [11], a distant relation, who never saw her but once, and that three weeks before his death. Two years ago Mr. Fox got the ten thousand pound prize.

May 1, 1751.

I find I must send away my letter this week, and reserve the history of the Regency for another post. The bill was to have been brought into the House of Lords to-day, but Sherlock, the Bishop of London, has raised difficulties against the limitation of the future Regent's authority, which he asserts to be repugnant to the spirit of our constitution. Lord Talbot had already determined to oppose it; and the Pitts and Lytteltons, who are grown very mutinous on the Newcastle's not choosing Pitt for his colleague, have talked loudly against it without doors. The preparatory steps to this great event I will tell you. The old Monarch grandchildizes exceedingly: the Princess, who is certainly a wise woman, and who, in a course of very difficult situations, has never made an enemy nor had a

[11] Lady Pomfret. *Walpole.*
[12] Thomas Penn, of Braywick, Berkshire.
[13] Henry Petty (circ. 1675–1750), first Earl of Shelburne.

detractor, has got great sway there. The Pelhams, taking advantage of this new partiality, of the universal dread of the Duke, and of the necessity of his being administrator of Hanover, prevailed to have the Princess Regent, but with a council of nine of the chief great officers, to be continued in their posts till the majority, which is fixed for eighteen; nothing to be transacted without the assent of the greater number; and the Parliament that shall find itself existing at the King's death to subsist till the minority ceases: such restrictions must be almost as unwelcome to the Princess as the whole regulation is to the Duke. Judge of his resentment: he does not conceal it. The divisions in the ministry are neither closed nor come to a decision. Lord Holderness arrived yesterday, exceedingly mortified at not finding himself immediate Secretary of State, for which purpose he was sent for; but Lord Halifax would not submit to have this cipher preferred to him. An expedient was proposed of flinging the American province into the Board of Trade, but, somehow or other, that has miscarried, and all is at a stand. It is known that Lord Granville is designed for President—and for what more don't you think?—he has the inclination of the King—would they be able again to persuade people to resign unless he is removed?—and will not all those who did resign with that intention endeavour to expiate that insult?

Amid all this new clash of politics Murray has had an opportunity for one or two days of making himself talked of. A month ago his brother[14] obtained leave, on pretence of his health, to remove him into the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms; but he refused to go thither, and abused his brother for meanness in making such submissive application. On this his confinement was straitened. Last week, my worthy cousin, Sir John Philips, moved the King's

[14] Lord Elibank. *Walpole.*

Bench for a rule to bring him thither, in order to his having his habeas corpus. He was produced there the next day; but the three judges, on hearing he was committed by the House of Commons, acknowledged the authority, and remanded him back. There was a disposition to commit Sir John, but we have liked to be pleased with this acknowledgment of our majesty.

Stitara[15] has declared to her son that she is marrying Shirley, but ties him up strictly. I rather like it, for the wedding-ring will not get her with child, and a new man might. I am ready to begin again the panegyric of my nephew, but I will rather answer a melancholy letter I have just received from you. His affairs are putting into the best situation we can, and we are agitating a vast match[16] for him, which, if it can be brought to bear, will even save your brother, whose great tenderness to mine has left him exposed to greater risks than any of the creditors. For myself, I think I shall escape tolerably, as my demands are from my father, whose debts are likely to be satisfied. My uncle Horace is indefatigable in adjusting all this confusion. Do but figure him at seventy-four, looking, not merely well for his age, but plump, ruddy, and without a wrinkle or complaint; doing everybody's business, full of politics as ever, from morning till night, and then roaming the town to conclude with a party at whisk! I have no apprehensions for your demands on Dodington; but your brother, who sees him, will be best able to satisfy you on that head.

Madame de Mirepoix's brother-in-law was not Duke, but Chevalier, de Boufflers.—Here is my uncle come to drop me a bit of marriage-settlements on his road to his rubbers, so I must finish—you will not be sorry: at least I have given you some light to live upon! Adieu!

[15] The Countess of Orford.

[16] With Miss Nicholl.

328. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 30, 1751.

In your last of May 14th, you seem uneasy at not having heard from me in two posts. I have writ you so exactly all the details that I knew you would wish to hear, that I think my letters must have miscarried. I will mention all the dates of this year; Feb. 9th, March 14th and 21st, April 1st, and May 1st; tell me if you have received all these. I don't pretend to say anything to alleviate your concern for the late misfortunes, but will only recommend to you to harden yourself against every accident, as I endeavour to do. The mortifications and disappointments I have experienced have taught me the philosophy that dwells not merely in speculation. I choose to think about the world, as I have always found, when I most wanted its comfort, it thought about me, that is, not at all. It is a disagreeable dream which must end for everybody else as well as for oneself. Some try to supply the emptiness and vanity of present life by something still more empty, fame. I choose to comfort myself, by considering that even while I am lamenting any present uneasiness it is actually passing away. I cannot feel the comfort of folly, because I am not a fool, and I scarce know any other being that is worth one's while to wish to be. All this looks as if it proceeded from a train of melancholy ideas—it does so; but misfortunes have that good in them that they teach one indifference.

If I could be mortified anew, I should be with a new disappointment. The immense and uncommon friendship of Mr. Chute had found a method of saving both my family and yours. In short, in the height of his affliction for Whithed, whom he still laments immoderately, he undertook to get Miss Nicoll, the vast fortune, a fortune of above

150,000*l.*, whom Whithed was to have had, for Lord Orford. He actually persuaded her to run away from her guardians, who used her inhumanly, and are her next heirs. How clearly he is justified, you will see, when I tell you that the man, who had 1,100*l.* a year for her maintenance, with which he stopped the demands of his own creditors, instead of employing it for her maintenance and education, is since gone into the Fleet. After such fair success, Lord Orford has refused to marry her; why, nobody can guess. Thus had I placed him in a greater situation than even his grandfather hoped to bequeath to him, had retrieved all the oversights of my family, had saved Houghton and all our glory! —Now, all must go!—and what shocks me infinitely more, Mr. Chute, by excess of treachery (a story too long for a letter), is embroiled with his own brother—the story, with many others, I believe I shall tell you in person; for I do not doubt but the disagreeable scenes which I have still to go through, will at last drive me to where I have long proposed to seek some peace.—But enough of these melancholy ideas!

The Regency Bill has passed with more ease than could have been expected from so extraordinary a measure, and from the warmth with which it was taken up one day in the House of Commons. In the Lords there were but 12 to 106, and the former, the most inconsiderable men in that House. Lord Bath and Lord Grenville spoke vehemently for it: the former in as wild a speech, with much parts, as ever he made in his Patriot days; and with as little modesty he lamented the scrambles that he had seen for power! In our House, Mr. Pelham had four signal mortifications: the Speaker, in a most pathetic and fine speech, Sir John Barnard, and Lord Cobham, speaking against it, and Mr. Fox, though voting for it, tearing it to pieces. Almost all the late Prince's people spoke or voted for it; most, pretending

deference to the Princess, though her power is so much abridged by it[1]. However, the consolation that resides in great majorities balanced the disagreeableness of particular oppositions. We sit, and shall sit, till towards the end of June, though with little business of importance. If there happens any ministerial struggle, which seems a little asleep at present, it will scarce happen till after the prorogation.

Adieu! my dear child; I have nothing else worth telling you at present—at least, the same things don't strike me that used to do; or what perhaps is more true, when things of consequence take one up, one can't attend to more trifling. When I say this, you will ask me, where is my philosophy! Even where the best is: I think as coolly as I can, I don't exaggerate what is disagreeable, and I endeavour to lessen it, by undervaluing what I am inclined to think would be a happier state.

329. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 30, 1751.

Mrs. Boscawen says I ought to write to you—I don't think so: you desired I would, if I had anything new to tell you; I have not. Lady Caroline and Miss Ashe had quarrelled about reputations before you went out of town. You knew the Pelhams were to be Kings by Act of Parliament, as they are already by majorities in Parliament, if the King dies before the boy is eighteen; and I suppose you would not give a straw to know all the circumstances of a Mr. Paul's

Letter 328.—[1] The Regency Bill provided that 'in the event of the royal decease before the Prince should attain the age of eighteen, the Princess Dowager should be both guardian of his person and Regent of the kingdom, but in the latter capacity acting only with the advice of a Council, composed of the Duke of Cumberland and the nine principal officers of state, as left by the King.' (Stanhope, *History of England*, ed. 1853, vol. iv. p. 12.)

killing a Mr. Dalton[1], though the town, who talks of anything, talks of nothing else.

Your friend Lord Sandwich, in the intervals of politics and cricket, has been concerting a subscription masquerade with Lord Coventry[2], which has miscarried; the *fausse couche* is to be another jubilee.

Mrs. French and her Jeffery[3] are parted again—Lady Orford and Shirley married: they say she was much frightened; it could not be for fear of what other brides dread happening, but for fear it should not happen.

My evening yesterday was employed—how wisely do you think? in what grave occupation! in bawding for the Duchess of Portland[4], to procure her a scarlet spider from Admiral Boscawen. I had just seen her collection, which is indeed magnificent, chiefly composed of the spoils of her father's and the Arundel collections. The gems of all sorts are glorious. I was diverted with two relics of St. Charles the Martyr; one, the pearl you see in his pictures, taken out of his ear after his foolish head was off; the other, the cup out of which he took his last sacrament. They should be given to that nursery of nonsense and bigotry, Oxford, where in the Bodleian Library they have stuck up two portraits to show the resemblance of Jesus Christ and Charles Christ.

I condole with you on your journey, am glad Miss Montagu is in better health, and am

Yours sincerely,
HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER 329.—[1] See *Gent. Mag.* 1751, p. 234.

[2] George William Coventry (1722–1809), sixth Earl of Coventry.

[3] Her husband, Jeffery French; d. 1754.

[4] Margaret Cavendish Harley (d. 1785), only daughter and heiress of second Earl of Oxford and Mortimer; m. (1734) William Bentinck, second Duke of Portland.

330. To Rev. Joseph Spence.

Arlington Street, June 3, 1751.

Dear Sir,

I have translated the lines, and send them to you; but the expressive conciseness and beauty of the original, and my disuse of turning verses, made it so difficult, that I beg they may be of no other use than that of showing you how readily I complied with your request.

Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit,
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.

If she but moves or looks, her step, her face,
By stealth adopt unmeditated grace.

There are twenty little literal variations that may be made, and are of no consequence, as *move* or *look*; *air* instead of *step*, and *adopts* instead of *adopt*: I don't know even whether I would not read *steal and adopt*, instead of *by stealth adopt*. But none of these changes will make the copy half so pretty as the original. But what signifies that? I am not obliged to be a poet because Tibullus was one; nor is it just now that I have discovered I am not. Adieu.

331. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, June 13, 1751.

You have told me that it is charity to write you news into Kent; but what if my news should shock you! Won't it rather be an act of cruelty to tell you that your *relation*, Sandwich, is immediately to be removed[1], and that the Duke of Bedford and all the Gowers will resign to attend him—not quite all the Gowers, for the Earl himself has been informed that he ought to resent Lord Sandwich's giving away

Letter 331.—[1] He was First Lord of the Admiralty.

his daughter[2] to Colonel Waldegrave—he does resent it and keeps the Privy Seal and plays on at brag with Lady Catherine Pelham, to the great satisfaction of the Staffordshire Jacobites, who desire, at least expect, no better diversion than a division in that house; won't they be diverted? Lord Trentham does resign[3]. Lord Hartington is to be Master of the Horse, and called up to the Peers[4]. The Devonshire desired the Duke of Rutland's interest in Derbyshire for Lord Frederic[5]; this Duke replied, 'My Lord, I have always endeavoured to show my attachment to your Grace from regard and affinity; nor you nor yours have ever supported any request of mine; you will excuse me if I oppose you now tooth and nail.'—Pho! this will end in Lord Granby's having the Blues. Lord Granville is to be President; if he should resent any former resignations and insist on victims, will *Lord Harrington* assure the menaced that they shall not be sacrificed[6]?

I hear your friend Lord North is wedded[7]: somebody said, 'It is very hot weather to marry so fat a bride'; George Selwyn replied, 'Oh! she was kept in ice for three days before.'

The first volume of Spenser is published with prints designed by Kent; but the most execrable performance you ever beheld—the graving not worse than the drawing; awkward knights, scrambling Unas, hills tumbling down themselves, no variety of prospect, and three or four perpetual spruce firs. Our charming Mr. Bentley is doing Gray as much more honour as he deserves than Spenser.

[2] Lady Betty Leveson, who married, on May 7, Hon. John (afterwards third Earl) Waldegrave.

[3] He was a Junior Lord of the Admiralty.

[4] He was summoned to the House of Lords as Baron Cavendish of Hardwicke.

[5] Lord Frederick Cavendish, third son of third Duke of Devonshire; served in the army; Field-Marshal, 1796; M.P. for Derbyshire.

[6] Lord Harrington led off the resignations of 1746, thereby incurring the lasting resentment of George II.

[7] To Catherine Furnese, Dowager Countess of Rockingham.

He is drawing vignettes for his Odes; what a valuable MS. I shall have! Warburton publishes his edition of Pope next week, with the famous piece of prose on Lord Hervey [8], which he formerly suppressed at my uncle's desire, who had got an abbey from Cardinal Fleury for one Southcote, a friend of Pope's [9]. My Lord Hervey pretended not to thank him. I am told the edition has waited, because Warburton has cancelled above a hundred sheets (in which he had inserted notes) since the publication of the *Canons of Criticism* [10]. The new history of Christina [11] is a most wretched piece of trumpery, stuffed with foolish letters and confutations of Mademoiselle de Montpensier [12] and Madame de Motteville [13].

Adieu! my compliments to Miss Montagu! Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

332. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 18, 1751.

I send my letter as usual from the Secretary's office, but of what Secretary I don't know. Lord Sandwich last week received his dismission, on which the Duke of Bedford resigned the next day [1], and Lord Trentham with him, both breaking with old Gower, who is entirely in the hands of the Pelhams, and made to declare his quarrel with Lord Sandwich (who gave away his daughter to Colonel Waldegrave) the foundation of detaching himself from the Bedfords.

[8] *A Letter to a Noble Lord*, dated Nov. 30, 1733.

[9] The request was made to Sir Robert Walpole, and the negotiation carried through by Horatio Walpole in his capacity of minister at the French court.

[10] By Thomas Edwards (1699–1757), written as an attack upon Warburton.

[11] Christina, Queen of Sweden; d. 1689.

[12] Anne Marie Louise d'Orléans, known as Mademoiselle de Montpensier, daughter of Gaston, Duc d'Orléans, second son of Henry IV. She died in 1693, leaving some *Mémoires*.

[13] Françoise Bertaut, Dame de Motteville (d. 1689), authoress of *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire d'Anne d'Autriche*.

Letter 332.—[1] He was Secretary of State for the Southern Province.

Your friend Lord Fane[2] comforts Lord Sandwich with an annuity of a thousand a year—scarcely for his handsome behaviour to his sister! Lord Hartington is to be Master of the Horse, and Lord Albemarle Groom of the Stole; Lord Granville is actually Lord President, and, by all outward and visible signs, something more—in short, if he don't overshoot himself, the Pelhams have; the King's favour to him is visible, and so much credited, that all the incense is offered to him. It is believed that Impresario Holderness will succeed the Bedford in the foreign seals, and Lord Halifax in those for the plantations. If the former does, you will have ample instructions to negotiate for singers and dancers! Here is an epigram made upon his directorship:

> That secrecy will now prevail
> In politics, is certain;
> Since Holderness, who gets the seals,
> Was bred behind the curtain.

The Admirals Rowley and Boscawen are brought into the Admiralty under Lord Anson, who is advanced to the head of the board. Seamen are tractable fishes! especially it will be Boscawen's case, whose name in Cornish signifies obstinacy, and who brings along with him a good quantity of resentment to Anson. In short, the whole present system is equally formed for duration!

Since I began my letter, Lord Holderness has kissed hands for the seals. It is said that Lord Halifax is to be made easy, by the plantations being put under the Board of Trade. Lord Granville comes into power as boisterously as ever, and dashes at everything. His lieutenants already beat up for volunteers; but he disclaims all connexions with Lord Bath, who, he says, forced him upon the famous ministry of twenty-four hours, and by which he says he

[2] Lord Sandwich married Dorothy, sister of Lord Viscount Fane. *Walpole.*

paid all his debts to him. This will soon grow a turbulent scene—it is not unpleasant to sit upon the beach and see it; but few people have the curiosity to step out to the sight. You, who knew England in other times, will find it difficult to conceive what an indifference reigns with regard to ministers and their squabbles. The two Miss Gunnings[3], and a late extravagant dinner at White's, are twenty times more the subject of conversation than the two brothers and Lord Granville. These are two Irish girls, of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive. I think their being two so handsome and both such perfect figures is their chief excellence, for singly I have seen much handsomer women than either; however, they can't walk in the Park, or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow them that they are generally driven away. The dinner was a folly of seven young men, who bespoke it to the utmost extent of expense: one article was a tart made of duke cherries from a hot-house; and another, that they tasted but one glass out of each bottle of champagne. The bill of fare is got into print[4], and with good people has produced the apprehension of another earthquake. Your friend St. Leger was at the head of these luxurious heroes—he is the hero of all fashion. I never saw more dashing vivacity and absurdity, with some flashes of parts. He had a cause the other day for ducking a sharper, and was going to swear: the judge said to him, 'I see, Sir, you are very ready to take an oath.' 'Yes, my Lord,' replied St. Leger, 'my father was a judge[5].'

We have been overwhelmed with lamentable Cambridge

[3] Maria and Elizabeth, daughters of John Gunning, of Castle Coote, co. Roscommon. Maria Gunning m. (1752) George William Coventry, sixth Earl of Coventry. She died of consumption (accelerated by the excessive use of white paint) in 1760. Elizabeth Gunning m. (1752) 1. James Hamilton, sixth Duke of Hamilton (who d. 1758); 2. (1759) Colonel John Campbell (who succeeded in 1770 as fourth Duke of Argyll). She was created Baroness Hamilton in 1776, and died in 1791.

[4] See *Gent. Mag.* 1751, p. 280.

[5] Probably St. John St. Leger, Puisne Baron of the Irish Exchequer; d. 1741.

and Oxford dirges on the Prince's death: there is but one tolerable copy; it is by a young Lord Stormont[6], a nephew of Murray, who is much commended. You may imagine what incense is offered to Stone[7] by the people of Christchurch: they have hooked in, too, poor Lord Harcourt, and call him *Harcourt the Wise!* his wisdom has already disgusted the young Prince; 'Sir, pray hold up your head. Sir, for God's sake, turn out your toes!' Such are Mentor's precepts!

I am glad you receive my letters; as I knew I had been punctual, it mortified me that you should think me remiss. Thank you for the transcript from *Bubb de tristibus*[8]*!* I will keep your secret, though I am persuaded that a man who had composed such a funeral oration on his master and himself fully intended that its flowers should not bloom and wither in obscurity.

We have already begun to sell the pictures that had not found place at Houghton: the sale gives no great encouragement to proceed (though I fear it must come to that!); the large pictures were thrown away; the whole-length Vandykes went for a song! I am mortified now at having printed the catalogue. Gideon[9] the Jew, and Blakiston[10] the independent grocer, have been the chief purchasers of the pictures sold already—there, if you love moralizing!

Adieu! I have no more articles to-day for my literary gazette.

[6] David Murray (1727–1796), seventh Viscount Stormont; succeeded his uncle as second Earl of Mansfield, 1793. Envoy to Warsaw, 1756–61; Ambassador at Vienna, 1763–72; K.T., 1768; Ambassador at Paris, 1772–78; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1779–82; Lord President of the Council, 1783, 1794–96.

[7] As Sub-Governor to the Prince of Wales.

[8] A letter to Mr. Mann from Mr. Dodington on the Prince's death. *Walpole.*

[9] Sampson Gideon (1699–1762), financier.

[10] Blakiston had been caught in smuggling, and pardoned by Sir R. W., but, continuing the practice, and again detected, was fined five thousand pounds, on which he grew a violent party man, and a ringleader of the Westminster independent electors, and died an Alderman of London. *Walpole.*

333. To Miss Anne Pitt[1].

Arlington Street, June 19, 1751.

Before I even wish you joy, I must hurry to thank you for the very obliging question you put to my Lady Townshend. *Won't Mr. Walpole be glad of the honour the Princess has done me?* Indeed he is. He never was more agreeably surprised than with the news, and as far as the greatest esteem and good wishes can entitle him to it, does deserve the kind distinction you made of his friendship. I never had the honour of knowing the Princess, but if any more Regency Bills were to be passed, I would be the last man in England to vote for laying her under any restrictions. She has convinced *me* at least how wrong it is to lay any restraint upon her judgement. When I have told you, Madam, how happy your success makes me, I can't help telling you too that I fear it will affect the pleasure I proposed from your being at my Lady Cardigan's at Richmond this summer; but I am too much pleased to complain, and whenever I have the honour of seeing you, which I tried for again on Sunday evening, I will do nothing but tell you of my satisfaction.

334. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 16, 1751.

I shall do little more to-day than answer your last letter of the 2nd of this month; there is no kind of news. My

Letter 333.—Not in C.; now printed from Hist. MSS. Comm., 13th Report, App. Pt. II. pp. 135–6.

[1] Anne, daughter of Robert Pitt of Boconnoc, and sister of William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. She was Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline, and Privy-Purse to the Princess Dowager of Wales (the appointment referred to in this letter). She was for some years on very friendly terms with Horace Walpole, whose letters to her are preserved at Dropmore Lodge. In character she greatly resembled her brother, William Pitt, with an added eccentricity which, in her old age, developed into madness. About 1778 it became necessary to place her under restraint, and she died in confinement in 1781.

chief reason for writing to you is to notify a visit that you will have at Florence this summer from Mr. Conway[1], who is forced to go to his regiment at Minorca, but is determined to reckon Italy within his quarters. You know how particularly he is my friend; I need not recommend him to you; but you will see something very different from the staring boys that come in flocks to you new, once a year, like woodcocks. Mr. Conway is deservedly reckoned one of the first and most rising young men in England. He has distinguished himself in the greatest style both in the army and in Parliament. This is for you: for the Florentine ladies, there is still the finest person and the handsomest face I ever saw—no, I cannot say that all this will be quite for them; he will not think any of them so handsome as my Lady Aylesbury.

It is impossible to answer you why my Lord Orford would not marry Miss Nicoll. I don't believe there was any particular reason or attachment anywhere else; but, unfortunately for himself and for us, he is totally insensible to his situation, and talks of selling Houghton with a coolness that wants nothing but being intended for philosophy to be the greatest that ever was. Mind, it is a virtue that I envy more than I honour.

I am going into Warwickshire[2] to Lord Hertford, and set out this evening, and have so many things to do that you must excuse me, for I neither know what I write, nor have time to write more. Adieu!

LETTER 334.—[1] Colonel Henry Conway, only brother of Francis, Earl of Hertford, married Caroline, daughter of General John Campbell, and widow of Charles Bruce, the last Earl of Ailesbury and Elgin. *Walpole.*

[2] Ragley, near Alcester.

335. To George Montagu.

Daventry, July 22, 1751.

You will wonder in what part of the county of Twicks lies this Daventry—it happens to be in Northamptonshire. My letter will scarce set out till I get to London, but I choose to give it its present date lest you should admire, that Mr. Usher of the Exchequer, the Lord Treasurer of Pen, Ink, and Paper, should write with such coarse materials[1]. I am on my way from Ragley, and if ever the waters subside, and my ark rests upon dry land again, I think of stepping over to Tonghes: but your own journey has filled my post-chaise's head with such terrible ideas of your roads, that I think I shall let it have done raining for a month or six weeks, which it has not done for as much time past, before I begin to grease my wheels again, and lay in a provision of French books, and tea, and blunderbusses for my journey.

Before I tell you a word of Ragley, you must hear how busy I have been upon Grammont. You know I have long had a purpose of a new edition, with notes, and cuts of the principal beauties and heroes, if I could meet with their portraits. I have made out all the people at all remarkable, except *my Lord Janet*, whom I cannot divine unless he be *Thanet*[2]. Well, but what will entertain you is, that I have discovered the *philosophe Whitnell*[3]—and what do you think his real name was?—only *Whetenhall!* Pray do you call cousins[4]? Look in Collins's *Baronets*, and under the article *Bedingfield* you will find that he was an *ingenious gentleman*, and la Blanche Whitnell[5], *though one of the greatest beauties*

Letter 335.—[1] The original is written on very coarse common paper.

[2] Nicholas Tufton (1631 – 1679), third Earl of Thanet.

[3] Thomas Whetenhall, of East Peckham, in Kent.

[4] Montagu's sister married Nathaniel Whetenhall.

[5] Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir

of the age, an excellent wife. I am persuaded the Bedingfields crowded in these characters to take off the ridicule in Grammont. They have succeeded to a miracle. Madame de Mirepoix told me t'other day, that she had known a daughter of the Countess de Grammont[6], an abbess in Lorrain[7], who, to the ambassadress's great scandal, was ten times more vain of the blood of Hamilton than of an equal quantity of that of Grammont. She had told her much of her sister my Lady Stafford[8], whom I remember to have seen when I was quite a child. She used to live at Twickenham when Mary Wortley and the Duke of Wharton[9] lived there too; she had more wit than both of them. What would I give to have had Strawberry Hill twenty years ago?—I think anything but twenty years. Lady Stafford used to say to her sister, 'Well, child, I have come without my wit to-day'; that is, she had not taken her opium, which she was forced to do if she had any appointment to be in particular spirits. This rage of Grammont carried me a little while ago to old Marlbro's at Wimbledon[10], where I had heard there was a picture of Lady Denham[11]; it is a charming one. The house you know stands in a hole, or, as the whimsical old creature said, seems to be making a curtsey. She had directed my Lord Pembroke not to

Henry Bedingfield, first Baronet, of Oxborough, Norfolk.

[6] Elizabeth (d. 1708), eldest daughter of Sir George Hamilton, first Baronet; m. Philibert, Comte de Grammont, in whose *Mémoires* she figures as 'La belle Hamilton.'

[7] Marie Elisabeth de Grammont, Abbess of Ste. Marie de Poussey in Lorraine.

[8] Claude Charlotte de Grammont, daughter of Philibert, Comte de Grammont; m. (1694) Henry Stafford-Howard, first Earl of Stafford; d. 1739.

[9] Philip Wharton (1698–1731), first Duke of Wharton.

[10] Wimbledon Manor House, which passed to the Spencer family on the death of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. The house in question was almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1785.

[11] Margaret, third daughter of Sir William Brooke, K.B.; m. (1665), as his second wife, Sir John Denham, the poet. Her death (in 1667) was popularly attributed to poisoned chocolate, administered either by her husband or by the Duchess of York, both of whom were jealous of the Duke of York's attentions to her. The Duke's passion for her and her fate are mentioned by Grammont.

make her go up any steps; 'I won't go up steps,' and so he dug a saucer to put it in, and levelled the first floor with the ground. There is a bust of Admiral Vernon, erected I suppose by Jack Spencer, with as many lies upon it as if it was a tombstone; and a very curious old picture upstairs, that I take to be Louis Sforza the Moor[12], with his nephew Galeazzo. There are other good pictures in the house, but perhaps you have seen them. As I have formerly seen Oxford and Blenheim, I did not stop till I came to Stratford-upon-Avon, the wretchedest old town I ever saw, which I intended for Shakespeare's sake to find smug, and pretty, and *antique*, not *old*. His tomb, and his wife's, and John à Combe's[13], are in an agreeable church, with several other monuments; as one of the Earl of Totness[14], and another of Sir Edw. Walker[15], the memoirs writer, our Tigress's[16] ancestor. There are quantities of Cloptons, too; but the bountiful corporation have exceedingly bepainted Shakespeare and the principal personages. Lady Caroline Petersham is not more vermilion.

I was much struck with Ragley; the situation is magnificent; the house far beyond anything I have seen of that bad age: for it was begun, as I found by an old letter in the library from Lord Ranelagh[17] to Earl Conway[18], in the year 1680. By the way, I have had, and am to have, the rummaging of three chests of pedigrees and letters to that Secretary Conway, which I have interceded for and saved from the flames. The prospect is as fine as one destitute of

[12] Lodovico Sforza, called *il Moro*, Duke of Milan, 1494–1500; d. 1508. His nephew was Giovanni Galeazzo Maria Sforza, Duke of Milan; d. 1494.

[13] John Combe (d. 1614), a rich inhabitant of Stratford-on-Avon. He was in the habit of lending money, and the rate of interest required by him gave rise to some lines at one time attributed to Shakespeare.

[14] George Carew (1555–1629), first Earl of Totness.

[15] Sir Edward Walker, Knight (d. 1677), sometime Secretary at War, and author of *Historical Discourses*.

[16] Mrs. Henry Talbot, *née* Clopton.

[17] Richard Jones (circ. 1641–1712), Earl of Ranelagh.

[18] Edward Conway (circ. 1623–1683), Earl of Conway.

a navigated river can be, and totally hitherto unimproved. So is the house, which is but just covered in, after so many years. They have begun to inhabit the naked walls of the attic story; the great one is unfloored and unceiled. The hall is magnificent, sixty by forty, and thirty-eight high. I am going to pump Mr. Bentley for designs. The other apartments are very lofty, and in quantity, though I had suspected that this leviathan hall must have devoured half the other chambers. The Hertfords carried me to dine at Lord Archer's [19], an odious place—I pried after Cronk's false cabinet into the buttery. On my return, I saw Warwick, a pretty old town, small and thinly inhabited, in the form of a cross. The castle is enchanting; the view pleased me more than I can express; the river Avon tumbles down a cascade at the foot of it. It is well laid out by one Brown [20], who has set up on a few ideas of Kent and Mr. Southcote. One sees what the prevalence of taste does; little Brook, who would have chuckled to have been born in an age of clipt hedges and cockle-shell avenues, has submitted to let his garden and park be natural. Where he has attempted Gothic in the castle, he has failed wofully; and has indulged himself in a new apartment that is most paltry. The chapel is very pretty, and smugged up with tiny pews, that look like *étuis* for the dapper Earl and his diminutive Countess [21]. I shall tell you nothing of the glorious chapel of the Beauchamps in St. Mary's Church, for you know it is in Dugdale; nor how ill the fierce bears and ragged staves are succeeded by puppets and corals. As I came back another road, I saw Lord Pomfret's by Towcester, where there [are] a few good pictures, and many mashed statues; there is an excessive fine Cicero, which has

[19] Umberslade, in Warwickshire.

[20] Lancelot Brown (1715–1783), known as 'Capability' Brown from his frequent use of that word.

[21] See Letter to Mann, April 8, 1742.

no fault—but the head being modern. I saw a pretty lodge[22], just built by the Duke of Grafton, in Whittleberry Forest; the design is Kent's, but, as was his manner, too heavy. I ran through the gardens at Stowe, which I have seen before, and had only time to be charmed with the variety of scenes. I do like that Albano glut of buildings, let them be ever so much condemned. Adieu.

Yours, &c.,

H. W.

336. To Horace Mann.

Mistley, Aug. 31, 1751.

I am going to answer two of your letters, without having the fear of Genoa[1] before my eyes. Your brother sent to me about this embassy the night before I came out of town, and I had not time nor opportunity to make any inquiry about it. Indeed, I am persuaded it is all a fable, some political nonsense of Richcourt. How should his brother know anything of it? or, to speak plainly, what can we bring about by a sudden negotiation with the Genoese? Do but put these two things together, that we can do nothing, and the Richcourts can know nothing, and you will laugh at this pretended communication of a secret that relates to yourself from one who is ignorant of what relates to you, and who would not tell you if he did know. I have had a note from your brother since I came hither, which confirms my opinion; and I find Mr. Chute is of the same. Be at peace, my dear child: I should not be so if I thought you in the least danger.

I imagined you would have seen Mr. Conway before this

[22] Wakefield Lodge, near Stony Stratford.

Letter 336.—[1] Count Richcourt pretended that he had received intelligence from his brother, then Minister in London, that Mr. Mann was to be sent on a secret commission to Genoa. *Walpole.*

time; I have already told you how different you will find him from the raw animals that you generally see. As you talk of our beauties, I shall tell you a new story of the Gunnings, who make more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen, though neither of them, nor anything about them, have yet been *teterrima belli causa.* They went the other day to see Hampton Court; as they were going into the Beauty-room [2], another company arrived; the housekeeper said, 'This way, ladies; here are the Beauties.' The Gunnings flew into a passion, and asked her what she meant; that they came to see the palace, not to be showed as a sight themselves.

I am charmed with your behaviour to the Count on the affair of the Leghorn allegiance [3]; I don't wonder he is willing to transport you to Genoa! Your priest's epigram [4] is strong; I suppose he had a dispensation for making a false quantity in *secunda.*

Pray tell me if you know anything of Lady Mary Wortley: we have an obscure history here of her being in durance in the Brescian, or the Bergamasco: that a young fellow whom she set out with keeping has taken it into his head to keep her close prisoner, not permitting her to write or receive any letters but what he sees [5]: he seems determined, if her husband should die, not to lose her, as the Count lost my Lady Orford.

Lord Rockingham told me himself of his Guercino, and

[2] Containing Kneller's portraits of ladies of the court of William III.

[3] Richcourt wished to consider all English residents at Leghorn as subjects of the Emperor.

[4] *Lex prima ulcisci, secunda est vivere raptu,*
Tertia moechari, quarta negare Deum.

[5] This report, though exaggerated, seems to have been not entirely unfounded. Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu appears to have been detained for some time against her will at Brescia by a Count Palazzo and his mother. Lord Wharncliffe, who found amongst Lady Mary's papers a statement relative to this detention, suggests that it was probably for some pecuniary or interested object.

seemed obliged for the trouble you had given yourself in executing the commission. I can tell you nothing farther of the pictures at Houghton; Lord Orford has been ill and given over, and is gone to Cheltenham. The affair of Miss Nicoll is blown up by the treachery of my uncle Horace and some lawyers, that I had employed at his recommendation. I have been forced to write a narrative of the whole transaction, and was with difficulty kept from publishing it. You shall see it whenever I have an opportunity. Mr. Chute, who has been still worse used than I have been, is, however, in better spirits than he was, since he got rid of all this embroil. I have brought about a reconciliation with his brother, which makes me less regard the other disappointments.

I must bid you good night, for I am at too great a distance to know any news, even if there were any in season. I shall be in town next week, and will not fail you in inquiries, though I am persuaded you will before that have found that all this Genoese mystery was without foundation. Adieu!

337. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Oct. 8, 1751.

So you have totally forgot that I sent you the pedigree of the Crouches, as long ago as the middle of last August, and that you promised to come to Strawberry Hill in October! I shall be there some time in next week, but as my motions neither depend on resolutions nor almanacs, let me know beforehand when you intend me a visit; for though keeping an appointment is not just the thing you ever do, I suppose you know you dislike being disappointed yourself, as much as if you were the most punctual person in the world to engagements.

I came yesterday from Woburn, where I have been a

week. The house is in building, and three sides of the quadrangle finished, but as it is rather a patchwork, and upon the dimensions of the old abbey, it will be neither stately nor venerable. The park is very fine, the woods glorious, and the plantations of evergreens sumptuous—but upon the whole, it is what I rather admire than like—I fear that is what I am a little apt to do at the finest places in the world where there is not a navigable river. You would be charmed, as I was, with an old gallery, that is not yet destroyed—it is a bad room, powdered with little gold stars, and covered with millions of old portraits. There are all the successions of Earls and Countesses of Bedford, and all their progenies—one countess[1] is a whole-length, dancing in the drollest dress you ever saw; and another picture of the same woman leaning on her hand, I believe by Cornelius Johnson[2], is as fine a head as ever I saw. There are many of Queen Elizabeth's worthies, the Leicesters, Essex's, and Philip Sidneys, and a very curious portrait of the last Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, who died at Padua. Have not I read somewhere that he was in love with Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Mary with him? He is quite in the style of the former's lovers, red-bearded, and not comely. There is Essex's friend, the Earl of Southampton[3], his son the Lord Treasurer[4], and Madame l'Empoisonneuse[5], that married Carr, Earl of Somerset—she is pretty. Have not you seen a copy Vertue[6] has made of Philip and Mary? That is in

LETTER 337.—[1] Hon. Lucy Harington (d. 1627), daughter of first Baron Harington of Exton; m. (1594) Edward Russell, third Earl of Bedford. She was the patroness of several of the poets of her day.

[2] Cornelius Janssens (1590–1665).

[3] Henry Wriothesley (circ. 1573–1624), third Earl of Southampton.

[4] Thomas Wriothesley (1607–1667), fourth Earl of Southampton; Lord Treasurer, 1660–67.

[5] Lady Frances Howard (d. 1632), daughter of Thomas Howard, first Earl of Suffolk; m. 1. (1606) Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, from whom she was divorced in 1613; 2. (1613) Robert Kerr, Earl of Somerset. In 1615 she was tried with her husband for the murder (by poison) of Sir Thomas Overbury, and found guilty, but was ultimately pardoned.

[6] George Vertue (1684–1756), engraver. His manuscripts were bought

this gallery too, but more curious than good. They showed me two heads, who, according to the tradition of the family, were the originals of Castalio and Polidore[7]—they were sons to the second Earl of Bedford, and the eldest, if not both, died before their father[8]. The eldest has vipers in his hand, and in the distant landscape appears a maze, with these words, *Fata viam invenient.* The other has a woman behind him, sitting near the sea, with strange monsters surrounding her. I don't pretend to decipher this, nor to describe half the entertaining morsels I found in this Purgatory of antiquities—but I can't omit, as you know I am Grammont-mad, that I found there *le vieux Roussel*[9], *qui étoit le plus fier danseur d'Angleterre.* The portrait is young, but has all the promise of his latter character. I am going to send them a head of a Countess of Cumberland[10], sister to Castalio and Polidore, and mother of a famous Countess of Dorset[11], who afterwards married the mad Earl of Pembroke of Charles the First's time. She was an authoress, and immensely rich. After the Restoration, Sir Joseph Williamson, the Secretary of State, wrote to her to choose a courtier at Appleby: she sent him this answer: 'I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been ill-treated by a court, but I won't be dictated to by a subject; your man shall not stand. Anne Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery[12].'

Adieu! If you love news a hundred years old, I think you

after his death by Horace Walpole, who compiled his *Anecdotes of Painting* from them.

[7] The twin brothers in Otway's tragedy *The Orphan.*

[8] Edward Russell, Lord Russell (d. circ. 1572), and John Russell, Lord Russell (d. 1584), sons of Francis Russell (1527–1585), second Earl of Bedford.

[9] Hon. John Russell (d. 1681), third son of fourth Earl of Bedford.

[10] Lady Margaret Russell, third daughter of second Earl of Bedford; m. (1577) George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland; d. 1616.

[11] Lady Anne Clifford (d. 1676), *suo jure* Baroness Clifford, daughter of third Earl of Cumberland; m. 1. (1609) Richard Sackville, third Earl of Dorset; 2. (1630) Philip Herbert, fourth Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.

[12] The authenticity of this letter is doubtful; it was first printed in one of Horace Walpole's contributions to the *World* (on April 5, 1753).

can't have a better correspondent—for anything that passes now, I shall not think it worth knowing these fifty years.

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

338. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 14, 1751.

It is about six weeks since I wrote to you, and was going on to be longer, as I stayed for something to tell you; but an express that arrived yesterday brought a great event, which, though you will hear long before my letter can arrive, serves for a topic to renew our correspondence. The Prince of Orange[1] is dead; killed by the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle. This is all I yet know. I shall go to town to-morrow for a day or two, and if I pick up any particulars before the post goes away, you shall know them. The Princess Royal[2] was established Regent some time ago; but as her husband's authority seemed extremely tottering, it is not likely that she will be able to maintain hers. Her health is extremely bad, and her temper neither ingratiating nor bending. It is become the peculiarity of the House of Orange to have minorities.

Your last letter to me of Sept. 24th, and all I have seen since your first fright, make me easy about your Genoese journey. I take no honour from the completion of my prophecy; it was sufficient to know circumstances and the trifling falsehood of Richcourt, to confirm me in my belief that that embassy was never intended. We dispose of Corsica! Alas! I believe there is but one island that we shall ever have power to give away; and that is Great Britain—and I don't know but we may exert our power!

Letter 338.—[1] William IV, Prince of Orange and Stadtholder of the United Provinces.
[2] Anne, daughter of George II.

You are exceedingly kind about Mr. Conway—but when are not you so to me and my friends? I have just received a miserable letter from him on his disappointment: he had waited for a man-of-war to embark for Leghorn; it came in the night, left its name upon a card, and was gone before he was awake in the morning, and had any notice of it. He still talks of seeing you; as the Parliament is to meet so soon, I should think he will scarce have time, though I don't hear that he is sent for, or that they will have occasion to send for anybody, unless they want to make an opposition.

We were going to have festivals and masquerades for the birth of the Duke of Burgundy[3], but I suppose both they and the observance of the King's birthday will be laid aside or postponed, on the death of our son-in-law. Madame de Mirepoix would not stay to preside at her own banquets, but is slipped away to retake possession of the tabouret. When the King wished her husband joy, my Lady Pembroke[4] was standing near him; she was a favourite, but has disgraced herself by marrying a Captain Barnard. Mirepoix said, as he had no children he was indifferent to the honour of a duchy for himself, but was glad it would restore Madame to the honour she had lost by marrying him. 'Oh!' replied the King, 'you are of so great a family[5], the rank was nothing; but I can't bear when women of quality marry one don't know whom!'

Did you ever receive the questions I asked you about Lady Mary Wortley's being confined by a lover that she keeps somewhere in the Brescian? I long to know the

[3] Louis Joseph Xavier (d. 1761), Duc de Bourgogne, eldest son of the Dauphin (son of Louis XV) by his second wife, Maria Josepha of Saxony.

[4] Mary, daughter of the Viscount Fitzwilliam, formerly Maid of Honour to the Queen, and widow of Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. *Walpole.* —She married North Ludlow Barnard, a Captain of Dragoons.

[5] That of Lévis.

particulars. I have lately been at Woburn, where the Duchess of Bedford borrowed for me from a niece of Lady Mary above fifty letters of the latter. They are charming! have more spirit and vivacity than you can conceive, and as much of the spirit of debauchery in them as you will conceive in her writing. They were written to her sister, the unfortunate Lady Mar[6], whom she treated so hardly while out of her senses, which she has not entirely recovered, though delivered and tended with the greatest tenderness and affection by her daughter, Lady Margaret Erskine[7]: they live in a house lent to them by the Duke of Bedford; the Duchess is Lady Mary's niece[8]. Ten of the letters, indeed, are dismal lamentations and frights on a scene of villany of Lady Mary, who, having persuaded one Ruremonde[9], a Frenchman and her lover, to entrust her with a large sum of money to buy stock for him, frightened him out of England, by persuading him that Mr. Wortley had discovered the intrigue, and would murder him; and then would have sunk the trust. That not succeeding, and he threatening to print her letters, she endeavoured to make Lord Mar or Lord Stair cut his throat. Pope hints at these anecdotes of her history in that line,

Who starves a sister or denies a debt.

In one of her letters she says, 'We all partake of father Adam's folly and knavery, who first eat the apple like a sot, and then turned informer like a scoundrel.' And in another,

[6] Lady Frances Pierrepont (d. 1761), daughter of first Duke of Kingston; m. (1714), as his second wife, John Erskine, twenty-second Earl of Mar (who was attainted after the rebellion of 1715).

[7] Her name was Frances, not Margaret. She married (1740) her cousin, James Erskine, second son of Lord Grange, and Knight Marshal of Scotland. She died in 1776.

[8] Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Lady Mar, and the first wife of John, Lord Gower, were daughters of Evelyn Pierpont, Duke of Kingston. *Walpole.*

[9] This person was Toussaint Rémond de St. Mard (1682–1757), a wit and *littérateur*. Lady Mary's account of the transaction is given in letters written to Lady Mar in 1721.

that the girls of the age are very ugly, and yet the men follow them, 'but let them; my appetite is not so voracious as it was.' This is character, at least, if not very delicate; but in most of them, the wit and style are superior to any letters I ever read but Madame Sévigné's. It is very remarkable, how much better women write than men. I have now before me a volume of letters written by the widow[10] of the beheaded Lord Russell, which are full of the most moving and expressive eloquence: I want to persuade the Duke of Bedford to let them be printed.

17th.—I have learned nothing but that the Prince of Orange died of an imposthume in his head. Lord Holdernesse is gone to Holland[11] to-day—I believe rather to learn than to teach. I have received yours of Oct. 8, and don't credit a word of Birtle's[12] information. Adieu!

339. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 22, 1751.

As the Parliament is met, you will, of course, expect to hear something of it: the only thing to be told of it is, what I believe was never yet to be told of an English Parliament, that it is so unanimous, that we are not likely to have one division this session—nay, I think not a debate. On the Address, Sir John Cotton alone said a few words against a few words of it. Yesterday, on a motion to resume the sentences[1] against Murray, who is fled to France, only two persons objected—in short, we shall not be more a French

[10] Rachel, daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, Lord Treasurer. One of these letters to Dr. Tillotson, to persuade him to accept the Archbishopric, has since been printed, and a fragment of another of her letters, in Birch's Life of that Prelate. *Walpole.*

[11] As Minister at the Hague.

[12] Consul at Genoa: he had heard the report of Mr. Mann's being designed for an embassy to Genoa. *Walpole.*

Letter 339.—[1] On Nov. 25 a motion was carried for his recommittal to Newgate, and £500 was offered for his apprehension.

Parliament, when we are under French government. Indeed, the two nations seem to have crossed over and figured in; one hears of nothing from Paris but gunpowder plots in the Duke of Burgundy's cradle (whom the clergy, by a vice versâ, have converted into a Pretender), and menaces of assassinations[2]. Have you seen the following verses, that have been stuck up on the Louvre, the Pontneuf, and other places?

Deux Henris immolés par nos braves Ayeux,
L'un à la Liberté et l'autre à nos Dieux,
Nous animent, Louis, aux mêmes entreprises:
Ils revivent en Toi ces anciens Tyrans:
Crains notre désespoir: La Noblesse a des Guises,
Paris des Ravaillacs, le Clergé des Cléments.

Did you ever see more ecclesiastic fury? Don't you like their avowing the cause of Jacques Clément? and that Henry IV was sacrificed to a plurality of gods! a frank confession! though drawn from the author by the rhyme, as Cardinal Bembo, to write classic Latin, used to say, *Deos immortales!* But what most offends me is the threat of murder: it attaints the prerogative of chopping off the heads of kings in a legal way. We here have been still more interested about a private history that has lately happened at Paris. It seems uncertain by your accounts whether Lady Mary Wortley is in voluntary or constrained durance: it is not at all equivocal that her son and a Mr. Taaffe[3] have been in the latter at Fort l'Évesque and the Châtelet. All the letters from Paris have been very cautious of relating the circumstances. The outlines are, that these two *gentlemen*, who were pharaoh-bankers to Madame de Mirepoix, had travelled to France to exercise the same profession, where it

[2] 'La dame Sauvé, première femme de chambre du Duc de Bourgogne, vient d'être mise à la Bastille. Elle avoit averti Madame de Tallard qu'on venoit de jeter dans le berceau de M. le Duc de Bourgogne un gros paquet rempli de poudre, de charbon et de mèches, avec les vers les plus injurieux pour le Roi.' (D'Argenson, *Mémoires*, ed. 1858, vol. iv. p. 54.)

[3] Theobald Taaffe, M.P. for Arundel.

is supposed they cheated a Jew, who would afterwards have cheated them of the money he owed, and that, to secure payment, they broke open his lodgings and bureau, and seized jewels and other effects; that he accused them; that they were taken out of their beds at two o'clock in the morning, kept in different prisons, without fire or candle, for six-and-thirty hours; have since been released on excessive bail; are still to be tried, may be sent to the galleys, or dismissed home, where they will be reduced to keep the best company; for I suppose nobody else will converse with them. Their separate anecdotes are curious: Wortley, you know, has been a perfect Gil Blas, and, for one of his last adventures, is thought to have added the famous Miss Ashe to the number of his wives[4]. Taaffe is an Irishman, who changed his religion to fight a duel; as you know in Ireland a Catholic may not wear a sword. . . .[5] He is a gamester, usurer, adventurer, and of late has divided his attentions between the Duke of Newcastle and Madame Pompadour; travelling, with turtles and pine-apples, in post-chaises, to the latter,—flying back to the former for Lewes races—and smuggling burgundy at the same time. I shall finish their history with a *bon mot*. The Speaker was railing at gaming and White's apropos to these two prisoners. Lord Coke, to whom the conversation was addressed, replied, 'Sir, all I can say is, that they are both members of the House of Commons, and neither of them of White's.' Monsieur de Mirepoix sent a card lately to White's, to invite all the chess-players of both *clamps*. Do but think what a genius a man must have, or, my dear child, do you consider what information you would be capable of sending to your court, if, after passing two years in a country, you had learned but the two first letters of a word, that you heard twenty times every day!

[4] This marriage is recorded amongst those celebrated in this year at Keith's chapel, in Mayfair.

[5] Passage omitted.

I have a bit of paper left, so I will tell you another story. A certain King, that, whatever airs you may give yourself, you are not at all like, was last week at the play. The Intriguing Chambermaid[6] in the farce says to the old gentleman, 'You are villainously old; you are sixty-six; you can't have the impudence to think of living above two years.' The old gentleman in the stage-box turned about in a passion, and said, 'This is d—d stuff!'

Pray have you got Mr. Conway yet! Adieu!

340. To Horace Mann.

Dec. 12, 1751.

I have received yours and Mr. Conway's letters, and am transported that you have met at last, and that you answer so well to one another, as I intended. I expect that you tell me more and more all that you think of him. The enclosed is for him; as he has never received one of my letters since he left England, I have exhausted all my news upon him, and for this post you must only go halves with him, who I trust is still at Florence. In your last, you mentioned Lord Stormont and commend him; pray tell me more about him. He is cried up above all the young men of the time—in truth we want recruits! Lord Bolingbroke is dead, or dying[1], of a cancer, which was thought cured by a quack plaster; but it is not everybody can be cured at seventy-five, like my monstrous uncle!

What is an *uomo nero*[2]?—neither Mr. Chute nor I can recollect the term. Though you are in the season of the *villeggiatura*, believe me, Mr. Conway will not find Florence duller than he would London: our diversions, politics,

[6] A farce adapted from the French by Fielding, and first acted in 1734.

Letter 340.—[1] Lord Bolingbroke died on Dec. 15.

[2] '*Uomo nero* is a general term for all servants out of livery.' (*Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 331.)

quarrels, are buried all in our Alphonso's grave[3]! The only thing talked of, is a man who draws teeth with a sixpence, and puts them in again for a shilling. I believe it; not that it seems probable, but because I have long been persuaded that the most incredible discoveries will be made, and that, about the time, or a little after, I die, the secret will be found out of how to live for ever—and that secret, I believe, will not be discovered by a physician. Adieu!

P.S. I have tipped Mr. Conway's direction with French, in case it should be necessary to send it after him.

341. To George Montagu.

THE ST. JAMES'S EVENING POST.

Thursday, Jan. 9, 1752.

Monday being Twelfth-day, his Majesty according to annual custom offered myrrh, frankincense, and a small bit of gold; and at night, in commemoration of the three *Kings* or *Wise men*, the King and Royal Family played at hazard for the benefit of a prince of the blood. There were above eleven thousand pounds upon the table; his most sacred Majesty won three guineas, and his R.H. the Duke, three thousand four hundred pounds.

On Saturday was landed at the Custom House a large box of truffles, being a present to the Earl of Lincoln from Theobald Taaffe, Esq., who is shortly expected home from his travels in foreign parts.

To-morrow the new-born son[1] of the Earl of Egremont is to be baptized, when his Majesty, and the Earl of

[3] The late Prince of Wales: it alludes to a line in the *Mourning Bride. Walpole.*

Letter 341.—[1] George O'Brien Wyndham (1751–1837), Lord Cockermouth; succeeded his father as third Earl of Egremont, 1763.

Granville (if he is able to stand), and the Duchess of Somerset, are to be sponsors.

We are assured that on Tuesday last, the surprising strong woman was exhibited at the Countess of Holderness's, before a polite assembly of persons of the first quality: and some time this week, the two dwarfs will play at brag at Madame Holman's. N.B. The strong man, who was to have performed at Mrs. Nugent's, is indisposed.

There is lately arrived at the Lord Carpenter's[2], a curious male chimpanzee, which has had the honour of being shown before the ugliest princes in Europe, who all expressed their approbation; and we hear that he intends to offer himself a candidate to represent the city of Westminster at the next general election. Note: he wears breeches, and there is a gentlewoman to attend the ladies.

Last night the Hon. and Rev. Mr. James Brudenel[3] was admitted a doctor of opium in the ancient university of White's, being received *ad eundem* by his Grace the Rev. father in chess the Duke of Devonshire, president, and the rest of the senior fellows. At the same time the Lord Rob. Bertie and Col. Barrington[4] were rejected, on account of some deficiency of formality in their testimonials.

Letters from Grosvenor Street mention a dreadful apparition, which has appeared for several nights at the house of the Countess Temple, which has occasioned several of her ladyship's domestics to leave her service, except the coachman, who has drove her sons and nephews for several

[2] George Carpenter (1723–1762), second Baron Carpenter; cr. Earl of Tyrconnel, 1761.

[3] Hon. James Brudenell (1725–1811), second son of third Earl of Cardigan; cr. (Oct. 17, 1780) Baron Brudenell of Deene, Northamptonshire; succeeded his brother as fifth Earl of Cardigan, 1790. Deputy Cofferer of the Household, 1755; Keeper of the Privy Purse and Master of the Robes to George III, 1760; Constable of Windsor Castle, 1791.

[4] Colonel (afterwards Major-General) Hon. John Barrington (d. 1764), third son of first Viscount Barrington.

years, and is not afraid of spectres. The coroner's inquest have brought in their verdict lunacy.

Last week the Lord Downe received at the Treasury the sum of an hundred kisses from the Auditor of the Exchequer, being the reward for shooting at a highwayman.

On Tuesday the operation of shaving was happily performed on the upper lip of her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle, by a celebrated artist from Paris, sent over on purpose by the Earl of Albemarle. The performance lasted but one minute and three seconds, to the great joy of that noble family; and in consideration of his great care and expedition, his Grace has settled four hundred pounds a year upon him for life. We hear that he is to have the honour of shaving the heads of the Lady Catherine Pelham, the Duchess of Queensberry, and several other persons of quality.

By authority, on Sunday next will be opened the Romish chapel at Norfolk House; no persons will be admitted but such as are known well-wishers to the present happy establishment.

Mass will begin exactly when the English liturgy is finished.

At the theatre royal in the House of Lords, *The Royal Slave*, with *Lethe*.

At the theatre in St. Stephen's Chapel, *The Fool in Fashion*.

The Jews are desired to meet on the 20th inst. at the sign of Fort L'Évêque in Pharaoh Street, to commemorate the noble struggle made by one of their brethren [5] in support of his property.

Deserted—Miss Ashe.

[5] Abraham Payba, *alias* Roberts, who had been successful in an action against Wortley-Montagu the younger, and others, on a charge of cheating him at faro.

Lost, an opposition.

To be let, an ambassador's masquerade, the gentleman going abroad.

To be sold, the whole nation. . . .[6]

Lately published, The Analogy of Political and Private Quarrels, or the Art of healing family differences by widening them; on these words, Do evil that good may ensue. A sermon preached before the Rt. Honble. Henry Pelham, and the rest of the society for propagating Christian charity, by Wm. Leveson, chaplain to her R.H. the Princess Amelia; and now printed at the desire of several of the family.

For capital weaknesses, the Duke of Newcastle's true spirit of crocodiles.

Given gratis at the Turn-stile, the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields[7], Anodyne Stars and Garters.

342. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 2, 1752.

We are much surprised by two letters which my Lady Aylesbury has received from Mr. Conway, to find that he had not yet heard of his new regiment[1]. She, who is extremely reasonable, seems content that he went to Rome before he got the news, as it would have been pity to have missed such an opportunity of seeing it, and she flatters herself that he would have set out immediately for England, if he had received the express at Florence. Now you know him, you will not wonder that she is impatient; you would wonder, if you knew her, if he were not so too.

After all I have lately told you of our dead tranquillity,

[6] Passage omitted.

[7] The Duke of Newcastle's town house was in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Letter 342.—[1] He had been appointed to command the Thirteenth Dragoons.

you will be surprised to hear of an episode of opposition: it is merely an interlude, for at least till next year we shall have no more: you will rather think it a farce, when I tell you, that that buffoon my old uncle acted a principal part in it. And what made it more ridiculous, the title of the drama was a subsidiary treaty with Saxony. In short, being impatient with the thought that he should die without having it written on his tomb, 'Here lies *Baron* Punch,' he spirited up—whom do you think?—only a Grenville! my Lord Cobham, to join with him in speaking against this treaty: both did: the latter retired after his speech; but my uncle concluded his (which was a direct answer to all he has been making all his life), with declaring, that he yet should vote *for* the treaty! You never heard such a shout and laughter as it caused. This debate was followed by as new a one in the House of Lords, where the Duke of Bedford took the treaty, and in the conclusion of his speech the ministry, to pieces. His friend Lord Sandwich, by a most inconceivable jumble of cunning, spoke for the treaty, against the ministry; it is supposed, lest the Duke should be thought to have countenanced the opposition: you never heard a more lamentable performance! there was no division. The next day the Tories in our House moved for a resolution against subsidiary treaties in time of peace: Mr. Pelham, with great agitation, replied to the philippics of the preceding day, and divided 180 to 52.

There has been an odd sort of codicil to these debates: Vernon [2], a very inoffensive, good-humoured young fellow, who lives in the strongest intimacy with all the fashionable young men, was proposed for the Old Club at White's,

[2] Richard Vernon (1726–1800), fourth son of Henry Vernon, of Hilton, Staffordshire, and well known on the turf. He was afterwards married to the widow of the Earl of Upper Ossory, a sister of the Duchess of Bedford. His three daughters were the 'three Vernons' of Horace Walpole's letters to Lady Ossory.

into the mysteries of which, before a person is initiated, it is necessary that he should be well with the ruling powers: unluckily, Vernon has lately been at Woburn with the Duke of Bedford. The night of the ballot, of twelve persons present eight had promised him white balls, being his particular friends—however, there were six black balls!--this made great noise—his friends found it necessary to clear up their faith to him—*ten* of the twelve assured him upon their honour that they had given him white balls. I fear this will not give you too favourable an idea of the honour of the young men of the age!

Your father, who has been dying, and had tasted nothing but water for ten days, the other day called for roast beef, and is well; cured, I suppose, by this abstinence, which convinces me that intemperance had been his illness. Fasting and mortification will restore a good constitution, but not correct a bad one.

Adieu! I write you but short letters, and those, I fear, seldom; but they tell you all that is material: this is not an age to furnish volumes!

343. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 27, 1752.

Gal tells me that your eldest brother has written you an account of your affairs, the particulars of which I was most solicitous to learn, and am now most unhappy to find no better[1]. Indeed, Gal would have most reason to complain, if his strong friendship for you did not prevent him from thinking that nothing is hard that is in your favour: he told me himself that the conditions imposed upon him were inferior to what he always proposed to do, if the misfortune should arrive of your recall. He certainly

Letter 343.—[1] Mr. Mann's father was just dead. *Walpole.*

loves you earnestly; if I were not convinced of it, I should be far from loving him so well as I do.

I write this as a sort of a letter of form on the occasion, for there is nothing worth telling you. The event that has made most noise since my last, is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. Lord Coventry, a grave young lord, of the remains of the Patriot breed, has long dangled after the eldest, virtuously with regard to her virtue, not very honourably with regard to his own credit. About six weeks ago Duke Hamilton, the very reverse of the Earl, hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in his fortune and person, fell in love with the youngest at the masquerade, and determined to marry her in the spring. About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house[2], which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing at pharaoh at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred pounds each: he soon lost a thousand. I own I was so little a professor in love, that I thought all this parade looked ill for the poor girl; and could not conceive, if he was so much engaged with his mistress as to disregard such sums, why he played at all. However, two nights afterwards, being left alone with her while her mother and sister were at Bedford House, he found himself so impatient, that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without licence or ring: the Duke swore he would send for the Archbishop—at last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half an hour after twelve at night, at Mayfair Chapel. The Scotch are enraged; the women mad that so much beauty has had its

[2] Chesterfield House, then just completed.

effect; and what is most silly, my Lord Coventry declares that now he will marry the other.

Poor Lord Lempster has just killed an officer [3] in a duel, about a play-debt, and I fear was in the wrong. There is no end of his misfortunes and wrong-headedness!—Where is Mr. Conway?—Adieu!

344. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 23, 1752.

Mr. Conway has been arrived this fortnight, a week sooner than we expected him; but my Lady Aylesbury forgives it! He is full of your praises, so you have not sowed your goodness in unthankful ground. By a letter I have just received from you, he finds you have missed some from him with commissions; but he will tell you about them himself. I find him much leaner, and great cracks in his beauty. Your picture is arrived, which he says is extremely like you. Mr. Chute cannot bear it; says it wants your countenance and goodness; that it looks bonny and Irish. I am between both, and should know it: to be sure, there is none of your *wet-brown-paperness* in it; but it has a look with which I have known you come out from your little room, when Richcourt has raised your ministerial French, and you have writ to England about it till you were half fuddled. *Au reste*, it is gloriously coloured—will Astley [1] promise to continue to do as well? or has he, like all other English painters, only laboured this to get reputation, and then intends to daub away to get money?

[3] Captain Henry Grey of the Guards, third son of Sir Henry Grey, first Baronet, of Howick, Northumberland. Lord Lempster was tried at the Old Bailey in the following April, and found guilty of manslaughter.

Letter 344.—[1] John Astley, d. 1787.

The year has not kept the promise of tranquillity that it made you at Christmas; there has been another parliamentary bustle. The Duke of Argyll[2] has drawn the ministry into accommodating him with a notable job, under the notion of buying for the King from the mortgagees the forfeited estates in Scotland, which are to be colonized and civilized. It passed with some inconsiderable hitches through the Commons; but in the Lords last week the Duke of Bedford took it up warmly, and spoke like another Pitt. He attacked the Duke of Argyll on favouring Jacobites, and produced some flagrant instances, which the Scotch Duke neither answered nor endeavoured to excuse, but made a strange, hurt, mysterious, contemptuous, incoherent speech, neither in defence of the bill nor in reply to the Duke of Bedford, but to my Lord Bath, who had fallen upon the ministry for assuming a dispensing power, in suffering Scotland to pay no taxes for the five last years. This speech, which formerly would have made the House of Commons take up arms, was strangely flat and unanimated, for want of his old chorus. Twelve lords divided against eighty that were for the bill. The Duke, who was present, would not vote; none of his people had attended the bill in the other House, and General Mordaunt (by his orders, as it is imagined) spoke against it. This concludes the session: the King goes to Hanover on Tuesday: he has been scattering ribands of all colours; blue ones on Prince Edward, the young Stadtholder, and the Earls of Lincoln, Winchelsea, and Cardigan; a green one on Lord Dumfries[3]; a red on Lord Onslow[4].

The world is still mad about the Gunnings: the Duchess

[2] Archibald Campbell, Duke of Argyle, formerly Earl of Isla. *Walpole.*

[3] William Dalrymple-Crichton (d. 1762), fifth Earl of Dumfries succeeded his brother as fourth Earl of Stair, 1760.

[4] Richard Onslow (1715 – 1776), third Baron Onslow.

of Hamilton was presented on Friday; the crowd was so great, that even the noble mob in the Drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs; and people go early to get places at the theatres when it is known they will be there. Dr. Sacheverel never made more noise than these two beauties.

There are two wretched women that just now are as much talked of, a Miss Jefferies and a Miss Blandy; the one condemned for murdering her uncle, the other her father. Both their stories have horrid circumstances; the first, having been debauched by her uncle; the other had so tender a parent, that his whole concern while he was expiring, and knew her for his murderess, was to save her life. It is shocking to think what shambles this country is grown! Seventeen were executed this morning, after having murdered the turnkey on Friday night, and almost forced open Newgate. One is forced to travel, even at noon, as if one was going to battle.

Mr. Chute is as much yours as ever, except in the article of pen and ink. Your brother transacts all he can for the Lucchi, as he has much more weight there[5] than Mr. Chute. Adieu!

345. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, May 5, 1752.

I now entirely credit all that my Lord Leicester and his family have said against Lady Mary Coke and her family; and am convinced that it is impossible to marry anything of the blood of Campbell, without having all her relations

[5] With the late Mr. Whithed's brothers, who scrupled paying a small legacy and annuity to his mistress and child. *Walpole.*

Letter 345.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

in arms to procure a separation immediately. Pray, what have I done? have I come home drunk to my wife within these four first days? or have I sat up gaming all night, and not come home at all to her, after her lady-mother had been persuaded that I was the soberest young nobleman in England, and had the greatest aversion to play? Have I kept my bride awake all night with railing at her father[1], when all the world had allowed him to be one of the bravest officers in Europe? In short, in short, I have a mind to take counsel, even of the wisest lawyer now living in matrimonial cases, my Lord Coke . . .[2] other Norfolk husbands, and . . .[2] must entertain the town with a formal parting, at least it shall be in my own way: my wife shall neither run to Italy after lovers and books[3], nor keep a dormitory in her dressing-room at Whitehall for Westminster schoolboys, your Frederick Campbells[4], and such like; nor yet shall she reside at her mother's house[5], but shall absolutely set out for Strawberry Hill in two or three days, as soon as her room can be well aired; for, to give her her due, I don't think her to blame, but flatter myself she is quite contented with the easy footing we live upon; separate beds, dining in her dressing-room when she is out of humour, and a little toad-eater that I had got for her, and whose pockets and bosom I have never examined, to see if she brought any *billets-doux* from Tommy Lyttel-

[1] John, Duke of Argyll, the father of Lady Mary Coke.

[2] Piece cut out of the original letter.

[3] Referring to his sister-in-law, the Countess of Orford.

[4] Fourth son of General John Campbell (afterwards fourth Duke of Argyll). He was born in 1729. Keeper of the Privy Seal in Scotland, 1765; Lord Clerk Register for Scotland, 1768, until his death in 1816. Mr. (afterwards Lord) Frederick Campbell was exceedingly handsome, which was probably the reason of Lady Townshend's partiality for him. His father, General Campbell, writes to her under date of Sept. 30, 1746: 'You have spoil'd my son Frederick, he gives himself airs and won't write to me; I have some thoughts of forbidding him White-Hall as a punishment.' (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, App. Pt. IV. p. 362.)

[5] After her separation from Lord Coke, Lady Mary Coke lived with her mother, the Dowager Duchess of Argyll, at Sudbrooke.

ton[6] or any of her fellows. I shall follow her myself in less than a fortnight; and if her family don't give me any more trouble,—why, who knows but at your return you may find your daughter with qualms, and in a sack? If you should happen to want to know any more particulars, she is quite well, has walked in the Park every morning, or has the chariot, as she chooses; and, in short, one would think that I or she were much older than we really are, for I grow excessively fond of her[7]. . . .[8]

Yours sincerely,
H. W.

346. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 12, 1752.

You deserve no charity, for you never write but to ask it. When you are tired of yourself and the country, you think over all London, and consider who will be proper to send you an account of it. Take notice, I won't be your gazetteer;

[6] Thomas Lyttelton (1744–1779), only son of Sir George Lyttelton, fifth Baronet (created Baron Lyttelton in 1756); succeeded his father as second Baron Lyttelton, 1773; Chief Justice in Eyre, north of Trent, 1775. He is known as the 'wicked Lord Lyttelton.' The curious circumstances of his death, which followed upon a warning received by him in a vision, are well known.

[7] All this letter refers to Ann Seymour Conway, then three years old, who had been left with her nurse at Mr. Walpole's during an absence of her father and mother in Ireland. *Walpole.*—Miss Conway was the only child of Horace Walpole's first cousin and intimate friend, Henry Seymour Conway, by his wife, Caroline Campbell, Dowager Countess of Ailesbury. Her marriage, in 1767, to the Hon. John Damer, eldest son of the wealthy Lord Milton, was regarded as a great match. For some years Mrs. Damer was well known in London as a leader of fashion. Her husband, however, was a spendthrift, and was addicted to low company. After contracting enormous debts, which Lord Milton refused to pay, he shot himself in a London tavern in 1776. Mrs. Damer thenceforward devoted herself principally to sculpture (which she had practised from her childhood), travel, and study. Several of her sculptures were in possession of Horace Walpole, who was an enthusiastic admirer of her character, talents, and intellectual acquirements. He wrote a number of letters to her, all of which were destroyed at her death in 1828. Mrs. Damer inherited Strawberry Hill on Horace Walpole's death, but resigned it in 1811, in accordance with a provision of his will, to the then Lord Waldegrave.

[8] Piece cut out.

nor is my time come for being a dowager, a maker of news, a day-labourer in scandal. If you care for nobody but for what they can tell you, look you, you must provide yourself elsewhere.—The town is empty, nothing in it but flabby mackerel, and wooden gooseberry tarts, and a hazy east wind.—My sister is gone to Paris, I go to Strawberry Hill in three days for the summer, if summer there will ever be any. If you want news, you must send to Ireland, where there is almost a civil war[1], between the Lord Lieutenant and Primate on one side (observe, I don't tell you what *side* that is), and the Speaker[2] on the other, who carries questions by wholesale in the House of Commons against the Castle—and the *teterrima belli causa* is not the common one.

Reams of scandalous verses and ballads are come over, too bad to send you, if I had them, but I really have not—what is more provoking for the Duke of Dorset, an address is come over directly to the King (not as usual, through the channel of the Lord Lieutenant), to assure him of their great loyalty, and apprehensions of being misrepresented. This is all I know, and you see, most imperfectly.

I was t'other night to see what is now grown the fashion, Mother Midnight's Oratory—it appeared the lowest buffoonery in the world even to me, who am used to my uncle Horace. There is a bad oration to ridicule, what it is too like, Orator Henley; all the rest is perverted music. There is a man who plays so nimbly on the kettledrum, that he has reduced that noisy instrument to an object of sight; for, if you don't see the tricks with his hands, it is

LETTER 346.—[1] An inquiry into certain abuses, recommended by the Duke of Dorset, as Lord Lieutenant, gave rise to tumults in the Irish House of Commons. They were fostered by the members, who resented the influence exercised over the Viceroy by the Primate (George Stone, Archbishop of Armagh), and by the Duke's son and Chief Secretary, Lord George Sackville.

[2] Henry Boyle (circ. 1686–1764), created Earl of Shannon, 1756. Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, 1733–56; Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, 1733–35, 1739–55.

no better than ordinary. Another plays on a violin and trumpet together. Another mimics a bagpipe with a German flute, and makes it full as disagreeable. There is an admired dulcimer, a favourite salt-box, and a really curious jew's-harp. Two or three men intend to persuade you that they play on a broomstick, which is drolly brought in, carefully shrouded in a case, so as to be mistaken for a bassoon or bass-viol; but they succeed in nothing but the action. The last fellow imitates curtseying to a French horn. There are twenty medley overtures, and a man who speaks a prologue and epilogue, in which he counterfeits all the actors and singers upon earth: in short, I have long been convinced, that what I used to imagine the most difficult thing in the world, mimicry, is the easiest; for one has seen for these two or three years, at Foote's and the other theatres, that when they lost one mimic, they called odd man, and another came and succeeded just as well.

Adieu! I have told you much more than I intended, and much more than I could conceive I had to say, except how does Miss Montagu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. Did you hear Capt. Hotham's *bon mot* on Sir Th. Robinson's making an assembly from the top of his house to the bottom? He said, he wondered so many people would go to Sir Thomas's, as he treated them all *de haut en bas!*

347. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 13, 1752.

By this time you know *my way*, how much my letters grow out of season, as it grows summer. I believe it is six weeks since I wrote to you last; but there is not only

the usual deadness of summer to account for my silence; England itself is no longer England. News, madness, parties, whims, and twenty other causes, that used to produce perpetual events, are at an end; Florence itself is not more inactive. Politics,

Like arts and sciences, are travelled west.

They are got into Ireland, where there is as much bustle to carry a question in the House of Commons, as ever it was here in any year *forty-one*[1]. Not that there is any opposition to the King's measures; out of three hundred members, there has never yet been a division of above twenty-eight against the government: they are much the most zealous subjects the King has. The Duke of Dorset has had the art to make them distinguish between loyalty and aversion to the Lord Lieutenant. The chronicle is rather scandalous. In short, Lord George, the Duke's third son and governor, a very brave man and a very good speaker, but haughty, obstinate, and overbearing, is supposed to have a seraglio, which is not at all in the style of a country that is famous for furnishing rich widows with second husbands. His friend the Primate, who is Stone's brother, was not only hoisted to that eminence at a very unprotestant age, but is accused of other cardinalesque dispositions too. Lord George carried over a Scotch lad, one Cunningham, who was made aide-de-camp to the Primate (you will think Dr. Stone has more of the general than the cardinal, but he has aide-de-camp as one of the Regency) and by him brought into Parliament. It raised outrageous clamour: Boyle the Speaker, the most popular man in that country, has headed the faction against the Castle, and beat them on several questions. He has affronted Lord George, and in a manner

LETTER 347.—[1] A reference to the strong parliamentary opposition to Charles I in 1641, and to Sir Robert Walpole in 1741. A similar reference is made in the verses by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, quoted in Horace Walpole's letter to Mann of Feb. 25, 1742.

challenged Cunningham. The Dorsets want to make the Primate sole Regent, and to turn out the Speaker. Their interest is vast here: yet nobody thinks it will be possible to send him Lord Lieutenant again. Epigrams, ballads, pasquinades swarm. . . .[2]

I last night received yours of May 5th; but I cannot deliver your expressions to Mr. Conway, for he and Lady Aylesbury are gone to his regiment in Ireland for four months, which is a little rigorous, not only after an exile in Minorca, but more especially unpleasant now, as they have just bought one of the most charming places in England, Park Place[3], which belonged to Lady Archibald Hamilton, and then to the Prince. You have seen enough of Mr. Conway to judge how patiently he submits to his duty. Their little girl is left with me.

The Gunnings are gone to their several castles, and one hears no more of them, except that such crowds flock to see the Duchess Hamilton pass, that seven hundred people sat up all night in and about an inn in Yorkshire to see her get into her post-chaise next morning.

I saw lately at Mr. Barret's a print of Vallombrosa, which I should be glad to have, if you please; though I don't think it gives much idea of the beauty of the place: but you know what a passion there is for it in England, as Milton has mentioned it[4].

Miss Blandy died[5] with a coolness of courage that is astonishing, and denying the fact, which has made a kind of party in her favour; as if a woman who would not stick at parricide, would scruple a lie! We have made a law for immediate execution on conviction of murder: it will appear extraordinary to me if it has any effect; for I can't help

[2] Passage omitted.
[3] Near Henley-on-Thames.
[4] See *Paradise Lost*, Book I. l. 302.
[5] She was executed at Oxford on April 6, 1752.

believing that the terrible part of death must be the preparation for it. . . .[6]

348. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, June 6, 1752.

I have just been in London for two or three days, to fetch an adventure, and am returned to my hill and my castle. I can't say I lost my labour, as you shall hear. Last Sunday night, being as wet a night as you shall see in a summer's day, about half an hour after twelve, I was just come home from White's, and undressing to step into bed, I heard Harry, who you know lies forwards, roar out, 'Stop thief!' and run downstairs—I ran after him—don't be frightened; I have not lost one enamel, nor bronze; nor have not been shot through the head again. A gentlewoman, who lives at Govr. Pitt's[1], next door but one to me, and where Mr. Bentley used to live, was going to bed too, and heard people breaking into Mr. Freeman's house, who, like some acquaintance of mine in Albemarle Street, goes out of town, locks up his doors, and leaves the community to watch his furniture. N.B. It was broken open but two years ago, and I and all the chairmen vow they shall steal his house away another time, before we will trouble our heads about it. Well, madam called out, 'Watch'; two men, who were sentinels, ran away, and Harry's voice after them. Down came I, and with a posse of chairmen and watchmen found the third fellow in the area of Mr. Freeman's house. Mayhap you have seen all this in the papers, little thinking who commanded the detachment. Harry fetched a blunderbuss to invite the thief up. One of the chairmen, who was drunk, cried, 'Give me the blunderbuss,

[6] Passage omitted.

Letter 348. — [1] George Morton Pitt, formerly Governor of Fort St. George; M.P. for Pontefract, 1741–54.

I'll shoot him!' But as the general's head was a little cooler, he prevented military execution, and took the prisoner without bloodshed, intending to make his triumphal entry into the metropolis of Twickenham with his captive tied to the wheels of his post-chaise.—I find my style rises so much with the recollection of my victory, that I don't know how to descend to tell you that the enemy was a carpenter, and had a leather apron on. The next step was to share my glory with my friends. I dispatched a courier to White's for George Selwyn, who, you know, loves nothing upon earth so well as a criminal, except the execution of him. It happened very luckily that the drawer, who received my message, has very lately been robbed himself, and had the wound fresh in his memory. He stalked up into the club-room, stopped short, and with a hollow trembling voice said, 'Mr. Selwyn! Mr. Walpole's compliments to you, and he has got a house-breaker for you!' A squadron immediately came to reinforce me, and having summoned Moreland with the keys of the fortress, we marched into the house to search for more of the gang. Col. Seabright with his sword drawn went first, and then I, exactly the figure of Robinson Crusoe, with a candle and lanthorn in my hand, a carabine upon my shoulder, my hair wet and about my ears, and in a linen night-gown and slippers. We found the kitchen shutters forced, but not finished, and in the area a tremendous bag of tools, a hammer large enough for the hand of a Jael, and six chisels! All which *opima spolia*, as there was no temple of Jupiter Capitolinus in the neighbourhood, I was reduced to offer on the altar of Sir Thomas Clarges[2].

I am now, as I told you, returned to my plough with as much humility and pride as any of my great predecessors. We lead quite a rural life, have had a sheep-shearing, a hay-making, a syllabub under the cow, and a fishing—of

[2] Second Baronet, d. 1759.

three gold-fish out of Poyang[3], for a present to Madam Clive. They breed with me excessively, and are grown to the size of small perch. Everything grows, if tempests would let it; but I have had two of my largest trees broke to-day with the wind, and another last week. I am much obliged to you for the flower you offer me, but by the description it is an Austrian rose, and I have several now in bloom. Mr. Bentley is with me, finishing the drawings for Gray's *Odes*; there are some mandarin-cats fishing for gold-fish, which will delight you; *au reste*, he is just where he was; he has heard something about a journey to Haughton[4] to the great Cu of Haticuleo, but it don't seem fixed, unless he hears farther. Did he tell you the Rices and your aunt Cosby[5] had dined here from Hampton Court? The minionette beauty[6] looks mighty well in his grandmother's jointure.

The *Memoires*[7] of last year are quite finished, but I shall add some pages of notes, that will not want anecdotes. Discontents, of the nature of those about Windsor Park, are spreading about Richmond. Lord Brook, who has taken the late Duchess of Rutland's at Petersham, asked for a key; the answer was (mind it, for it was tolerably mortifying to an Earl), *that the Princess*[8] *had already refused one to my*

[3] The Chinese name given by Horace Walpole to his gold-fish pond. See letter to Bentley of Dec. 19, 1753.

[4] Horton or Haughton, six miles and a half from Northampton, the seat of the Earl of Halifax, here referred to as the 'great Cu of Haticuleo.'

[5] Grace, daughter of Edward Montagu, of Horton, Northamptonshire, and widow of Brigadier-General William Cosby, sometime Governor of New York and the Jerseys. She died in 1767.

[6] George Rice, cousin of George Montagu. His 'minionette face' is mentioned in a letter to Montagu of May 18, 1749. See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 9, 1899.

[7] *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of George II.* In his *Short Notes*, under date 1751, Horace Walpole writes: 'About this time I began to write my *Memoirs*. At first I only intended to write the history of one year.'

[8] Princess Amelia, who became Ranger of Richmond Park in 1751, on the death of Horace Walpole's brother, the second Earl of Orford. Her brother, the Duke of Cumberland, as Ranger of Windsor Park, had 'incredibly disgusted the neighbourhood of Windsor by excluding them from most of the benefits of

Lord Chancellor[9]. By the way, you know that reverend head of the law is frequently shut up here with my Lady Montrath[10], who is as rich and as tipsy as Cacofogo in the comedy[11]. What a jumble of avarice and lewdness, dignity and claret!

You will be pleased with a story of Lord Bury, that is come from Scotland. He is quartered at Inverness: the magistrates invited him to an entertainment with fire-works, which they intended to give on the morrow for the Duke's birth-day[12]. He thanked them, assured them he would represent their zeal to his R. Highness; but did not doubt but it would be more agreeable to him, if they postponed it to the day following, the anniversary of the battle of Culloden. They stared, said they could not promise on their own authority, but would go and consult their body. They returned, told him it was unprecedented, and could not be complied with. Lord Bury replied, he was sorry they had not given a negative at once, for he had mentioned it to his soldiers, who would not bear a disappointment, and was afraid it would provoke them to some outrage upon the town. This did: they celebrated Culloden. Adieu! My compliments to Miss Montagu.

Yours ever,
H. W.

349. To George Montagu.

Dear George, Twickenham, Thursday.

Since you give me leave to speak the truth, I must own it is not quite agreeable to me to undertake the commission

the park there.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. i. p. 349.)

[9] Lord Hardwicke, at this time only a Baron.

[10] Lady Diana Newport, youngest daughter of second Earl of Bradford; m. (1721) Algernon Coote, sixth Earl of Mountrath. She lived at Twickenham Park, and died in 1766.

[11] *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

[12] April 15.

you give me, nor do I say this to assume any merit in having obeyed you, but to prepare you against my solicitation miscarrying, for I cannot flatter myself with having so much interest with Mr. Fox as you think. However, I have wrote to him as pressingly as I could, and wish most heartily it may have any effect. Your brother I imagine will call upon him again; and Mr. Fox will naturally tell him whether he can do it or not at my request.

I should have been very glad of your company if it had been convenient. You would have found me a most absolute country gentleman: I am in the garden, planting as long as it is light, and shall not have finished to be in London before the middle of next week.

My compliments to your sisters and to the Colonel[1], and what so poor a man as Hamlet is, may do to express his love and friending to him, God willing, shall not lack. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

350. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, June 23, 1752.

By a letter that I received from my Lady Aylesbury two days ago, I flatter myself I shall not have occasion to write to you any more; yet I shall certainly see you with less pleasure than ever, as our meeting is to be attended with a resignation of my little charge[1]. She is vastly well, and I think you will find her grown fat. I am husband enough to mind her beauty no longer, and perhaps you will say husband enough too, in pretending that my love is con-

Letter 349. — [1] Colonel Charles Montagu, on whose behalf Horace Walpole's interest with Henry Fox (then Secretary at War) had doubtless been invoked.

Letter 350.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] Miss Anne Conway.

verted into friendship; but I shall tell you some stories at Park Place of her understanding that will please you, I trust, as much as they have done me.

My Lady Aylesbury says I must send her news, and the whole history of Mr. Seymour and Lady Di Egerton[2], and their quarrel, and all that is said on both sides. I can easily tell her all that is said on one side, Mr. Seymour's, who says, the only answer he has ever been able to get from the Duchess[3] or Mr. Lyttelton[4] was, *that Di has her caprices*. The reasons she gives, and gave him, were, the badness of his temper and imperiousness of his letters, that he scolded her for the overfondness of her epistles, and was even so unsentimental as to talk *of desiring to make her happy, instead of being made so by her.* He is gone abroad, in despair, and with an additional circumstance, which would be very uncomfortable to anything but a true lover; his father refuses to resettle the estate on him, the entail of which was cut off by mutual consent, to make way for the settlements on the marriage.

The Speaker told me t'other day, that he had received a letter from Lord Hyde, which confirms what Mr. Churchill writes me, the distress and poverty of France and the greatness of their divisions. Yet the King's expenses are incredible; Madame de Pompadour is continually busied in finding out new journeys and diversions, to keep him from falling into the hands of the clergy. The last party of pleasure she made for him, was a stag-hunting; the stag was a man in a skin and horns, worried by twelve men dressed like bloodhounds! I have read of Basilowitz[5], a Czar of Muscovy, who improved on such a hunt, and had

[2] Afterwards Lady Baltimore.

[3] The Duchess of Bridgewater, mother of Lady Diana Egerton.

[4] Richard (afterwards Sir Richard) Lyttelton, second husband of the Duchess of Bridgwater.

[5] Ivan the Terrible (1533–1584), son of Basil. In 1543 he caused a member of the Skiuski family to be torn to pieces by dogs.

a man in a bearskin worried by real dogs; a more kingly entertainment!

I shall make out a sad journal of other news; yet I will be like any gazette, and scrape together all the births, deaths, and marriages in the parish. Lady Hartington and Lady Rachel Walpole are brought to bed of sons; Lord Burlington and Lord Gower have had new attacks of palsies: Lord Falkland[6] is to marry the Southwark Lady Suffolk[7]; and Mr. Watson[8], Miss Grace Pelham. Lady Coventry has miscarried of one or two children, and is going on with one or two more, and is gone to France to-day. Lady Townshend and Lady Caroline Petersham have had their anniversary quarrel, and the Duchess of Devonshire has had her secular assembly, which she keeps once in fifty years: she was more delightfully vulgar at it than you can imagine; complained of the wet night, and how the men would dirty the rooms with their shoes; called out at supper to the Duke, 'Good God! my Lord, don't cut the ham, nobody will eat any!' and relating her private *ménage* to Mr. Obrien, she said, 'When there's only my Lord and I, besides a pudding, we have always a dish of roast!' I am ashamed to send you such nonsense, or to tell you how the good women at Hampton Court are scandalized at Princess Emily's coming to chapel last Sunday in riding-clothes, with a dog under her arm; but I am bid to send news: what can one do at such a dead time of year? I must conclude, as my Lady Gower did very well t'other day in a letter into the

[6] Lucius Charles Cary (circ. 1707–1785), seventh Viscount Falkland.

[7] Sarah Inwen (d. 1776), daughter of Thomas Inwen, of Southwark; m. 1. (1735) Henry Howard, tenth Earl of Suffolk; 2. (1752) Viscount Falkland, as above.

[8] Hon. Lewis Watson (1728–1794), second son of first Baron Monson; took the name of Watson on succeeding to the Northamptonshire estates of his cousin, the third Earl of Rockingham; cr. Baron Sondes, 1760. He married (Oct. 12, 1752) Grace (d. 1777), second daughter of Hon. Henry Pelham.

country, *Since the two Misses*[9] *were hanged, and the two Misses*[10] *were married, there is nothing at all talked of.* Adieu! My best compliments and my wife's to your two ladies.

Yours ever,

H. W.

351. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 27, 1752.

What will you say to me after a silence of two months? I should be ashamed, if I were answerable for the whole world, who will do nothing worth repeating. Newspapers have horse-races, and can invent casualties, but I can't have the confidence to stuff a letter with either. The only casualty that is of dignity enough to send you, is a great fire at Lincoln's Inn, which is likely to afford new work for the lawyers, in consequence of the number of deeds and writings it has consumed. The Duke of Kingston has lost many of his: he is unlucky with fires: Thoresby[1], his seat, was burnt a few years ago, and in it a whole room of valuable letters and manuscripts. There has been a very considerable loss of that kind at this fire: Mr. Yorke[2], the Chancellor's son, had a great collection of Lord Somers's papers, many relating to the Assassination Plot[3], and by which, I am told, it appeared that the Duke of Marlborough was deep in the schemes of St. Germain's.

There are great civil wars in the neighbourhood of Strawberry Hill: Princess Emily, who succeeded my brother in the rangership of Richmond Park, has imitated her brother William's unpopularity, and disobliged the whole country, by refusal of tickets and liberties, that had always been

[9] Blandy and Jefferies. *Walpole.*

[10] The Gunnings. *Walpole.*

Letter 351.—[1] Near Ollerton, in Nottinghamshire.

[2] Hon. Charles Yorke. A few of the papers were saved, and were published in 1778.

[3] The plot of 1696 for the assassination of William III.

allowed. They are at law with her, and have printed in the *Evening Post* a strong Memorial, which she had refused to receive. The High Sheriff of Surrey, to whom she had denied a ticket, but on better thought had sent one, refused it, and said he had taken his part. Lord Brook[4], who had applied for one, was told he could not have one—and to add to the affront, it was signified, that the Princess had refused one to my Lord Chancellor—your old nobility don't understand such comparisons! But the most remarkable event happened to her about three weeks ago. One Mr. Bird, a rich gentleman near the Park, was applied to by the late Queen for a piece of ground that lay convenient for a walk she was making: he replied, it was not proper for him to pretend to make a Queen a present; but if she would do what she pleased with the ground, he should be content with the acknowledgement of a key and two bucks a year. This was religiously observed till the era of her Royal Highness's reign; the bucks were denied, and he himself once shut out, on pretence it was fence-month (the breeding time, when tickets used to be excluded, keys never). The Princess soon after was going through his grounds to town; she found a padlock on his gate: she ordered it to be broke open: Mr. Shaw, her deputy, begged a respite, till he could go for the key. He found Mr. Bird at home—'Lord, Sir! here is a strange mistake; the Princess is at the gate, and it is padlocked!' 'Mistake! no mistake at all: I made the road; the ground is my own property: her Royal Highness has thought fit to break the agreement which her Royal mother made with me: nobody goes through my grounds but those I choose should.' Translate this to your Florentines; try if you can make them conceive how pleasant it is to treat blood royal thus!

There are dissensions of more consequence in the same

[4] Francis Greville, Earl Brook. *Walpole.*

neighbourhood. The tutorhood at Kew is split into factions; the Bishop of Norwich[5] and Lord Harcourt openly at war with Stone and Scott, who are supported by Cresset, and countenanced by the Princess and Murray—so my Lord Bolingbroke dead, will govern, which he never could living! It is believed that the Bishop will be banished into the rich bishopric of Durham, which is just vacant[6]—how pleasant to be punished, after teaching the boys a year, with as much as he could have got if he had taught them twenty! Will they ever expect a peaceable prelate, if untractableness is thus punished?

Your painter Astley is arrived; I have missed seeing him by being constantly at Strawberry Hill, but I intend to serve him to the utmost of my power, as you will easily believe, since he has your recommendation.

Our beauties are travelling Paris-ward: Lady Caroline Petersham and Lady Coventry are just gone thither. It will scarce be possible for the latter to make as much noise there as she and her sister have in England. It is literally true that a shoemaker at Worcester[7] got two guineas and a half by showing a shoe that he was making for the Countess, at a penny apiece. I can't say her genius is equal to her beauty: she every day says some new *sproposito*. She has taken a turn of vast fondness for her lord: Lord Downe met them at Calais, and offered her a tent-bed, for fear of bugs in the inns. 'Oh!' said she, 'I had rather be bit to death, than lie one night from my dear Cov.!' . . .[8] I can conceive my Lady Caroline making a good deal of noise even at Paris; her beauty is set off by a genius for the extraordinary, and for strokes that will make a figure in any country. Mr. Churchill and my sister are just arrived from

[5] Thomas Hayter.

[6] By the death of Joseph Butler. He was succeeded by Trevor, Bishop of St. David's.

[7] Croome Court, the seat of the Earls of Coventry, is near Worcester.

[8] Passage omitted.

France; you know my passion for the writings of the younger Crébillon: you shall hear how I have been mortified by the discovery of the greatest meanness in him; and you will judge how much one must be humbled to have one's favourite author convicted of mere mortal mercenariness! I had desired Lady Mary to lay out thirty guineas for me with Liotard [9], and wished, if I could, to have the portraits of Crébillon and Marivaux [10] for my cabinet. Mr. Churchill wrote me word that Liotard's price was sixteen guineas; that Marivaux was intimate with him, and would certainly sit, and that he believed he could get Crébillon to sit too. The latter, who is retired into the provinces with an English wife, was just then at Paris for a month: Mr. Churchill went to him, told him that a gentleman in England, who was making a collection of portraits of famous people, would be happy to have his, &c. Crébillon was humble, 'unworthy,' obliged; and sat: the picture was just finished, when, behold! he sent Mr. Churchill word, that he expected to have a copy of the picture given him—neither more nor less than asking sixteen guineas for sitting! Mr. Churchill answered that he could not tell what he should do, were it his own case, but that this was a limited commission, and he could not possibly lay out double; and was now so near his return, that he could not have time to write to England and receive an answer. Crébillon said, then he would keep the picture himself—it was excessively like. I am *sentimental* enough to flatter myself, that a man who could beg sixteen guineas, will not give them, and so I may still have the picture.

I am going to trouble you with a commission, my dear Sir, that will not subject me to any such humiliations.

[9] Jean Étienne Liotard (1702–1776).

[10] Pierre Carlet de Chamblain de Marivaux (1688–1763), novelist and dramatist. The word *marivaudage* was invented during his lifetime to express the affectation peculiar to his writings.

You may have heard that I am always piddling about ornaments and improvements for Strawberry Hill—I am now doing a great deal to the house—stay, I don't want *Genoa damask*[11]! What I shall trouble you to buy is for the garden: there is a small recess, for which I should be glad to have an antique Roman sepulchral altar, of the kind of the pedestal to my eagle; but as it will stand out of doors, I should not desire to have it a fine one: a moderate one, I imagine, might be picked up easily at Rome at a moderate price: if you could order anybody to buy such an one, I should be much obliged to you.

We have had an article in our papers that the Empress-Queen has desired the King of France to let her have Mesdames de *Craon* and de la Calmette, ladies of great *piety* and birth, to form an academy for the young Archduchesses —is there any truth in this? is the Princess to triumph thus at last over Richcourt? I should be glad. What a comical genealogy in education! the mistress and mother of twenty children to Duke Leopold being the pious tutoress to his grand-daughters! How the old Duchess of Lorrain will shiver in her coffin at the thoughts of it? Who is La Calmette?

Adieu! my dear child! You see my spirit of justice: when I have not writ to you for two months, I punish you with a reparation of six pages!—Had not I better write one line every fortnight?

[11] Lord Cholmondeley borrowed great sums of money of various people, under the pretence of a quantity of Genoa damask being arrived for him, and that his banker was out of town, and that he must pay for it immediately. Four persons comparing notes, produced four letters from him in a coffee-house, in the very same words. *Walpole.*

352. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 30, 1752.

You have often threatened me with a messenger from the Secretary's office to seize my papers; who would ever have taken you for a prophet? If Goody Compton [1], your colleague, had taken upon her to foretell, there was enough of the witch and prophetess in her person and mysteriousness to have made a superstitious person believe she might be a cousin of Nostradamus, and heiress of some of her visions; but how came you by second sight? Which of the Cues matched in the Highlands? In short, not to keep you in suspense, for I believe you are so far inspired as to be ignorant how your prophecy was to be accomplished, as we were sitting at dinner t'other day, word was brought that one of the King's messengers was at the door—every drop of ink in my pen ran cold—Algernon Sydney danced before my eyes, and methought I heard my Lord Chief Justice Lee [2], in a voice as dreadful as Jefferies', mumble out, *Scribere est agere.*—How comfortable it was to find that Mr. Amyand [3], who was at table, had ordered this appanage of his dignity to attend him here for his orders! However, I have buried the *Memoires* under the oak in my garden, where they are to be found a thousand years hence, and taken perhaps for a Runic history in rhyme. I have part of another valuable MS. to dispose, which I shall beg leave to commit to your care, and desire it may be concealed behind the wainscot in Mr. Bentley's Gothic

Letter 352.—Wrongly dated by C. July 20.

[1] Hon. George Compton, afterwards sixth Earl of Northampton. He was Montagu's colleague in the representation of Northampton.

[2] Sir William Lee, Kt. (1688–1754), second son of Sir Thomas Lee, second Baronet, of Hartwell; Lord Chief Justice, 1737–54.

[3] Claudius Amyand (d. 1774), Under-Secretary of State and M.P. for Tregony. He has been conjectured to be the author of the *Letters of Junius.*

house, whenever you build it. As the great person is living to whom it belonged, it would be highly dangerous to make it public; as soon as she is in disgrace, I don't know whether it will not be a good way of making court to her successor, to communicate it to the world, as I propose doing, under the following title,

The Treasury of Art and Nature,
Or a Collection of inestimable Receipts,
Stolen out of the Cabinet of Madame de Pompadour,
And now first published for the use
Of his fair Countrywomen,
By a true born Englishman
And philomystic. . . .[4]

Apropos to one of the persons I mentioned, Miss Howe was going under Mr. Coventry's window t'other day reading a note; George Selwyn called out, *yours till death, Gregory Fettiplace*[5]!

So the pretty Miss Bishop, instead of being my niece, is to be Mrs. Bob Brudenel[6]! What foolish birds are turtles, when they have scarce a hole to roost in! Adieu!

Yours till death,
Gregory Whitewash.

353. To Richard Bentley[1].

Battel, Wednesday, August 5, 1752.

Here we are, my dear Sir, in the middle of our pilgrimage; and lest we should never return from this holy land of abbeys and Gothic castles, I begin a letter to you, that

[4] Passage omitted.

[5] Miss Charlotte Howe (daughter of second Viscount Howe) married a Mr. Fettiplace.

[6] Anne, daughter of Sir Cecil Bisshop, Baronet, of Parham, Sussex; m. (1759) Hon. Robert Brudenell (d. 1768), third son of third Earl of Cardigan.

Letter 353.—[1] Only son of Dr. Bentley, the celebrated commentator. *Walpole.*—Walpole's letters to Bentley (of which the above is the first) were returned to the former during Bentley's lifetime at Walpole's request. They were first published in the 4to edition of Walpole's *Works* (1798).

I hope some charitable monk, when he has buried our bones, will deliver to you. We have had piteous distresses, but then we have seen glorious sights! You shall hear of each in their order.

Monday, Wind SE.—at least that was our direction.—While they were changing our horses at Bromley[2], we went to see the Bishop of Rochester's palace; not for the sake of anything there was to be seen, but because there was a chimney, in which had stood a flower-pot, in which was put the counterfeit plot against Bishop Sprat[3]. 'Tis a paltry parsonage, with nothing of antiquity but two panes of glass, purloined from Islip's chapel in Westminster Abbey, with that abbot's rebus, an eye and a slip of a tree. In the garden there is a clear little pond, teeming with gold-fish. The Bishop is more prolific than I am.

From Sevenoaks we went to Knowle[4]. The park is sweet, with much old beech, and an immense sycamore before the great gate, that makes me more in love than ever with sycamores. The house is not near so extensive as I expected: the outward court has a beautiful decent simplicity that charms one. The apartments are many, but not large. The furniture throughout, ancient magnificence; loads of portraits, not good nor curious; ebony cabinets, embossed silver in vases, dishes, &c., embroidered beds, stiff chairs, and sweet bags lying on velvet tables, richly worked in silk and gold. There are two galleries, one very small; an old hall, and a spacious great drawing-room.

[2] On the high-road to Sevenoaks.

[3] In 1692 Bishop Sprat was arrested on false information given by one Young. The latter caused a paper, purporting to be an address from an association desiring the restoration of James II, to be deposited in the Bishop's palace at Bromley. The paper was discovered to be a forgery and Sprat was set at liberty. The 'properties' of the plot—the forged address and the flower-pot in which it was deposited—were preserved at Matson, in Gloucestershire, where Horace Walpole sent them in 1753. (See letter to Bentley of Sept. 1753.)

[4] Knowle Park, near Sevenoaks, the seat of the Duke of Dorset.

There is never a good staircase. The first little room you enter has sundry portraits of the times; but they seem to have been bespoke by the yard, and drawn all by the same painter: one should be happy if they were authentic; for among them there is Dudley, Duke of Northumberland[5], Gardiner of Winchester, the Earl of Surrey the poet[6], when a boy, and a Thomas, Duke of Norfolk; but I don't know which. The only fine picture is of Lord Goring[7] and Endymion Porter[8] by Vandyke. There is a good head of the Queen of Bohemia[9], a whole-length of Duc d'Espernon[10], and another good head of the Clifford Countess of Dorset, who wrote that admirable haughty letter to Secretary Williamson, when he recommended a person to her for member for Appleby: 'I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I won't be dictated to by a subject: your man shan't stand. Ann Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery.' In the chapel is a piece of ancient tapestry; Saint Luke in his first profession is holding an urinal. Below stairs is a chamber of poets and players, which is proper enough in that house; for the first Earl[11] wrote a play, and the last Earl[12] was a poet, and I think married a player. Major Mohun[13] and Betterton[14] are

[5] John Dudley (1502–1553), Duke of Northumberland, the father-in-law of Lady Jane Grey.

[6] Henry Howard (circ. 1517–1547), eldest son of second Duke of Norfolk. He was executed for high treason.

[7] George Goring (1608–1657), Lord Goring, son of the Earl of Norwich, whom he predeceased.

[8] Endymion Porter (1587–1649), Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles I.

[9] Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James I, and wife of Frederick, Elector Palatine, and afterwards King of Bohemia.

[10] Jean Louis de Nogaret de la Vallette (1554–1642), Duc d'Epernon, favourite of Henry III of France.

[11] Thomas Sackville (d. 1608), first Earl of Dorset (n.c.). He was joint author, with Thomas Norton, of the tragedy of *Gorboduc*.

[12] Charles Sackville (1638–1706), sixth Earl of Dorset. He wrote the verses 'To all you ladies now at land.' It does not appear that he married a player, but his third wife, a Mrs. Roche, who was of obscure birth, may be the person referred to by Walpole.

[13] Major Michael Mohun (d. 1684). He fought on the King's side during the Civil War, and returned to the stage at the Restoration.

[14] Thomas Betterton, d. 1710.

curious among the latter, Cartwright[15] and Flatman[16] among the former. The arcade is newly enclosed, painted in fresco, and with modern glass of all the family matches. In the gallery is a whole-length of the unfortunate Earl of Surrey, with his device, a broken column, and the motto *Sat superest.* My father had one of them, but larger, and with more emblems, which the Duke of Norfolk bought at my brother's sale. There is one good head of Henry VIII, and divers of Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, the citizen who came to be Lord Treasurer, and was very near coming to be hanged[17]. His countess, a bouncing kind of lady-mayoress, looks pure awkward amongst so much good company. A visto cut through the wood has a delightful effect from the front; but there are some trumpery fragments of gardens that spoil the view from the state apartments.

We lay that night at Tunbridge town, and were surprised with the ruins of the old castle. The gateway is perfect, and the enclosure formed into a vineyard by a Mr. Hooker, to whom it belongs, and the walls spread with fruit, and the mount on which the keep stood, planted in the same way. The prospect is charming, and a breach in the wall opens below to a pretty Gothic bridge of three arches over the Medway. We honoured the man for his taste—not but that we wished the committee at Strawberry Hill were to sit upon it, and stick cypresses among the hollows—But, alas! he sometimes makes eighteen sour hogsheads, and

[15] Rev. William Cartwright (1611–1643).

[16] Thomas Flatman (1637–1688), poet and miniature-painter.

[17] Lionel Cranfield (1575–1645), cr. Earl of Middlesex, 1622; Lord High Treasurer, 1622–24. In 1624 he was found guilty of mismanagement of various offices. He was dismissed from all his employments, heavily fined, and for a short time imprisoned in the Tower. He was twice married; first to Elizabeth Shephard, daughter of the merchant adventurer to whom he was apprenticed; second, to Anne Brett, cousin of the Countess of Buckingham. His first wife died before he became a peer.

is going to disrobe 'the ivy-mantled tower[18],' because it harbours birds!

Now begins our chapter of woes. The inn was full of farmers and tobacco; and the next morning, when we were bound for Penshurst, the only man in the town who had two horses would not let us have them, because the roads, as he said, were so bad. We were forced to send to the Wells for others, which did not arrive till half the day was spent—we all the while up to the head and ears in a market of sheep and oxen. A mile from the town we climbed up a hill to see Summer Hill, the residence of Grammont's Princess of Babylon[19]. There is now scarce a road to it: the Paladins of those times were too valorous to fear breaking their necks; and I much apprehend that *la Muskerry*[20] and the fair Mademoiselle Hamilton[21] must have mounted their palfreys and rode behind their gentlemen-ushers upon pillions to the Wells. The house is little better than a farm, but has been an excellent one, and is entire, though out of repair. I have drawn the front[22] of it to show you, which you are to draw over again to show me. It stands high, commands a vast landscape beautifully wooded, and has quantities of large old trees to shelter itself, some of which might be well spared to open views.

From Summer Hill we went to Lamberhurst[23] to dine; near which, that is, at the distance of three miles, up and down

[18] This is one of the earliest instances of a quotation from Gray's *Elegy*, which was communicated to Horace Walpole by the poet in 1750; it was first printed in 1751.

[19] Margaret de Burgh, Viscountess Muskerry.

[20] Printed *Monsery* in the 4to ed. of 1798, and by subsequent editors. (See *Mémoires de Grammont* (ed. 1851, Paris), ch. xii. p. 266, and *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 9, 1899.)

[21] Elizabeth Hamilton, afterwards Comtesse de Grammont.

[22] Cunningham states that Horace Walpole inserted a rough drawing of Summer Hill in his own copy of Grammont's *Mémoires*, which was at one time in Cunningham's possession.

[23] Near Goudhurst, in Kent.

impracticable hills, in a most retired vale, such as Pope describes in the last *Dunciad*,

> Where slumber abbots, purple as their vines,

we found the ruins of Bayham Abbey, which the Barrets and Hardings [24] bid us visit. There are small but pretty remains, and a neat little Gothic house built near them by their nephew Pratt [25]. They have found a tomb of an abbot, with a crosier, at length on the stone.

Here our woes increase. The roads grew bad beyond all badness, the night dark beyond all darkness, our guide frightened beyond all frightfulness. However, without being at all killed, we got up, or down,—I forget which, it was so dark,—a famous precipice called Silver Hill, and about ten at night arrived at a wretched village called Rotherbridge [26]. We had still six miles hither, but determined to stop, as it would be a pity to break our necks before we had seen all we intended. But, alas! there was only one bed to be had: all the rest were inhabited by smugglers, whom the people of the house called mountebanks; and with one of whom the lady of the den told Mr. Chute he might lie. We did not at all take to this society, but, armed with links and lanthorns, set out again upon this impracticable journey. At two o'clock in the morning we got hither to a still worse inn, and that crammed with excise officers, one of whom had just shot a smuggler. However, as we were neutral powers, we have passed safely through both armies hitherto, and can give you a little farther history of our wandering through these mountains,

[24] Thomas Barrett-Lennard (afterwards seventeenth Lord Dacre) and Nicholas Hardinge, Clerk of the House of Commons, married respectively Anna Maria and Jane, daughters of Chief-Justice Pratt by his second wife. (See Table III.)

[25] John (d. 1797), son of John Pratt, of Wilderness, Kent, by his first wife. (See Table III.)

[26] Also known as Robertsbridge, close to where the road crosses the river Rother.

where the young gentlemen are forced to drive their curricles with a pair of oxen. The only morsel of good road we have found, was what even the natives had assured us was totally impracticable; these were eight miles to Hurst Monceaux. It is seated at the end of a large vale, five miles in a direct line to the sea, with wings of blue hills covered with wood, one of which falls down to the house in a sweep of a hundred acres. The building, for the convenience of water to the moat, sees nothing at all; indeed it is entirely imagined on a plan of defence, with drawbridges actually in being, round towers, watch-towers mounted on them, and battlements pierced for the passage of arrows from long bows. It was built in the time of Henry VI, and is as perfect as the first day. It does not seem to have been ever quite finished, or at least that age was not arrived at the luxury of whitewash; for almost all the walls, except in the principal chambers, are in their native *brickhood.* It is a square building, each side about two hundred feet in length; a porch and cloister, very like Eton College; and the whole is much in the same taste, the kitchen extremely so, with three vast funnels to the chimneys going up on the inside. There are two or three little courts for offices, but no magnificence of apartments. It is scarcely furnished with a few necessary beds and chairs: one side has been sashed, and a drawing-room and dining-room and two or three rooms wainscoted by the Earl of Sussex [27], who married a natural daughter of Charles II. Their arms with delightful carvings by Gibbons, particularly two pheasants, hang over the chimneys. Over the great drawing-room chimney is the

[27] Thomas Lennard (circ. 1653–1715), fifteenth Baron Dacre of the South; cr. Earl of Sussex, 1674; m. (1674) Lady Anne Fitzroy, natural daughter of Charles II by the Duchess of Cleveland. Lord Sussex's extravagance obliged him to sell Hurstmonceaux, the ancient seat of the Lords Dacre of the South. At the time of Horace Walpole's visit Hurstmonceaux was in the possession of the Hare-Naylor family.

coat-armour of the first Leonard, Lord Dacre[28], with all his alliances. Mr. Chute was transported, and called cousin with ten thousand quarterings[29]. The chapel is small, and mean: the Virgin and seven long lean saints, ill done, remain in the windows. There have been four more, but seem to have been removed for light; and we actually found St. Catherine, and another gentlewoman with a church in her hand, exiled into the buttery. There remain two odd cavities, with very small wooden screens on each side the altar, which seem to have been confessionals. The outside is a mixture of grey brick and stone, that has a very venerable appearance. The drawbridges are romantic to a degree; and there is a dungeon, that gives one a delightful idea of living in the days of soccage and under such goodly tenures. They showed us a dismal chamber which they called *Drummer's Hall*, and suppose that Mr. Addison's comedy is descended from it. In the windows of the gallery over the cloisters, which leads all round to the apartments, is the device of the Fienneses, a wolf holding a baton with a scroll, *Le roy le veut*—an unlucky motto, as I shall tell you presently, to the last peer of that line. The estate is two thousand a year, and so compact as to have but seventeen houses upon it. We walked up a brave old avenue to the church, with ships sailing on our left hand the whole way. Before the altar lies a lank brass knight, hight William Fienis, chevalier, who obiit c.c.c.c.v. that is in 1405. By the altar is a beautiful tomb, all in our trefoil taste, varied into a thousand little canopies and patterns, and two knights reposing on their backs. These were Thomas, Lord Dacre,

[28] Henry Lennard (1570–1616), twelfth Baron Dacre of the South.

[29] Chaloner Chute, Speaker of the House of Commons, and great-grandfather of John Chute, married (as his second wife) Dorothy North, widow of Richard Lennard, thirteenth Lord Dacre. Catherine, her daughter by her first husband, married Chaloner Chute, son of the Speaker by his first wife.

and his only son Gregory who died sans issue [30]. An old grey-headed beadsman of the family talked to us of a blot in the scutcheon; and we had observed that the field of the arms was green instead of blue, and the lions ramping to the right, contrary to order. This and the man's imperfect narrative let us into the circumstances of the personage before us; for there is no inscription. He went in a Chevy-Chase style to hunt *a Mr. Pelham's* park at Lawton [31]: the keepers opposed, a fray ensued, a man was killed. The haughty baron took the death upon himself, as most secure of pardon; but, however, though there was no Chancellor of the Exchequer [32] in the question, he was condemned to be hanged: *Le roy le vouloist.*

Now you are fully master of Hurst Monceaux, I shall carry you on to Battel.—By the way, we bring you a thousand sketches, that you may show us what we have seen. Battel Abbey stands at the end of the town, exactly as Warwick Castle does of Warwick; but the house of Webster [33] have taken due care that it should not resemble it in anything else. A vast building, which they call the old refectory, but which I believe was the original church, is now barn, coach-house, &c. The situation is noble, above the level of abbeys: what does remain of gateways and towers is beautiful, particularly the flat side of a cloister, which is now the front of the mansion-house. A Miss of the family has clothed a fragment of a portico with cockle-shells! The grounds, and what has been a park, lie in a vile condition. In the

[30] Horace Walpole was mistaken as to the identity of these effigies. Thomas Fiennes, ninth Lord Dacre, who was hung at Tyburn in 1541 in consequence of the affray in Laughton Park, was buried at St. Sepulchre's Church, Newgate; his son, Gregory Fiennes, tenth Lord Dacre, was buried at Chelsea. The Lords Dacre buried at Hurstmonceaux were the seventh and eighth Barons, Richard and Thomas Fiennes, who died in 1484 and 1534 respectively.

[31] Laughton Place, the seat of the Pelhams, six miles from Uckfield, in Sussex.

[32] Henry Pelham was at this date Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Treasury.

[33] Battle Abbey was purchased by the Websters in 1719.

church is the tomb of Sir Anthony Browne, Master of the Horse for life to Harry VIII; from whose descendants the estate was purchased [34]. The head of John Hammond, the last abbot, is still perfect in one of the windows. Mr. Chute says, 'What charming things we should have done if Battel Abbey had been to be sold at Mrs. Chevenix's, as Strawberry was!' Good night!

Tunbridge, Friday.

We are returned hither, where we have established our head quarters. On our way, we had an opportunity of surveying that formidable mountain, Silver Hill, which we had floundered down in the dark: it commands a whole horizon of the richest blue prospect you ever saw. I take it to be the individual spot to which the Duke of Newcastle carries the smugglers, and, showing them Sussex and Kent, says, 'All this will I give you, if you will fall down and worship me.' Indeed one of them, who exceeded the tempter's warrant, hangs in chains on the very spot where they finished the life of that wretched custom-house officer whom they were two days in murdering.

This morning we have been to Penshurst—but, oh! how fallen! The park seems to have never answered its character: at present it is forlorn: and instead of Sacharissa's [35] cypher carved on the beeches, I should sooner have expected to have found the milk-woman's score. Over the gate is an inscription, purporting the manor to have been a boon from Edward VI to Sir William Sydney [36]. The apartments are

[34] It is said on the tomb of the first Lord Montacute, at Coudray, in Sussex, that he built the magnificent house at Battel, of which I suppose the ruinous apartment still remaining was part. *Walpole.*

[35] Waller's 'Sacharissa,' Lady Dorothy Sidney (d. 1684), daughter of second Earl of Leicester; m. 1. (1639) Henry Spencer, third Baron Spencer, cr. Earl of Sunderland; 2. (1652) Robert Smythe, of Bidborough, Kent.

[36] Sir William Sidney, Knight (d. 1553). He was one of the commanders at Flodden Field, and Chamberlain to Henry VIII.

the grandest I have seen in any of these old palaces, but furnished in a tawdry modern taste. There are loads of portraits; but most of them seem christened by chance, like children at a foundling hospital. There is a portrait of Languet[37], the friend of Sir Philip Sydney; and divers of himself and all his great kindred; particularly his sister-in-law[38], with a vast lute, and Sacharissa, charmingly handsome. But there are really four very great curiosities, I believe as old portraits as any extant in England: they are, Fitzallen[39], Archbishop of Canterbury; Humphry Stafford, the first Duke of Buckingham[40]; T. Wentworth, and John Foxle; all four with the dates of their commissions as constables of Queenborough Castle, from whence I suppose they were brought. The last is actually receiving his investiture from Edward III and Wentworth is in the dress of Richard III's time. They are really not very ill done[41]. There are six more, only heads; and we have found since we came home that Penshurst belonged for a time to that Duke of Buckingham. There are some good tombs in the church, and a very Vandal one, called *Sir Stephen of Penchester*[42]. When we had seen Penshurst, we borrowed saddles, and, bestriding the horses of our post-chaise, set out for Hever, to visit a tomb of Sir Thomas Bullen[43], Earl of Wiltshire, partly with a view to talk of it in Anna Bullen's walk at Strawberry Hill. But the measure of our woes was not full,

[37] Hubert Languet (1518–1581), Huguenot and Republican. His letters to Sir Philip Sidney were published in 1646.

[38] Barbara, daughter and heiress of Sir John Gamage, of Coity, Glamorganshire; m. (1584) Sir Robert Sidney, of Penshurst, cr. Earl of Leicester, 1618; d. 1621.

[39] Thomas Fitzalan, known as Arundel; d. 1414.

[40] Humphrey Stafford (1402–1460), cr. Duke of Buckingham, 1444.

[41] In Harris's *History of Kent* he gives from Philpot a list of the constables of Queenborough Castle, p. 376; the last but one of whom, Sir Edward Hobby, is said to have collected all their portraits, of which number most probably were these ten. *Walpole.*

[42] Penshurst was formerly in the possession of the Penchesters.

[43] Sir Thomas Bullen (or Boleyn), K.B. (1477–1539), cr. Earl of Wiltshire, 1529; father of Queen Anne Boleyn.

we could not find our way, and were forced to return; and again lost ourselves in coming from Penshurst, having been directed to what they call a better road than the execrable one we had gone.

Since dinner, we have been to Lord Westmorland's[44] at Mereworth[45], which is so perfect in a Palladian taste, that I must own it has recovered me a little from Gothic. It is better situated than I had expected from the bad reputation it bears, and has some prospect, though it is in a moat, and mightily besprinkled with small ponds. The design, you know, is taken from the Villa del Capra[46] by Vicenza, but on a larger scale; yet, though it has cost an hundred thousand pounds, it is still only a fine villa: the finishing of in and outside has been exceedingly expensive. A wood that runs up a hill behind the house is broke like an Albano landscape, with an octagon temple and a triumphal arch; but then there are some dismal clipt hedges, and a pyramid, which by a most unnatural copulation is at once a grotto and a greenhouse. Does it not put you in mind of the proposal for your drawing a garden-seat, Chinese on one side and Gothic on the other? The chimneys, which are collected to a centre, spoil the dome of the house, and the hall is a dark well. The gallery is eighty-two feet long, hung with green velvet and pictures, among which is a fine Rembrandt and a pretty La Hire[47]. The ceilings are painted, and there is a fine bed of silk and gold tapestry. The attic is good, and the wings extremely pretty, with porticos formed on the style of the house. The Earl has built a new church, with a steeple which seems designed for the latitude of Cheapside, and is so tall that the poor church curtseys under it, like

[44] John Fane, seventh Earl of Westmoreland. On his death the Mereworth estate passed to the descendants of his sisters.

[45] Near Hadlow, in Kent. The architect was Colin Campbell (d. 1734).

[46] A country-house designed by Palladio.

[47] Laurent de la Hire (1606–1656), painter in ordinary to Louis XIV

Mary Rich [48] in a vast high-crown hat; it has a round portico, like St. Clement's, with vast Doric pillars supporting a thin shelf. The inside is the most abominable piece of tawdriness that ever was seen, stuffed with pillars painted in imitation of verd antique, as all the sides are like Sienna marble; but the greatest absurdity is a Doric frieze, between the triglyphs of which is the Jehovah, the I. H. S. and the Dove. There is a little chapel with Nevil tombs, particularly of the first Fane [49], Earl of Westmorland, and of the founder of the old church, and the heart of a knight who was killed *in the wars.* On the Fane tomb is a pedigree of brass in relief, and a genealogy of virtues to answer it. There is an entire window of painted-glass arms, chiefly modern, in the chapel, and another over the high altar. The hospitality of the house was truly Gothic; for they made our postilion drunk, and he overturned us close to a water, and the bank did but just save us from being in the middle of it. Pray, whenever you travel in Kentish roads, take care of keeping your driver sober.

Rochester, Sunday.

We have finished our progress sadly! Yesterday, after twenty mishaps, we got to Sissinghurst to dinner. There is a park in ruins, and a house in ten times greater ruins, built by Sir John Baker, Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Mary. You go through an arch of the stables to the house, the court of which is perfect and very beautiful. The Duke of Bedford has a house at Cheneys, in Buckinghamshire, which seems to have been very like it, but is more ruined. This has a good apartment, and a fine gallery, a hundred and twenty feet by eighteen, which takes up one side: the

[48] Mary, daughter of Field-Marshal Sir Robert Rich, fourth Baronet; d. unmarried.

[49] Sir Francis Fane, K.B. (d. 1629), son of Sir Thomas Fane and of Mary Nevill, Baroness Le Despenser; cr. Earl of Westmoreland, 1624.

wainscot is pretty and entire ; the ceiling vaulted, and painted in a light genteel grotesque. The whole is built for show ; for the back of the house is nothing but lath and plaster. From thence we went to Bocton-Malherbe, where are remains of a house of the Wottons, and their tombs in the church ; but the roads were so exceedingly bad that it was dark before we got thither, and still darker before we got to Maidstone : from thence we passed this morning to Leeds Castle. Never was such disappointment ! There are small remains : the moat is the only handsome object, and is quite a lake, supplied by a cascade which tumbles through a bit of a romantic grove. The Fairfaxes [50] have fitted up a pert, bad apartment in the fore-part of the castle, and have left the only tolerable rooms for offices. They had a gleam of Gothic in their eyes, but it soon passed off into some modern windows, and some that never were ancient. The only thing that at all recompensed the fatigues we have undergone was the picture of the Duchess of Buckingham, *la Ragotte* [51], who is mentioned in Grammont—I say us, for I trust that Mr. Chute is as true a bigot to Grammont as I am. Adieu ! I hope you will be as weary with reading our history as we have been in travelling it.

Yours ever,

HORACE WALPOLE.

354. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 28, 1752.

WILL you never have done jigging at Northampton with that old harlotry Major Compton ? Peggy Trevor [1] told me,

[50] Leeds Castle was brought into the Fairfax family by Catherine Colepeper, wife of the fifth Lord Fairfax. She also possessed large estates in Virginia, where her eldest son, Thomas, sixth Lord Fairfax, settled in 1747. He resigned Leeds Castle to his brother, Hon. Robert Fairfax, who succeeded him in 1782 as seventh Lord Fairfax.

[51] Hon. Mary Fairfax (d. 1704), daughter of third Baron Fairfax (the Parliamentary general) ; m. (1657) George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham.

LETTER 354.—[1] Margaret, daughter

she had sent you a mandate to go thither. Shall I tell you how I found Peggy, that is, not Peggy, but her sister Muscovy[2]? I went, found a bandage upon the knocker, an odd woman and child in the hall, and a black boy at the door—Lord! thinks I, this can't be Mrs. Boscawen's—however, Pompey let me up; above were fires blazing, and a good old gentlewoman, whose occupation easily spoke itself to be midwifery. 'Dear Madam, I fancy I should not have come up!' 'Lass-a-day! Sir, no, I believe not; but I'll step and ask.' Immediately out came old Falmouth[3], looking like an ancient fairy who had just been muttering a malediction over a new-born prince, and told me, forsooth, that Madam Muscovy was but just brought to bed, which Peggy Trevor soon came and confirmed—I told them I would write you my adventure. I have not thanked you for your travels, and the violent curiosity you have given me to see Welbeck. Mr. Chute and I have been a progress too, but it was in a land you know full well, the county of Kent. I will only tell you that we broke our necks twenty times to your health, and had a distant glimpse of Hawkhurst from that Sierra Morena, Silver Hill. I have since been with Mr. Conway at Park Place, where I saw the individual Mr. Cooper, a banker, and lord of the manor of Henley, who had those two extraordinary forfeitures from the executions of the Misses Blandy and Jefferies, two fields from the former, and a malthouse from the latter[4]. I had scarce credited the story, and was pleased to hear it confirmed by the very person; though it was not quite so remarkable

of John Morley Trevor, of Glynde, Sussex, by his marriage with Lucy, sister of Brigadier Montagu. She was first cousin to George Montagu. (See Table II.)

[2] Hon. Mrs. George Boscawen; her second son, William, was born on August 17, 1752.

[3] Charlotte (d. 1754), daughter of Colonel Charles Godfrey by Arabella Churchill, the former mistress of James II; m. (1700) Hugh Boscawen (afterwards Viscount Falmouth).

[4] According to the law which required the forfeiture of the lands or goods of felons.

as it was reported, for both forfeitures were in the same manor.

Mr. Conway has brought Lady Ailesbury from Minorca, but originally from Africa, a *Jeribo*[5]. To be sure you know what that is; if you don't, I will tell you, and then I believe you will scarce know any better. It is a composition of a squirrel, a hare, a rat, and a monkey, which altogether looks very like a bird. In short, it is about the size of the first, with much such a head, except that the tip of the nose seems shaved off, and the remains are like a human hare-lip; the ears and its timidity are like a real hare. It has two short little feet before like a rat, but which it never uses for walking, I believe never but to hold its food. The tail is naked like a monkey's, with a tuft of hair at the end, striped black and white in rings. The two hind-legs are as long as a Grenville's, with feet more like a bird than any other animal, and upon these it hops so immensely fast and upright that at a distance you would take it for a large thrush. It lies in cotton, is brisk at night, eats wheat, and never drinks; it would, but drinking is fatal to them. Such is a Jeribo!

Have you heard the particulars of the Speaker's quarrel with a young officer, who went to him, on his landlord refusing to give his servant the second best bed in the inn? He is a young man of eighteen hundred a year, and passionately fond of the army. The Speaker produced the Mutiny Bill to him. 'Oh Sir,' said the lad, 'but there is another Act of Parliament which perhaps you don't know of!' The *person of dignity*, as the newspapers call him, then was so ingenious as to harangue on the dangers of a standing army.—The boy broke out, 'Don't tell me of your privileges, what would have become of you and your privileges in the year forty-five, if it had not been for the army? and pray, why do you fancy

[5] The jerboa, or jumping mouse.

I would betray my country? I have as much to lose as you have!'—In short, this abominable young Hector treated the Speaker's *oracular decisions* with a familiarity that quite shocks *me* to think of!

The Poemata-Grayo-Bentleiana, or Gray's *Odes*, better illustrated than ever odes were by a Bentley, are in great forwardness, and I trust will appear this winter[6].—I shall tell you one little anecdote about the authors, and conclude. Gray is in love to distraction with a figure of Melancholy, which Mr. Bentley has drawn for one of the *Odes*, and told him he must have something of his pencil: Mr. Bentley desired him to choose a subject.—He chose *Theodore and Honoria*[7]*!*—don't mention this, for we are shocked.—It is loving *melancholy* till it is not strong enough, and he grows to dram with *Horror!* Good night! my compliments to Miss Montagu; did you receive my recipes?

Yours ever,

H. W.

355. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 28, 1752. N.S.

I MUST certainly make you a visit, for I have nothing to say to you. Perhaps you will think this an odd reason; but as I cannot let our intimacy drop, and no event happens here for fuel to the correspondence, if we must be silent, it shall be like a matrimonial silence, *tête-à-tête*. Don't look upon this paragraph as a thing in the air, though I dare to say you will, upon my repeating that I have any thoughts of a trip to Florence: indeed I have never quite given up that intention; and if I can possibly settle my affairs at all to my mind, I shall certainly execute my scheme towards

[6] The Odes appeared in February, 1753, as *Designs by Mr. R. Bentley for six poems of Mr. T. Gray.*

[7] A fable by Dryden, imitated from Boccaccio.

the conclusion of this Parliament, that is, about next spring twelvemonth: I cannot bear elections; and still less, the hash of them over again in a first session. What vivacity such a reverberation may give to the blood of England, I don't know; at present it all stagnates. I am sometimes almost tempted to go and amuse myself at Paris with the bull *Unigenitus*[1]. Our Beauties are returned, and have done no execution. The French would not conceive that Lady Caroline Petersham ever had been handsome, nor that my Lady Coventry has much pretence to be so now. Indeed all the travelled English allow that there is a Madame de Brionne[2] handsomer, and a finer figure. Poor Lady Coventry was under piteous disadvantages; for besides being very silly, ignorant of the world, breeding, speaking no French, and suffered to wear neither red nor powder, she had that perpetual drawback upon her beauty, her lord, who is sillier in a wise way, as ignorant, ill-bred, and speaking very little French himself—just enough to show how ill-bred he is. The Duke de Luxemburg[3] told him he had called up my Lady Coventry's coach; my Lord replied, 'Vous avez fort bien fait.' He is jealous, prude, and scrupulous; at a dinner at Sir John Bland's, before sixteen persons, he coursed his wife round the table, on suspecting she had stolen on a little red, seized her, scrubbed it off by force with a napkin, and then told her, that since she had deceived him and broke her promise, he would carry her back directly to England.

LETTER 355.—[1] A reference to the persecution of the Jansenists lately undertaken by the Archbishop of Paris, at the instigation of the Jesuits. In April, 1752, the bull *Unigenitus* (directed against the Jansenists in 1709) was pronounced by the Parliament of Paris not to be an article of faith. The disputes of the clerical and parliamentary parties kept Paris in a ferment, and pamphlets, songs, and caricatures were freely circulated.

[2] Louise Julie Constance de Rohan, daughter of the Prince de Montauban; m. (1748), as his third wife, Charles Louis de Lorraine, Comte de Brionne.

[3] Charles François Frédéric de Montmorenci (1702–1764), Duc, afterwards Maréchal, de Luxembourg.

They were pressed to stay for the great *fête* at St. Cloud; he excused himself, 'because it would make him miss a music-meeting at Worcester'; and she excused herself from the fireworks at Madame Pompadour's, 'because it was her dancing-master's hour.' I will tell you but one more anecdote, and I think you cannot be imperfect in your ideas of them. The Maréchale de Lowendahl was pleased with an English fan Lady Coventry had, who very civilly gave it her: my Lord made her write for it again next morning, 'because he had given it her before marriage, and her parting with it would make an irreparable breach,' and send an old one in the room of it! She complains to everybody she meets, 'How odd it is that my Lord should use her so ill, when she knows he has so great a regard that he would die for her, and when he was so good as to marry her without a shilling!' Her sister's history is not unentertaining: Duke Hamilton is the abstract of Scotch pride; he and the Duchess at their own house walk in to dinner before their company, sit together at the upper end of their own table, eat off the same plate, and drink to nobody beneath the rank of Earl—would not one wonder how they could get anybody either above or below that rank to dine with them at all? I don't know whether you will not think all these very trifling histories; but for myself, I love anything that marks a character strongly.

I told you how the younger Crébillon had served me, and how angry I am; yet I must tell you a very good reply of his. His father[4] one day in a passion with him, said, 'Il y a deux choses que je voudrois n'avoir jamais fait, mon *Catilina* et vous!' He answered, 'Consolez-vous, mon père, car on prétend que vous n'avez fait ni l'un ni l'autre!' Don't think me infected with France, if I tell you more French stories;

[4] Prosper Jolyot de Crébillon (1674–1762). His tragedy of *Catilina* was first represented in 1749.

but I know no English ones, and we every day grow nearer to the state of a French province, and talk from the capital. The old Crébillon, who admires us as much as we do them, has long had by him a tragedy called *Oliver Cromwell*, and had thoughts of dedicating it to the Parliament of England: he little thinks how distant a cousin the present Parliament is to the Parliaments he wots of. The Duke of Richelieu's son[5], who certainly must not pretend to declare off, like Crébillon's (he is a boy of ten years old), was reproached for not minding his Latin: he replied, 'Eh! mon père n'a jamais su le latin, et il a eu les plus jolies femmes de France!' My sister was exceedingly shocked with their indecorums: the night she arrived at Paris, asking for the Lord knows what utensil, the footman of the house came and showed it her himself, and everything that is related to it. Then, the footmen who brought messages to her, came into her bedchamber in person; for they don't deliver them to your servants, in the English way. She amused me with twenty other new fashions, which I should be ashamed to set down, if a letter was at all upon a higher or wiser foot than a newspaper. Such is their having a knotting-bag made of the same stuff with every gown; their footmen carrying their lady's own goblet wherever they dine; the King carrying his own bread in his pocket to dinner; the etiquette of the Queen and the Mesdames not speaking to one another cross him at table, and twenty other such nothings; but I find myself gossiping and will have done, with only two little anecdotes that pleased me. Madame Pompadour's husband[6] has not been permitted to keep an opera-girl, because it would too frequently occasion the reflection of his not having his wife—is not that delightful decorum? and in that country! The other was a most sensible trait of the King. The

[5] The Duc de Fronsac. [6] M. Le Normant d'Étioles.

Count Charolois[7] shot a President's dogs, who lives near him: the President immediately posted to Versailles to complain: the King promised him justice; and then sent to the Count to desire he would give him two good dogs. The Prince picked out his two best: the King sent them to the President, with this motto on their collars, *J'appartiens au Roi!* 'There,' said the King, 'I believe he won't shoot them now!'

Since I began my letter, I looked over my dates, and was hurt to find that *three months are gone and over* since I wrote last. I was going to begin a new apology, when your letter of Oct. 20th came in, curtseying and making apologies itself. I was charmed to find you to blame, and had a mind to grow haughty and scold you—but I won't. My dear child, we will not drop one another at last; for though we are English, we are not both in England, and need not quarrel we don't know why. We will write whenever we have anything to say; and when we have not,—why, we will be going to write. I had heard nothing of the Riccardi deaths: I still like to hear news of any of my old friends. Your brother tells me that you defend my Lord Northumberland's idea for his gallery, so I will not abuse it so much as I intended, though I must say that I am so tired with copies of the pictures he has chosen, that I would scarce hang up the originals—and then, copies by anything now living!—and at that price!—indeed *price* is no article, or rather *is* a reason for my Lord Northumberland's liking anything. They are building at Northumberland House, at Sion, at Stansted, at Alnwick, and Warkworth Castles! they live by the etiquette of the old peerage, have Swiss porters, the Countess has her pipers—in short, they will very soon have no estate.

One hears here of writings that have appeared in print on

[7] Charles de Bourbon (1700–1760), Comte de Charolais.

the quarrel of the Pretender and his second son; I could like to see any such thing. Here is a bold epigram, which the Jacobites give about:—

> In royal veins how blood resembling runs!
> Like any George, James quarrels with his sons.
> Faith! I believe, could he his crown resume,
> He'd hanker for his Herenhausen, Rome.

The second is a good line; but the thought in the last is too obscurely expressed; and yet I don't believe that it was designed for precaution.

I went yesterday with your brother to see Astley's pictures: mind, I confess myself a little prejudiced, for he has drawn the whole Pigwigginhood: but he has got too much into the style of the four thousand English painters about town, and is so intolerable as to work for money, not for fame: in short, he is not such a Rubens as in your head—but I fear, as I said, that I am prejudiced. Did I ever tell you of a picture at Woolterton of the whole family, which I call the progress of riches? there is Pigwiggin in a laced coat and waistcoat; the second son has only the waistcoat trimmed; the third is in a plain suit, and the little boy is naked[8]. I saw a much more like picture of my uncle last night at Drury Lane in the farce; there is a tailor who is exactly my uncle in person, and my aunt in family[9]. Good night! I wish you joy of being dis-Richcourted: you need be in no apprehensions of his Countess; she returns to England in the spring. Adieu!

P.S. You shall see that I am honest, for though the

[8] The four sons of Horatio Walpole (afterwards Lord Walpole of Wolterton) were Horatio, who succeeded his father, and was in 1806 created Earl of Orford; Thomas (d. 1803), a merchant and banker; Richard (d. 1798), a banker in London; and Robert (d. 1810), Clerk to the Privy Council and Envoy to Lisbon.

[9] Mrs. Horatio Walpole was a tailor's daughter.

beginning of my letter is dated Oct. 28th, the conclusion ought to be from Nov. 11th.

356. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Dear Harry, Strawberry Hill, Nov. 8, 1752.

After divers mistakes and neglects of my own servants and Mr. Fox's, the Chinese pair have at last set sail for Park Place: I don't call them boar and sow, because instead of their being fit for his altar, I believe, when you see them, you will think it is Ticchi Micchi himself, the Chinese god of good eating and drinking, and his wife. They were to have been with you last week, but the chairmen who were to drive them to the water-side, got drunk, and said, that the creatures were so wild and unruly, that they ran away and would not be managed. Do but think of their running! It puts one in mind of Mrs. Nugent's talking of just *jumping* out of a coach! I might with as much propriety talk of having all my clothes let out. My coachman is vastly struck with the goodly paunch of the boar, and says, it would fetch three pounds in his country; but he does not consider, that he is a boar with the true brown edge[1], and has been fed with the old original wheatsheaf: I hope you will value him more highly: I dare say Mr. Cutler or Margas[2] would at least ask twenty guineas for him, and swear that Mrs. Dunch gave thirty for the fellow.

As you must of course write me a letter of thanks for my brawn, I beg you will take that opportunity of telling me very particularly how my Lady Aylesbury does, and if she is quite recovered, as I much hope. How does my sweet

Letter 356.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] China with the 'brown edge' (a reddish-brown border enclosing floral decorations) was of Japanese manufacture. It was much in fashion in the middle of the eighteenth century.

[2] Fashionable china-shops.

little wife do? Are your dragons all finished? Have the Coopers seen Miss Blandy's ghost, or have they made Mr. Cranston[3] poison a dozen or two more private gentlewomen? Do you plant without rain as I do, in order to have your trees die, that you may have the pleasure of planting them over again with rain? Have you any Mrs. Clive that pulls down barns that intercept your prospect; or have you any Lord Radnor[4] that plants trees to intercept his own prospect, that he may cut them down again to make an alteration? There! there are as many questions as if I were your schoolmaster or your godmother! Good night!

Yours ever,
H. W.

356*. To the Earl of Cardigan[1].

My Lord, Arlington Street, Nov. 20.

Is not it very ungrateful to take advantage from your goodness to give you new trouble? or may I plead that I could receive no advantage from that kindness *but* by giving you new trouble? I will tell your Lordship the case and then you shall try whether you think I am pardonable or not.

Mr. Boyce, who kept Colonel Brown's courts[2], died last Thursday. Your Lordship flattered me, that if Colonel Brown, upon inquiry, found himself disengaged, he would employ Mr. Bevan. I dare say no more, nor shall I venture

[3] Hon. William Henry Cranstoun, son of fifth Baron Cranstoun. He was an officer of Marines, and the suitor and accomplice of Miss Blandy. He escaped arrest, but died in Dec. 1752.

[4] John Robartes (d. 1757), fourth Earl of Radnor. He lived at Twickenham.

Letter 356*.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy of original in possession of the Earl of Home.

[1] Afterwards Duke of Montagu.

[2] Lord Cardigan was at this time Constable of Windsor Castle. Horace Walpole's mention of 'courts' perhaps refers to some office held under him in that capacity.

to wait upon you again, till you have forgot how impertinent I am, and shall only remember that

I am
Your Lordship's
Most obedient humble Servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

357. To the Hon. Henry Pelham.

SIR, Strawberry Hill, Nov. 25, 1752.

When I did myself the honour to apply to you last, to beg your interest with the King, that I might obtain the enjoyment of the patent[1] for my own life, which now depends upon that of my brother[2], you told me, that if I could prevail upon my brother to consent that his life might be changed for mine, you would willingly undertake to serve me: and you added very kindly (for which, Sir, whatever success I may have, I must always thank you) that no interest of your own should interfere with my suit. Indeed, Sir, the consideration of that would have prevented me, who am neither apt to ask, nor disposed to think that I have much title to, favours, from troubling you at first, if I had not reflected that what I begged was not so unreasonable, either from my brother's life being as good as my own, or at least if the event should happen of his death before mine, that the other large reversions attending it would make the emolument which I must be obliged to hope to receive from it, appear of the less value to you. I do not mean, Sir, to detract from the very handsome manner in which you treated it, though I am desirous of not being thought to prefer an extravagant suit.

My reason for troubling you again, Sir, is to represent to you, how impossible it will be for me to make any

LETTER 357.—[1] As Collector of the Customs.
[2] Edward Walpole.

Hon. Sir Edward Walpole. K.B.

from a painting at Chewton Priory.

advantage of the method you proposed, as I cannot undertake the necessary steps. As the patent now stands, it is for my brother's life, but far the greater profits are given to me. If he dies, the whole drops: if I die first, the whole falls to him. What, therefore, I must have asked of him would be, not only to risk upon my life what he now enjoys for his own, but to resign his chance of the great benefit which he would reap from my death: in short, I must ask him to run all the risk instead of me. This, Sir, would be difficult to ask of any brother or any friend; unreasonable, I am afraid, to ask of one who has a large family; and impracticable, I am very sure, to obtain from one who, though I believe he loves me very well, I have no reason to think prefers me to himself.

You will excuse my stating the case thus plainly, Sir, which, after long consideration, I think myself obliged to do, lest you should suppose that I have neglected to make advantage of your kindness to me. I hope you see that it is out of my power to obtain the previous conditions. If without them, you will be so good as to serve me by adding my life, a request which I again make to you, there is nobody will be more pleased to be,

Sir,

Your much obliged and most obedient Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE[3].

[3] This letter, previous to its dispatch, was submitted to Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland. Fox's letter (endorsed by Horace Walpole 'Mr. Fox's note to me, Nov. 23, 1752, returning the letter I intended, and did send, to Mr. Pelham') is as follows:—

Nov. 23, 1752.

'DEAR HORI,

'I return you your very proper and genteel application to Mr. Pelham, which appears to me such, that I really think it will succeed so far at least, as that he will try it with the King. I have been in doubt whether mentioning the very little self-denial that his getting this for you would be, was right. But you do it very civilly, and I am not sure that, without considering the matter, he may not think it a great one. Adieu! I heartily wish you success.

'H. FOX.'

This letter was first printed (from the manuscript in Mr. Bentley's pos-

358. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 11, 1752. N.S.

I don't know whether I may not begin a new chapter of revolutions: if one may trust prognosticators, the foundations of a revolution in earnest are laying. However, as I am only a simple correspondent, and no almanack-maker, I shall be content with telling you facts, and not conjectures —at least, if I do tell you conjectures, they shall not be my own. Did not I give you a hint in the summer of some storms gathering in the tutorhood? They have broke out; indeed there wanted nothing to the explosion but the King's arrival[1], for the instant he came, it was pretty plain that he was prepared for the grievances he was to hear—not very impartially it seems, for he would not speak to Lord Harcourt. In about three days he did, and saw him afterwards alone in his closet. What the conversation was, I can't tell you: one should think not very explicit, for in a day or two afterwards it was thought proper to send the Archbishop[2] and Chancellor[3] to hear his Lordship's complaints; but on receiving a message that they would wait on him by the King's orders, he prevented the visit by going directly to the Chancellor; and on hearing their

session) in Cunningham's edition of the *Letters*, together with the following account by Horace Walpole of his interview with Mr. Pelham:—'Dec. 3, 1752. I went to Mr. Pelham. He told me he had read my letter, and should have been very glad if I could have prevailed upon my brother to have consented to the alteration of the patent; as it would have been only changing a life, not adding a new one. I said I believed he knew enough of my brother to know that was impossible. He said he had understood that was over. That as to asking a reversion, that was what he had never done, and what the King did not love to grant. That if he did ask it, the King would probably mention what I have already for my life: however, if I desired it, he would mention it to the King, though he did not believe it would succeed. I replied, he knew best, and took my leave.'

Letter 358.—[1] From Hanover, on Nov. 18.

[2] Thomas Herring, Archbishop of Canterbury.

[3] Lord Hardwicke.

commission, Lord Harcourt, after very civil speeches of regard to their persons, said, he must desire to be excused, for what he had to say was of a nature that made it improper to be said to anybody but the King. You may easily imagine that this is interpreted to allude to a higher person than the mean people who have offended Lord Harcourt and the Bishop of Norwich. Great pains were taken to detach the former from the latter; 'My dear Harcourt, we love you, we wish to make you easy; but the Bishop must go.' I don't tell you these were the Duke of Newcastle's words; but if I did, would they be unlike him? Lord Harcourt fired, and replied with spirit, 'What! do you think to do me a favour by offering me to stay? know, it is I that will not act with such fellows as Stone, and Cresset, and Scott: if they are kept, I will quit; and if the Bishop is dismissed, I will quit too.' After a few days, he had his audience and resigned. It is said, that he frequently repeated, 'Stone is a Jacobite,' and that the other person[4] who made up the *tête-à-tête* cried, 'Pray, my Lord! pray, my Lord!'—and would not hear upon that subject. The next day the Archbishop went to the King, and begged to know whether the Bishop of Norwich might have leave to bring his own resignation, or whether his Majesty would receive it from him, the Archbishop. The latter was chosen, and the Bishop was refused an audience.

You will now naturally ask me what the quarrel was: and that is the most difficult point to tell you; for though the world expects to see some narrative, nothing has yet appeared, nor I believe will, though both sides have threatened. The Princess says, the Bishop taught the boys nothing; he says, he never was suffered to teach them anything. The first occasion of uneasiness was the Bishop's finding the Prince of Wales reading the *Revolutions of*

[4] The King.

England, written by Père d'Orléans[5] to vindicate James II and approved by that Prince. Stone at first peremptorily denied having seen that book these thirty years, and offered to rest his whole justification upon the truth or falsehood of this story. However, it is now confessed that the Prince was reading that book, but it is qualified with Prince Edward's borrowing it of Lady Augusta. Scott, the under preceptor, put in by Lord Bolingbroke, and of no very orthodox odour, was another complaint. Cresset, the link of the connection, has dealt in no very civil epithets, for besides calling Lord Harcourt a groom, he qualified the Bishop with bastard and atheist particularly to one of the Princess's chaplains, who, begging to be excused from hearing such language against a prelate of the Church, and not prevailing, has drawn up a narrative, sent it to the Bishop, and offered to swear to it. For Lord Harcourt, besides being treated with considerable contempt by the Princess, he is not uninformed of the light in which he was intended to stand, by an amazing piece of imprudence of the last, but not the most inconsiderable performer in this drama, the Solicitor-General, Murray — pray, what part has his brother, Lord Dunbar, acted in the late squabbles in the Pretender's family[6]? Murray, early in the quarrel, went officiously to the Bishop, and told him Mr. Stone ought to have more consideration in the family: the Bishop was surprised, and got rid of the topic as well as he could. The visit and opinion were repeated: the Bishop said, he believed Mr. Stone had all the regard shown to him that was due; that Lord Harcourt, who was the chief person, was generally present. Murray interrupted him, 'Pho! Lord Harcourt! he is a cipher, and must be a cipher, and was put in to be a cipher.' Do you think after this declara-

[5] Pierre Joseph Dorléans, Jesuit historian (1644-1698).

[6] The Pretender was at variance with Cardinal York.

tion, that the employment will be very agreeable? Everybody but Lord Harcourt understood it before; but at least the cipherism was not notified in form. Lord Lincoln, the intimate friend of that lord, was so friendly as to turn his back upon him as he came out of the closet—and yet Lord Harcourt and the Bishop have not at all lessened their characters by any part of their behaviour in this transaction. What will astonish you is the universal aversion that has broke out against Stone: and what heightens the disgusts is the intention there has been of making Dr. Johnson, the new Bishop of Gloucester, preceptor. He was Master of Westminster School, of Stone's and Murray's year, and is certainly of their principles—to be sure, that is Whig—but the Whigs don't seem to think so. As yet no successors are named; the Duke of Leeds, Lord Cardigan, Lord Waldegrave, Lord Hertford, Lord Bathurst, and Lord Ashburnham are talked of for governor. The two first are said to have refused; the third dreads it; the next I hope will not have it; the Princess is inclined to the fifth; and the last I believe eagerly wishes for it. Within this day or two another is named, which leads me to tell you another interlude in our politics. This is poor Lord Holderness—to make room in the Secretary's office for Lord Halifax. Holderness has been in disgrace from the first minute of the King's return: besides not being spoken to, he is made to wait at the closet-door with the bag in his hand, while the Duke of Newcastle is within; though the constant etiquette has been for both Secretaries of State to go in together, or to go in immediately, if one came after the other. I knew of this disgrace; but not being quite so able a politician as Lord Lincoln, at least having an inclination to *great* men in misfortune, I went the other morning to visit the afflicted. I found him alone: he said, 'You are very good to visit anybody in my situation.' This

lamentable tone had like to have made me laugh; however, I kept my countenance, and asked what he meant? he said, 'Have not you heard how the world abuses me only for playing at blindman's-buff in a private room at Tunbridge?' Oh! this was too much! I laughed out. I do assure you, this account of his misfortunes was not given particularly to me: nay, to some he goes so far as to say, 'Let them go to the office, and look over my letters, and see if I am behindhand!' To be sure, when he has done his book, it is very hard he may not play!—My dear Sir, I don't know what apologies a Père d'Orléans must make for our present history! it is too ridiculous!

The preceptor is as much in suspense as the governor. The Whigs clamour so much against Johnson, that they are regarded,—at least for a time. Keene[7], Bishop of Chester, and brother of your brother minister[8], has been talked of. He is a man that will not prejudice his fortune by any ill-placed scruples. My father gave him a living of seven hundred pounds a year to marry one of his natural daughters: he took the living; and my father dying soon after, he dispensed with himself from taking the wife, but was so generous as to give her very near one year's income of the living[9]. He then was the Duke of Newcastle's tool at Cambridge, which university he has half turned Jacobite, by cramming down new ordinances to carry measures of that Duke; and being rewarded with the bishopric, he was at dinner at the Bishop of Lincoln's when he received the nomination. He immediately rose from the table, took his host into another room, and begged he would propose

[7] Edmund Keene (1714–1781), Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, 1748–54; Bishop of Chester, 1752–71; Bishop of Ely, 1771–81.

[8] Sir Benjamin Keene, Ambassador at Madrid. *Walpole.*

[9] The living of Stanhope in Durham, held by Keene until 1770. The daughter in question was known as Mrs. Day. According to a MS. note of Cole the antiquary, she lived in great poverty until chance made Horace Walpole aware of her existence; he then supported her until her death in 1775.

him to a certain great fortune, to whom he had never spoke, but for whom he now thought himself a proper match[10]. Don't you think he would make a very proper preceptor? Among other candidates, they talk of Dr. Hales[11], the old philosopher, a poor good primitive creature, whom I call the Santon Barsisa; do you remember the hermit in the Persian tales, who after living in the odour of sanctity for above ninety years, was tempted to be naught with the King's daughter, who had been sent to his cell for a cure? Santon Hales but two years ago accepted the post of Clerk of the Closet to the Princess, after literally leading the life of a studious anchoret till past seventy. If he does accept the preceptorship, I don't doubt but by the time the present clamours are appeased, the wick of his old life will be snuffed out, and they will put Johnson in his socket. Good night! I shall carry this letter to town to-morrow, and perhaps keep it back a few days, till I am able to send you this history complete.

Arlington Street, Dec. 17.

Well! at last we shall have a governor: after meeting with divers refusals, they have forced Lord Waldegrave to take it; and he kisses hands to-morrow. He has all the time declared that nothing but the King's earnest desire should make him accept it—and so they made the King earnestly desire it! Dr. Thomas, the Bishop of Peterborough, I believe, is to be the tutor—I know nothing of him: he had lain by for many years, after having read prayers to the present King when he lived at Leicester House, which his Majesty remembered, and two years ago popped him into a bishopric.

[10] Keene married, in May 1753, Mary, daughter and heiress of Lancelot Andrews, of Edmonton, formerly a linendraper in Cheapside.

[11] Author of the *Vegetable Staticks*, &c. *Walpole.*—Stephen Hales (1677–1761), scientific writer and perpetual curate of Teddington.

There is an odd sort of manifesto arrived from Prussia, which does not make us in better humour at St. James's. It stops the payment of the interest on the Silesian loan, till satisfaction is made for some Prussian captures[12] during the war. The omnipotence of the present ministry does not reach to Berlin! Adieu! All the world are gone to their several Christmases, as I should do, if I could have got my workmen out of Strawberry Hill; but they don't work at all by the scale of my impatience.

359. To George Montagu.

White's, Dec. 14, 1752. N.S.

I shall be much obliged to you for the passion-flower, notwithstanding it comes out of a garden of Eden, from which Eve, my sister-in-law, long ago gathered passion-fruit. I thank you too for the offer of your Roman correspondences, but you know I have done with virtù, and deal only with the Goths and Vandals.

You ask a very improper person, why my Lord Harcourt resigned[1].—My Lord Coventry says it is the present great arcanum of government, and you know I am quite out of the circle of secrets. The town says, that it was finding Stone is a Jacobite; and it says, too, that the Whigs are very uneasy. My Lord Egremont says the Whigs can't be in danger, for then my Lord Hartington would not be gone a-hunting! Everybody is as impatient as you can be, to know the real cause, but I don't find that either Lord or Bishop[2] are disposed to let the world into the

[12] The capture (by the English) of Frederick's ships (belonging to the free port of Embden), in which he had supplied warlike stores to the French.

Letter 359.—Wrongly dated by C. Dec. 3, 1752.

[1] He was Governor to the Prince of Wales.

[2] Hayter, Bishop of Norwich, tutor to the Prince.

true secret. It is pretty certain that one Mr. Cresset has abused both of them without ceremony, and that the Solicitor-General [3] told the Bishop in plain terms, that my Lord Harcourt was a cipher, and was put in to be a cipher: an employment that, considering it is a sinecure, seems to hang unusually long upon their hands. They have so lately quarrelled with poor Lord Holderness for playing at blindman's-buff at Tunbridge, that it will be difficult to give him another place only because he is fit to play at blindman's-buff; and yet it is much believed that he will be the governor, and your cousin [4] his successor.

I am as improper to tell you why the Governor of Nova Scotia [5] is to be at the head of the Independents. I have long thought him one of the greatest dependents, and I assure you I have seen nothing since his return, to make me change my opinion—but he is too busy in the Bedchamber [6] to remember me!

Mr. F.[7] said nothing about your brother; if the offer was ill-designed from one quarter, I think you may make the refusal of it have its weight in another.

It would be odd to conclude a letter from White's without a *bon mot* of George Selwyn's. He came in here t'other night, and saw James Jeffries playing at piquet with Sir Everard Falkener—'Oh!' says he, 'now he is robbing the mail[8]!' Good night! when do you come back?

Yours ever,

H. W.

[3] William Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield.

[4] Lord Halifax.

[5] Lieutenant-General Hon. Edward Cornwallis.

[6] He was Groom of the Bedchamber to the King.

[7] Mr. Fox. See Letter 349.

[8] Sir Everard Fawkener was Joint Postmaster-General.

360. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 14, 1753.

I have been going to write to you every post for these three weeks, and could not bring myself to begin a letter with, 'I have nothing to tell you.' But it grows past a joke; we will not drop our correspondence because there is no war, no politics, no parties, no madness, and no scandal. In the memory of England there never was so inanimate an age: it is more fashionable to go to church than to either House of Parliament. Even the æra of the Gunnings is over: both sisters have laid in, and have scarce made one paragraph in the newspapers, though their names were grown so renowned, that in Ireland the beggarwomen bless you with, 'The luck of the Gunnings attend you!'

You will scarce guess how I employ my time; chiefly at present in the guardianship of embryos and cockleshells. Sir Hans Sloane is dead, and has made me one of the trustees to his museum [1], which is to be offered for twenty thousand pounds to the King, the Parliament, the Royal Academies of Petersburgh, Berlin, Paris, and Madrid. He valued it at fourscore thousand; and so would anybody who loves hippopotamuses, sharks with one ear, and spiders as big as geese! It is a rent-charge, to keep the fœtuses in spirits! You may believe that *those* who think money the most valuable of all curiosities, will not be purchasers. The King has excused himself, saying he did not believe that there are twenty thousand pounds in the Treasury. We are a charming wise set, all philosophers, botanists, antiquarians, and mathematicians; and adjourned our first meeting, because Lord Macclesfield [2], our chairman, was engaged to

Letter 360.—[1] Sloane's collection was acquired by the nation, and, with the Harleian MSS. and the Cottonian collection, formed the nucleus of the British Museum.

[2] George Parker (circ. 1697–1764),

a party for finding out the longitude. One of our number is a Moravian, who signs himself Henry XXVIII, Count de Reus. The Moravians have settled a colony at Chelsea, in Sir Hans's neighbourhood, and I believe he intended to beg Count Henry XXVIIIth's skeleton for his museum.

I am almost ashamed to be thanking you but now for a most entertaining letter of two sheets, dated December 22, but I seriously had nothing to form an answer. It is but three mornings ago that your brother was at breakfast with me, and scolded me, 'Why, you tell me nothing!'—'No,' says I; 'if I had anything to say, I should write to your brother.' I give you my word, the first new book that takes, the first murder, the first revolution, you shall have, with all the circumstances. In the mean time, do be assured that there never was so dull a place as London, or so insipid an inhabitant of it as

Yours, &c.

361. To Thomas Gray.

Arlington Street, Feb. 20, 1753.

I am very sorry that the haste I made to deliver you from your uneasiness the first moment after I received your letter, should have made me express myself in a manner to have the quite contrary effect from what I intended. You well know how rapidly and carelessly I always write my letters: the note you mention was written in a still greater hurry than ordinary, and merely to put you out of pain. I had not seen Dodsley, consequently could only tell you that I did not doubt but he would have no objection to satisfy you, as you was willing to prevent his being a loser by the plate[1]. Now, from this declaration, how is it possible

second Earl of Macclesfield; President of the Royal Society, 1752–64.

Letter 361.—[1] Dodsley proposed to prefix a print of Gray (after Eckardt's portrait) to the *Designs by Mr. R. Bentley for Six Poems by*

for you to have for one moment put such a construction upon my words, as would have been a downright stupid brutality, unprovoked? It is impossible for me to recollect my very expression, but I am confident that I have repeated the whole substance.

How the bookseller would be less a loser by being at more expense, I can easily explain to you. He feared the price of half a guinea would seem too high to most purchasers. If by the expense of ten guineas more he could make the book appear so much more rich and showy as to induce people to think it cheap, the profits from selling many more copies would amply recompense him for his additional disbursement.

The thought of having the head engraved was entirely Dodsley's own, and against my opinion, as I concluded it would be against yours; which made me determine to acquaint you with it before its appearance.

When you reflect on what I have said now, you will see very clearly, that I had and could have no other possible meaning in what I wrote last. You might justly have accused me of neglect, if I had deferred giving you all the satisfaction in my power, as soon as ever I knew your uneasiness.

The head I give up. The title I think will be wrong, and not answer your purpose; for, as the drawings are evidently calculated for the poems, why will the improper disposition of the word *designs* before *poems* make the edition less yours? I am as little convinced that there is any affectation in leaving out the *Mr.* before your names: it is a barbarous addition: the other is simple and classic; a rank I cannot help thinking due to both the poet and painter. Without

Mr. T. Gray, which he was about to publish. Gray's strong objection to the insertion of his own portrait may be seen from his letter to Walpole of Jan. 1753, and from that to Dodsley of Feb. 12, 1753.

ranging myself among classics, I assure you, were I to print anything with my name, it should be plain Horace Walpole; *Mr.* is one of the Gothicisms I abominate. The 'explanation'[2] was certainly added for people who have not eyes:—such are almost all who have seen Mr. Bentley's drawings, and think to compliment him by mistaking them for prints. Alas! the generality want as much to have the words 'a man,' 'a cock,' written under his drawings, as under the most execrable hieroglyphics of Egypt, or of sign-post painters.

I will say no more now, but that you must not wonder if I am partial to you and yours, when you can write as you do and yet feel so little vanity. I have used freedoms enough with your writings to convince you I speak truth: I praise and scold Mr. Bentley immoderately, as I think he draws well or ill: I never think it worth my while to do either, especially to blame, where there are not generally vast excellencies. Good night! Don't suspect me when I have no fault but impatience to make you easy.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

362. To HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, March 4, 1753.

HAVE you got any wind of our new histories? Is there any account at Rome that Mr. Stone and the Solicitor-General are still thought to be more attached to Egypt than Hanover? For above this fortnight there have been strange mysteries and reports! the Cabinet Council sat night after night till two o'clock in the morning: we began to think that they were empanelled to sit upon a new rebellion, or invasion at least; or that the King of Prussia had sent his

[2] Of Mr. Bentley's designs. *Walpole.*—The explanations were written by Walpole. *Cunningham.*

mandate, that we must receive the young Pretender in part of payment of the Silesian loan. At last it is come out that Lord Ravensworth[1], on the information of one Fawcett, a lawyer, has accused Stone, Murray, and Dr. Johnson, the new Bishop of Gloucester, of having had an odd custom of toasting the Chevalier[2] and my Lord Dunbar at one Vernon's[3], a merchant, about twenty years ago. The *Pretender's counterpart*[4] ordered the Council to examine into it: Lord Ravensworth stuck to his story; Fawcett was terrified with the solemnity of the divan, and told his very different ways, and at last would not sign his deposition. On the other hand, Stone and Murray took their Bible on their innocence, and the latter made a fine speech into the bargain. Bishop Johnson scrambled out of the scrape at the very beginning; and the Council have reported to the King, that the accusation was false and malicious. This is an exact abridgement of the story; the commentary would be too voluminous. The heats upon it are great; the violent Whigs are not at all convinced of the Whiggism of the culprits, by the defect of evidence: the opposite clan affect as much conviction as if they wished them Whigs.

Mr. Chute and I are come hither for a day or two to inspect the progress of a Gothic staircase, which is so pretty and so small, that I am inclined to wrap it up and send it you in my letter. As my castle is so diminutive, I give myself a Burlington air, and say, that as Chiswick[5] is a model of Grecian architecture, Strawberry Hill is to be so of Gothic. I went the other morning with Mr. Conway to buy

LETTER 362.—[1] Sir Henry Liddel, Baron of Ravensworth. *Walpole.*

[2] Murray's denial of this charge was accepted by the Cabinet. Horace Walpole's hatred of Murray and Stone led him to exaggerate the importance of the incident.

[3] According to G. E. C.'s *Complete Peerage*, Mr. Vernon's only son (who predeceased him) had been a friend of Murray at Westminster School.

[4] The King.

[5] Chiswick House was rebuilt by Lord Burlington between 1730 and 1736. Lord Hervey declared that 'it was too small to live in and too large to hang to a watch.'

some of the new furniture-paper for you: if there was any money at Florence, I should expect this manufacture would make its fortune there.

Liotard, the painter, is arrived, and has brought me Marivaux's picture, which gives one a very different idea from what one conceives of the author of *Marianne*, though it is reckoned extremely like: the countenance is a mixture of buffoon and villain. I told you what mishap I had with Crébillon's portrait: he has had the foolish dirtiness to keep it. Liotard is a Genévois; but from having lived at Constantinople, he wears a Turkish habit, and a beard down to his girdle: this, and his extravagant prices, which he has raised even beyond what he asked at Paris, will probably get him as much money as he covets, for he is avaricious beyond imagination. His crayons and his water-colours are very fine; his enamel, hard: in general, he is too Dutch, and admires nothing but excess of finishing.

We have nothing new but two or three new plays, and those not worth sending to you. The answer to the Prussian memorial, drawn chiefly by Murray, is short, full, very fine, and has more spirit than I thought we had by us. The whole is rather too good, as I believe our best policy would have been, to be in the wrong, and make satisfaction for having been ill-used: the *Author*[6] with whom we have to deal is not a sort of man to stop at being confuted. Adieu!

363. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 27, 1753.

Such an event as I mentioned to you in my last has, you may well believe, had some consequences; but only enough to show what it would have had in less quiet times. Last week the Duke of Bedford moved in the House of Lords

[6] The King of Prussia.

to have all the papers relating to Lord Ravensworth and Fawcett laid before them. As he had given notice of his intention, the ministry, in a great fright, had taken all kind of precautions to defeat the motion; and succeeded—if it can be called success to have quashed the demand, and thereby confirmed the suspicions. After several councils, it was determined, that all the cabinet-councillors should severally declare the insufficience and prevarication of Fawcett's evidence: they did, and the motion was rejected by 122 to 5. If one was prejudiced by classic notions of the wisdom and integrity of a senate, that debate would have cured them. The flattery to Stone was beyond belief: I will give you but one instance. The Duke of Argyll said, 'He had happened to be at the Secretary's office during the Rebellion, when two *Scotchmen* came to ask for a place, which one obtained, the other lost, but went away best pleased, from Mr. Stone's gracious manner of refusal!' It appeared in the most glaring manner, that the Bishop of Gloucester had dictated to Fawcett a letter of acquittal to himself; and not content with that, had endeavoured to persuade him to make additions to it some days after. It was as plain, that Fawcett had never prevaricated till these private interviews with the prelate—yet there were 122 to 5!

I take for granted our politics adjourn here till next winter, unless there should be any Prussian episode. It is difficult to believe that that King has gone so far, without intending to go farther: if he is satisfied with the answer to his memorial, though it is the fullest that ever was made, yet it will be the first time that ever a monarch was convinced! For a King of the Romans[1], it seems as likely that we should see a King of the Jews.

LETTER 363.—[1] The court of Vienna was anxious to procure the election of the Archduke Joseph (afterwards the Emperor Joseph II) as King of the Romans.

To fill up my small sheet, I shall tell you an historiette of our beauty, my Lady Coventry. I was lately at a private ball with her at George Pitt's. We supped in the library, and sitting near the books, Mr. Churchill took down a Bible, and said, 'Who can tell me which is first, Solomon's *Song* or his *Wisdom*?' You will not think that there was much brimstone in this speech: however, the fair Countess put herself (I say, *put herself*, for you never saw anything more done on purpose) into an outrageous passion, said it was blasphemous and impious, and she wished the house would fall upon his head. This set us all into violent laughing: she called out, 'My Lord Coventry, if you laugh any more, I *will* cry.' She then would have risen from table; nobody would stir. At last we went into the ball-room: my Lord stood with his back to the chimney glass: she stood before him, scolding immoderately, and at the same time setting herself in the glass over his shoulder. Lord Holderness came up to her, and said, 'Well, Madam, as you have quarrelled with my Lord, I hope you will let me be your paramour to-night!' 'Yes,' said she, 'with all my heart, and I will be your *Thisbis*.' I was so entertained with all this folly, to call it nothing else, that I was determined it should not end so, but begged all the women to take my Lord out and make him dance so continually that the quarrel might not be made up when they went home. The idea took like wildfire: the women were so delighted with the thought of depriving the Countess of that night's perquisites of her beauty, that they made the Earl dance, till he and themselves were ready to faint, and till I believe my Lady wished that she had interested herself a little less about Solomon's understanding, which was not the point in which she really wished her wise Lord should resemble him.

Your brother has got the paper for your room. He shall send you with it a fine book which I have had printed of

Gray's poems, with drawings by another friend[2] of mine, which I am sure will charm you, though none of them are quite well engraved, and some sadly. Adieu! I am all brick and mortar: the castle at Strawberry Hill grows so near a termination, that you must not be angry, if I wish to have you see it. Mr. Bentley is going to make a drawing of the best view, which I propose to have engraved, and then you shall at least have some idea of that sweet little spot—little enough, but very sweet!

364. To Horace Mann.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, April 16, 1753.

I know I never give you more pleasure than in recommending such an acquaintance as Mr. Stephens, a young gentleman now in Italy, of whom I have heard from the best hands the greatest and most amiable character. He is brother-in-law of Mr. West[1], Mr. Pelham's secretary, and (to you I may add, as I know it will be an additional motive to increase your attentions to his relation) a particular friend of mine. I beg you will do for my sake, what you always do from your own goodness of heart, make Florence as agreeable to him as possible: I have the strongest reasons to believe that you will want no incitement the moment you begin to know Mr. Stephens.

I am, &c.

[2] Richard Bentley, only son of Dr. Bentley, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. The edition here mentioned was of six poems of Mr. Gray, printed in folio by Dodsley, the plates engraved by Grignion and Müller. *Walpole.*

Letter 364.—[1] James West, Member for St. Albans, Secretary to Mr. Pelham as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Secretary to the Treasury, and Treasurer to the Royal Society, and member of the Antiquarian Society, married the sister of this Mr. Stephens. *Walpole.*

365. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, April 27, 1753.

I have brought two of your letters hither to answer: in town there are so many idle people besides oneself, that one has not a minute's time: here I have whole evenings, after the labours of the day are ceased. Labours they are, I assure you; I have carpenters to direct, plasterers to hurry, paper-men to scold, and glaziers to help: this last is my greatest pleasure: I have amassed such quantities of painted glass, that every window in my castle will be illuminated with it: the adjusting and disposing it is vast amusement. I thank you a thousand times for thinking of procuring me some Gothic remains from Rome; but I believe there is no such thing there; I scarce remember any morsel in the true taste of it in Italy. Indeed, my dear Sir, kind as you are about it, I perceive you have no idea what Gothic is; you have lived too long amidst true taste, to understand venerable barbarism. You say, 'You suppose my garden is to be Gothic too.' That can't be; Gothic is merely architecture; and as one has a satisfaction in imprinting the gloomth of abbeys and cathedrals on one's house, so one's garden, on the contrary, is to be nothing but *riant*, and the gaiety of nature. I am greatly impatient for my altar, and so far from mistrusting its goodness, I only fear it will be too good to expose to the weather, as I intend it must be, in a recess in the garden. I was going to tell you that my house is so monastic, that I have a little hall decked with long saints in lean arched windows and with taper columns, which we call the Paraclete[1], in memory of Eloisa's cloister.

I am glad you have got rid of your duel, blood-guiltless:

Letter 365.—[1] The oratory of the Paraclete, founded by Abélard near Nogent-sur-Seine, where Héloïse lived, and where the lovers were buried.

Captain Lee had ill luck in lighting upon a Lorrain officer; he might have boxed the ears of the whole Florentine nobility (*con rispetto si dice*), and not have occasioned you half the trouble you have had in accommodating this quarrel.

You need not distrust Mr. Conway and me for showing any attentions to Prince San Severino[2], that may convince him of our regard for you; I only hope he will not arrive till towards winter, for Mr. Conway is gone to his regiment in Ireland, and my château is so far from finished, that I am by no means in a condition to harbour a princely ambassador. By next spring I hope to have rusty armour, and arms with quarterings enough to persuade him that I am qualified to be Grand Master of Malta. If you could send me Viviani[3] with his invisible architects out of the Arabian tales, I might get my house ready at a day's warning; especially as it will not be quite so lofty as the triumphal arch at Florence.

What you say you have heard of strange conspiracies, fomented by *our nephew*[4], is not entirely groundless. A Dr. Cameron[5] has been seized in Scotland, who certainly came over with commission to feel the ground. He is just brought to London; but nobody troubles their head about him, or anything else, but Newmarket, where the Duke is at present making a campaign, with half the nobility and half the money of England attending him: they really say, that not less than a hundred thousand pounds have been carried thither for the hazard of this single week. The palace has been furnished for him from the Great Wardrobe,

[2] Ambassador from the King of Naples. *Walpole.*

[3] Viviani, a Florentine nobleman, showing the triumphal arch there to Prince San Severino, assured him, and insisted upon it, that it was begun and finished in twenty-four hours! *Walpole.*

[4] The King of Prussia.

[5] Archibald Cameron (1707–1753), younger brother of Donald Cameron of Lochiel. He was tried, and condemned to be hanged and quartered. The sentence was carried out on June 7, 1753. Its severity was due to a general belief that he had been sent by the King of Prussia to arrange for a new Jacobite rising.

though the *chief person concerned*[6] flatters himself that his son is at the expense of his own amusement there!

I must now tell you how I have been treated by an old friend of yours—don't be frightened, and conclude that this will make against your friend San Severino: he is only a private prince; the rogue in question is a monarch. Your brother has sent you some weekly papers that are much in fashion, called the *World*; three or four of them are by a friend of yours; one particularly[7] I wrote to promote a subscription for King Theodore, who is in prison for debt. His Majesty's character is so bad, that it only raised fifty pounds; and though that was so much above his desert, it was so much below his expectation, that he sent a solicitor to threaten the printer with a prosecution for having taken so much liberty with his name—take notice too, that he had accepted the money! Dodsley, you may believe, laughed at the lawyer; but that does not lessen the dirty knavery. It would, indeed, have made an excellent suit! a printer prosecuted suppose for having solicited and obtained charity for a man in prison, and that man not mentioned by his right name, but by a mock title, and the man himself not a native of the country!—but I have done with countenancing kings!

Lord Bath has contributed a paper to the *World*, but seems to have entirely lost all his wit and genius: it is a plain heavy description of Newmarket, with scarce an effort towards humour. I had conceived the greatest expectations from a production of his, especially in the way of the *Spectator*; but I am now assured by Franklyn, the old printer of the *Craftsman* (who, by a comical revolution of things, is a tenant of mine at Twickenham), that Lord Bath never wrote a *Craftsman* himself, only gave hints for them —yet great part of his reputation was built on those papers.

[6] The King. *Walpole.* [7] No. 8.

Next week my Lord Chesterfield appears in the *World*[8]—I expect much less from him than I did from Lord Bath, but it is very certain that his name will make it applauded. Adieu!

P.S. Since I came to town, I hear that my Lord Granville has cut another colt's tooth—in short, they say he is going to be married again; it is to Lady Juliana Collier[9], a very pretty girl, daughter of Lord Portmore; there are not above two or three-and-forty years difference in their ages, and not above three bottles difference in their drinking in a day, so it is a very suitable match! She will not make so good a queen as our friend Sophia, but will like better, I suppose, to make a widow. If this should not turn out true[10], I can't help it.

366. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, May 5, 1753.

Though my letter bears a country date, I am only a passenger here, just come to overlook my workmen, and repose myself upon some shavings, after the fatigues of the season. You know balls and masquerades always abound as the weather begins to be too hot for them, and this has been quite a springtide of diversion. Not that I am so abandoned as to have partaken of all; I neither made the Newmarket campaign under the Duke, nor danced at any ball, nor *looked well* at any masquerade: I begin to submit to my years, and amuse myself—only just as much as I like. Indeed, when parties and politics are at an end, an English-

[8] Lord Chesterfield's paper (No. 8) was entitled *A Country Gentleman's Tour to Paris with his Family.*

[9] Lady Juliana Colyear, second daughter of second Earl of Portmore; m. (1759) Henry Dawkins, of Standlinch, Wiltshire, and Over Norton, Oxfordshire.

[10] It did not happen. *Walpole.*

man may be allowed not to be always grave and out of humour. His Royal Highness has won as many hearts at Newmarket as he lost in Scotland; he played deep and handsomely, received everybody at his table with the greatest good humour, and permitted the familiarities of the place with ease and sense.

There have been balls at the Duchess of Norfolk's, at Holland House, and Lord Granville's, and a subscription masquerade: the dresses were not very fine, not much invention, nor any very absurd. I find I am telling you extreme trifles; but you desired me to write, and there literally happens nothing of greater moment. If I can fill out a sheet even in this way, I will; for at Sligo[1] perhaps I may appear a journalist of consequence.

There is a Madame de Mezières[2] arrived from Paris, who has said a thousand impertinent things to my Lady Albemarle, on my Lord's not letting her come to Paris[3]. I should not repeat this to you, only to introduce George Selwyn's account of this woman, who, he says, is mother to the Princess of Montauban, grandmother to Madame de Brionne, sister to General Oglethorpe, and was laundress to the Duchess of Portsmouth.

Sir Charles Williams, never very happy at panegyric, has made a distich on the Queen of Hungary; which I send you for the curiosity, not the merit of it:—

> *O regina orbis prima et pulcherrima, ridens*
> *Es Venus, incedens Juno, Minerva loquens*[4].

It is infinitely admired at Vienna, but Baron Munchausen

Letter 366.—[1] Mr. Conway was then with his regiment, quartered at Sligo in Ireland. *Walpole.*

[2] Eleonora Oglethorpe (d. 1775); m. Eugène Marie de Béthisy, Marquis de Mezières.

[3] Lord Albemarle was then Ambassador at Paris. *Walpole.*

[4] I am indebted to Professor Littledale for the information that the best part of this epigram is 'conveyed' from one written in cent. xvi by Hieronymus Angerianus, who said of a certain lady:—

> *Caelia ridens*
> *Est Venus, incedens Juno, Minerva loquens.*

has received a translation of it into German in six verses, which are still more applauded.

There is another volume published of Lord Bolingbroke's: it contains his famous *Letter to Sir William Windham*, with an admirable description of the Pretender and his court, and a very poor justification of his own treachery to that party; a flimsy unfinished *State of the Nation*, written at the end of his life, and the commonplace tautology of an old politician, who lives out of the world and writes from newspapers; and a superficial letter to Mr. Pope, as an introduction to his *Essays*, which are printed, but not yet published.

What shall I say to you more? You see how I am forced to tack paragraphs together, without any connection or consequence! Shall I tell you one more idle story, and will you just recollect that you once concerned yourself enough about the heroine of it, to excuse my repeating such a piece of tittle-tattle? This heroine is Lady Caroline Petersham [5], the hero is—not entirely of royal blood; at least I have never heard that Lodomie, the tooth-drawer, was in any manner descended from the House of Bourbon. Don't be alarmed: this plebeian operator is not in the catalogue of your successors. How the lady was the aggressor is not known; 'tis only conjectured that French politeness and French interestedness could never have gone such lengths without mighty provocation. The first instance of the tooth-drawer's ungentle behaviour was on hearing it said that Lady Caroline Petersham was to have her four girls [6] drawn by Liotard; which was wondered at,

[5] Printed in Wright's edition of 1840 as Lady Harrington. See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 9, 1899.

[6] Hon. Caroline Stanhope (d. 1767), m. (1765) Kenneth Mackenzie, Viscount Fortrose (cr. Earl of Seaforth, 1771); Hon. Isabella Stanhope (d. 1819), m. (1768) Charles William Molyneux, sixth Viscount Molyneux (cr. Earl of Sefton, 1771); Hon. Amelia Stanhope (d. 1780), m. (1767) Richard Barry, sixth Earl of Barrymore; Hon. Henrietta Stanhope (d. 1781), m. (1776) Hon. Thomas (afterwards second Baron) Foley.

as his price is so great—'Oh!' said Lodomie, '*chacun paie pour la sienne.*' Soon after this insult, there was some dispute about payments and tooth-powder, and divers messages passed. At last the lady wrote a card, to say she did not understand such impertinent answers being given to her chairman by an *arracheur de dents.* The angry little gentleman, with as much intrepidity as if he had drawn out all her teeth, tore the card in five slits, and returned it with this astonishing sentence, 'I return you your impertinent card, and desire you will pay me what you owe me.' All I know more is, that the tooth-drawer still lives; and so do many lords and gentlemen, formerly thought the slaves of the offended fair one's will and passions, and among others, to his great shame,

Your sincere friend,

Hor. Walpole.

367. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, May 22, 1753.

You may very possibly be set out for Greatworth[1], but what house Greatworth is, or whose, or how you came to have it, is all a profound secret to us: your transitions are so Pindaric, that, without notes, we do not understand them, especially as neither Mr. Bentley nor I have seen any of the letters, which I suppose you have written to your family in the intervals of your journeyings from Sir Jonathan Cope's[2] to Roel, and from Roel to Greatworth. Mr. Bentley was just ready to send you down a packet of Gothic, and brick and mortar and arched windows, and taper columns to be erected at Roel—no such matter, you have met with some brave chambers belonging to Sir Jonathan Somebody in

Letter 367.—[1] Near Brackley, in Northamptonshire.

[2] Sir Jonathan Cope, first Baronet, of Brewerne, in Oxfordshire; d. 1765.

Northamptonshire, and are unloading your camels and caravans, and pitching your tents among your own tribe. I can't be quite sorry, for I shall certainly visit you at Great-worth, and it might have been some years before the curtain had drawn up at Roel. We emerge very fast out of shavings, and hammerings, and pastings; the painted glass is full-blown in every window, and the gorgeous saints, that were brought out for one day on the festival of Saint George Montagu, are fixed for ever in the tabernacles they are to inhabit. The castle is not the only beauty: the garden is at the height of all its sweets, and to-day we had a glimpse of the sun as he passed by, though I am convinced the summer is over; for these two last years we have been forced to compound for five hot days in the pound.

News there is none to tell you; we have had two days in the House of Commons, that had something of the air of Parliament; there has been a Marriage Bill[3], invented by my Lord Bath[4], and cooked up by the Chancellor[5], which was warmly opposed by the Duke of Bedford in the Lords, and with us by Fox and Nugent; the latter made an admirable speech last week against it, and Charles Townshend another very good one yesterday, when we sat till near ten o'clock, but were beat, we minority, by 165 to 84.

[3] This Act provided that 'with the exception of Jewish and Quaker marriages, no marriage should be valid in England which was not celebrated by a priest in orders, and according to the Anglican liturgy, that the ceremony could not be performed unless the banns had been published for three successive Sundays in the parish church, or unless a license had been procured, and that these licenses in the cases of minors should be conditional upon the consent of the parents or guardians. The special license by which alone the marriage could be celebrated in any other place than the parish church, could only be issued by the Archbishop, and cost a considerable sum. All marriages which did not conform to these provisions were null, and all who celebrated them were liable to transportation.' (Lecky, *Hist. Cent.* xviii, ed. 1892, vol. ii. p. 118.) The Bill passed both Houses in June, 1753.

[4] 'Lord Bath . . . attending a Scotch cause, was struck with the hardship of a matrimonial case, in which a man, after a marriage of thirty years, was claimed by another woman on a pre-contract.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. i. p. 293.)

[5] Lord Hardwicke.

I know nothing else but elopements: I have lost my man Henry, who is run away for debt; and my Lord Bath his only son[6], who is run away from thirty thousand pounds a year, which in all probability would have come to him in six months. There had been some great fracas about his marriage; the stories are various on the Why; some say his father told Miss Nichols that his son was a very worthless young man; others, that the Earl could not bring himself to make tolerable settlements; and a third party say, that the Countess has blown up a quarrel in order to have her son left in her power, and at her mercy. Whatever the cause was, this ingenious young man, who you know has made my Lady Townshend his everlasting enemy, by repeating her histories of Miss Chudleigh to that *Miss*, of all counsellors in the world, picked out my Lady Townshend to consult on his domestic grievances. She, with all the good-nature and charity imaginable, immediately advised him to be disinherited. He took her advice, left two dutiful letters for his parents, to notify his disobedience, and went off last Friday night to France. The Earl is so angry, that he could almost bring himself to give Mr. Newport[7], and twenty other people, their estates again. Good night—here's the Goth, Mr. Bentley, wants to say a word to you.—

Yours ever,

H. W.

[6] Lord Pulteney.

[7] John, natural son of Thomas Newport, fourth Earl of Bradford of the first creation, by Mrs. Anne Smith or Smythe. Lord Bradford left a large fortune to Mrs. Smith, the greater part of which she bequeathed on her death (in 1742) to her son (the above John), with reversion to the Earl of Bath, one of the trustees of her will. Mr. Newport inherited insanity from his father's family, and died a lunatic in 1783. One of Lord Bath's first acts, after the fall of Sir Robert Walpole, was to procure the passing of an Act to prevent lunatics from marrying. Lord Bath's known parsimony gave colour to the current supposition that his motive on this occasion was to secure Mr. Newport's fortune. (See Horace Walpole's note in *Works* of Sir C. Hanbury-Williams, ed. 1822, vol. i. pp. 55–7, and *Gent. Mag.* 1752, pp. 602–3.)

Dear Sir [8],

I wrote you a supernumerary letter on Saturday, but as I find you have shifted your quarters since I heard from you, imagine it may not have reached you yet. If you want to know what made me so assiduous, it was to tell you Sir Danvers Osborn [9] has kissed hands for New York, that's all. I am sincerely yours,

R. Bentley.

P.S. I wish you would write a line to him mentioning me, that's more.

368. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, May 24, 1753.

It is well you are married! How would my Lady Ailesbury have liked to be asked in a parish church for three Sundays running? I really believe she would have worn her weeds for ever rather than have passed through so impudent a ceremony! What do *you* think?—But you will want to know the interpretation of this preamble. Why, there is a new bill, which, under the notion of preventing clandestine marriages, has made such a general rummage and reform in the office of matrimony, that every Strephon and Chloe, every dowager and her Hussey [1], will have as many impediments and formalities to undergo as a treaty of peace. Lord Bath invented this bill, but had drawn it so ill, that the Chancellor [2] was forced to draw a new one,

[8] Written at the foot of Horace Walpole's letter.

[9] Sir Danvers Osborn, third Baronet, of Chicksands, Bedfordshire. He had just been appointed Governor of New York, but died in this year (1753). From Bentley's tone here and in a subsequent letter, it appears that he had hopes of some favour from Sir Danvers, who was a brother-in-law of George Montagu's cousin, Lord Halifax.

Letter 368.—[1] Edward Hussey (afterwards Earl of Beaulieu), who in 1743 married the Dowager Duchess of Manchester.

[2] Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke. *Walpole.*

and then grew so fond of his own creature, that he has crammed it down the throats of both Houses—though they gave many a gulp before they could swallow it. The Duke of Bedford attacked it first with great spirit and mastery, but had little support, though the Duke of Newcastle did not vote. The lawyers were all ordered to nurse it through our House; but, except the poor Attorney-General[3], who is nurse indeed to all intents and purposes, and did amply gossip over it, not one of them said a word. Nugent[4] shone extremely in opposition to the bill, and, though every now and then on the precipice of absurdity, kept clear of it, with great humour and wit and argument, and was unanswered—yet we were beat. Last Monday it came into the committee: Charles Townshend acted a very good speech with great cleverness, and drew a picture of his own story and his father's tyranny, with at least as much parts as modesty. Mr. Fox[5] mumbled the Chancellor and his lawyers, and pinned the plan of the bill upon a pamphlet he had found of Dr. Gally's[6], where the Doctor, recommending the French scheme of matrimony, says, 'It was found that fathers were too apt to forgive.' 'The Gospel, I thought,' said Mr. Fox, 'enjoined forgiveness; but pious Dr. Gally thinks fathers are too apt to forgive.' Mr. Pelham, extremely in his opinion against the bill, and in his inclination too, was forced to rivet it, and, without speaking one word for it, taught the House how to vote for it; and it was carried against the Chairman's leaving the chair by 165 to 84.

This is all the news I know, or at least was all when I came out of town; for I left the tinkering of the bill, and

[3] Sir Dudley Ryder. *Walpole.*

[4] Robert Nugent, afterwards created Lord Clare and Earl Nugent. *Walpole.*

[5] Henry Fox, afterwards created Lord Holland. *Walpole.*

[6] Dr. Henry Gally (1696–1769), Chaplain in Ordinary to the King. The pamphlet in question was entitled *Some Considerations upon Clandestine Marriages.*

came hither last Tuesday to my workmen. I flatter myself I shall get into tolerable order to receive my Lady Ailesbury and you at your return from Sligo, from whence I have received your letter, and where I hope you have had my first. I say nothing of the exile of the Parliament of Paris[7], for I know no more than you will see in the public papers; only, as we are going to choose a new Parliament, we could not do better than choose the exiles: we could scarce choose braver or honester men. I say as little of Mademoiselle Murphy[8], for I conclude you hear nothing but her health drank in whisky. Don't all the naked Irish flatter themselves with preferment, and claim relation with her? Miss Chudleigh says, there is some sense in belonging to a king who turns off an old mistress when he has got a new one.

Arlington Street, May 29.

I am come to town for a day or two, and find that the Marriage Bill has not only lasted till now in the committee, but has produced, or at least disclosed, extreme heats. Mr. Fox and Mr. Pelham have had very high words on every clause, and the former has renewed his attacks on the Chancellor under the name of Dr. Gally. Yesterday on the nullity clause[9] they sat till half an hour after three in the morning, having just then had a division on adjournment, which was rejected by the Ministry by above 80 to 70. The Speaker[10], who had spoken well against the clause, was so misrepresented by the Attorney-General, that there was danger of a skimmington[11] between the great wig and the

[7] Certain members of the Parliament of Paris, who refused to obey the arbitrary orders of Louis XV, had been exiled.

[8] An Irishwoman who was, for a short time, mistress of Louis XV. *Walpole.* — Marie Louise Murphy (1737–1814), daughter of a shoemaker. She left the court in disgrace, and subsequently married three times. The name of her last husband was Dumont.

[9] See note 3 on letter to Montagu of May 22, 1753.

[10] Arthur Onslow. *Walpole.*

[11] This use of 'skimmington' in the sense of 'skirmish' seems to be peculiar to Horace Walpole.

coif, the former having given a flat lie to the latter. Mr. Fox, I am told, outdid himself for spirit, and severity on the Chancellor and the lawyers. I say I am told; for I was content with having been beat twice, and did not attend. The heats between the two ministers were far from cooling by the length of the debate. Adieu! You did little expect in these times, and at this season, to have heard such a parliamentary history! The bill is not near finished; Mr. Fox has declared he will dispute every inch of ground. I hope he won't be banished to Pontoise[12]. I shall write to you no more; so pray return. I hear most favourable accounts of my Lady Ailesbury.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

369. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, June 11, 1753.

You will think me very fickle, and that I have but slight regard to the castle (I am building) of my ancestors, when you hear that I have been these last eight days in London amid dust and stinks, instead of seringa, roses, battlements, and niches; but you perhaps recollect that I have another Gothic passion, which is for squabbles in the Witenagemot. I can't say that the contests have run so high in either House as they have sometimes done in former days, but this age has found out a new method of parliamentary altercations. The Commons abuse the Barons, and the Barons return it; in short, Mr. Fox attacked the Chancellor violently on the Marriage Bill; and when it was sent back to the Lords, the Chancellor made the most outrageous invective on Fox that ever was heard. But what offends still more (I don't mean offends Fox more), was the Chancellor describing the chief persons who had opposed his bill

[12] With the members of the Parliament of Paris.

in the Commons, and giving reason why he *excused* them. As the Speaker was in the number of the *excused*, the two maces are ready to come to blows. The town says Mr. Fox is to be dismissed[1], but I can scarce think it will go so far.

My Lord Cornwallis is made an earl; Lord Bristol's sisters[2] have the rank of earl's daughters; Damer[3] is Lord Milton in Ireland, and the new Lord Barnard[4] is, I hear, to be Earl of Darlington.

Poor Lady Caroline Brand[5] is dead of a rheumatic fever, and her husband as miserable a man as ever he was a cheerful one: I grieve much for her, and pity him; they were infinitely happy, and lived in the most perfect friendship I ever saw.

You may be assured that I will pay you a visit some time this summer, though not yet, as I cannot leave my workmen, especially as we have a painter who paints the paper on the staircase under Mr. Bentley's direction. The armoury bespeaks the ancient chivalry of the lords of the castle; and I have filled Mr. Bentley's Gothic lanthorn with painted glass, which casts the most venerable gloom on the stairs that ever was seen since the days of Abélard. The lanthorn itself, in which I have stuck a coat of the Veres, is supposed to have come from Castle Henningham. Lord and Lady Vere were here t'other day, and called cousins with it, and would very readily have invited it to Hanworth; but her *Portuguese* blood[6] has so *blackened* the true stream that I could not bring myself to offer so fair a gift to their chapel.

LETTER 369.—[1] He was Secretary at War.

[2] Lady Mary Fitzgerald, and the Ladies Emily and Caroline Hervey.

[3] Joseph Damer, subsequently Earl of Dorchester.

[4] Hon. Henry Vane, who had recently succeeded his father as third Baron Barnard. He was created Earl of Darlington in 1754.

[5] Eldest daughter of first Duke of Kingston by his second wife. Her husband was Thomas Brand, of The Hoo, Hertfordshire.

[6] See letter to Montagu, July 14, 1748.

I shall only tell you a *bon mot* of Keith's, the marriage-broker, and conclude. 'G—d damn the bishops!' said he (I beg Miss Montagu's pardon), 'so they will hinder my marrying! Well, let 'em; but I'll be revenged: I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and, by God! I'll under-bury 'em all.' Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

Dear Sir[7],

It is about ten days since I sent you a design for mantelpiece, which if you approved of, you were desired to return forthwith in order to its being put in execution. I want to know whether you don't like it or have not got it.

For God's sake if it is possible to come at some answer from Sir Danvers do, for it is terrible to float upon suspense; my best compliments to Miss Montagu.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours sincerely,
R. Bentley.

370. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 12, 1753.

I could not rest any longer with the thought of your having no idea of a place of which you hear so much, and therefore desired Mr. Bentley to draw you as much idea of it as the post would be persuaded to carry from Twickenham to Florence. The enclosed enchanted little landscape, then, is Strawberry Hill; and I will try to explain so much of it to you as will help to let you know whereabouts we are when we are talking to you; for it is uncomfortable in so intimate a correspondence as ours not to be exactly

[7] Attached to the preceding letter.

master of every spot where one another is writing, or reading, or sauntering. This view of the castle[1] is what I have just finished, and is the only side that will be at all regular. Directly before it is an open grove, through which you see a field, which is bounded by a serpentine wood of all kind of trees, and flowering shrubs, and flowers. The lawn before the house is situated on the top of a small hill, from whence to the left you see the town and church of Twickenham encircling a turn of the river, that looks exactly like a seaport in miniature. The opposite shore is a most delicious meadow, bounded by Richmond Hill, which loses itself in the noble woods of the Park to the end of the prospect on the right, where is another turn of the river, and the suburbs of Kingston as luckily placed as Twickenham is on the left: and a natural terrace on the brow of my hill, with meadows of my own down to the river, commands both extremities. Is not this a tolerable prospect? You must figure that all this is perpetually enlivened by a navigation of boats and barges, and by a road below my terrace, with coaches, post-chaises, waggons, and horsemen constantly in motion, and the fields speckled with cows, horses, and sheep. Now you shall walk into the house. The bow-window below leads into a little parlour hung with a stone-colour Gothic paper and Jackson's[2] Venetian prints, which I could never endure while they pretended, infamous as they are, to be after Titian, &c., but when I gave them this air of barbarous bas-reliefs, they succeeded to a miracle: it is impossible at first sight not to conclude that they contain the history of Attila or Tottila, done about the very æra. From hence, under two gloomy arches, you come to the hall and stair-

LETTER 370.—[1] It was a view of the south side towards the north-east. *Walpole.*

[2] John Baptist Jackson (d. circ. 1780). He revived the art of printing in chiaroscuro, and the prints mentioned by Horace Walpole were executed in that manner.

case, which it is impossible to describe to you, as it is the most particular and chief beauty of the castle. Imagine the walls covered with (I call it paper, but it is really paper painted in perspective to represent) Gothic fretwork: the lightest Gothic balustrade to the staircase, adorned with antelopes (our supporters) bearing shields; lean windows fattened with rich saints in painted glass, and a vestibule open with three arches on the landing-place, and niches full of trophies of old coats of mail, Indian shields made of rhinoceros's hides, broadswords, quivers, long bows, arrows, and spears—all *supposed* to be taken by Sir Terry Robsart[3] in the holy wars. But as none of this regards the enclosed drawing, I will pass to that. The room on the ground-floor nearest to you is a bedchamber, hung with yellow paper and prints, framed in a new manner, invented by Lord Cardigan; that is, with black and white borders printed. Over this is Mr. Chute's bedchamber, hung with red in the same manner. The bow-window room one pair of stairs is not yet finished; but in the tower beyond it is the charming closet where I am now writing to you. It is hung with green paper and water-colour pictures; has two windows; the one in the drawing looks to the garden, the other to the beautiful prospect; and the top of each glutted with the richest painted glass of the arms of England, crimson roses, and twenty other pieces of green, purple, and historic bits. I must tell you, by the way, that the castle, when finished, will have two-and-thirty windows enriched with painted glass. In this closet, which is Mr. Chute's College of Arms, are two presses with books of heraldry and antiquities, Madame Sévigné's *Letters*, and any French books that relate to her and her acquaintance. Out of this closet is the room where we always live, hung with a blue and white paper in stripes adorned with festoons,

[3] An ancestor of Sir R. W., who was Knight of the Garter. *Walpole.*

and a thousand plump chairs, couches, and luxurious settees covered with linen of the same pattern, and with a bow-window commanding the prospect, and gloomed with limes that shade half each window, already darkened with painted glass in chiaroscuro, set in deep blue glass. Under this room is a cool little hall, where we generally dine, hung with paper to imitate Dutch tiles.

I have described so much, that you will begin to think that all the accounts I used to give you of the diminutiveness of our habitation were fabulous; but it is really incredible how small most of the rooms are. The only two good chambers I shall have are not yet built: they will be an eating-room and a library, each twenty by thirty, and the latter fifteen feet high. For the rest of the house, I could send it you in this letter as easily as the drawing, only that I should have nowhere to live till the return of the post. The Chinese summer-house, which you may distinguish in the distant landscape, belongs to my Lord Radnor[4]. We pique ourselves upon nothing but simplicity, and have no carvings, gildings, paintings, inlayings, or tawdry businesses.

You will not be sorry, I believe, by this time to have done with Strawberry Hill, and to hear a little news. The end of a very dreaming session has been extremely enlivened by an accidental bill which has opened great quarrels, and those not unlikely to be attended with interesting circumstances. A bill to prevent clandestine marriages, so drawn by the judges as to clog all matrimony in general, was inadvertently espoused by the Chancellor; and having been strongly attacked in the House of Commons by Nugent, the Speaker, Mr. Fox, and others, the last went very great lengths of severity on the whole body of the law, and on its chieftain in particular, which, however, at the last reading,

[4] John Robartes, the last Earl of Radnor of that house. *Walpole.*

he softened and explained off extremely. This did not appease: but on the return of the bill to the House of Lords, where our amendments were to be read, the Chancellor in the most personal terms harangued against Fox, and concluded with saying that 'he despised his scurrility as much as his adulation and recantation.' As Christian charity is not one of the oaths taken by privy-councillors, and as it is not the most eminent virtue in either of the champions, this quarrel is not likely to be soon reconciled. There are natures[5] whose disposition it is to patch up political breaches, but whether they will succeed, or try to succeed in healing this, can I tell you?

The match for Lord Granville, which I announced to you, is not concluded: his rampant flames are cooled in that quarter as well as in others.

I begin a new sheet to you, which does not match with the other, for I have no more of the same paper here. Dr. Cameron is executed, and died with the greatest firmness. His parting with his wife the night before was heroic and tender: he let her stay till the last moment, when being aware that the gates of the Tower would be locked, he told her so; she fell at his feet in agonies: he said, 'Madam, this was not what you promised me,' and embracing her, forced her to retire: then with the same coolness, looked at the window till her coach was out of sight, after which he turned about and wept. His only concern seemed to be at the ignominy of Tyburn: he was not disturbed at the dresser for his body, or at the fire to burn his bowels. The crowd was so great, that a friend who attended him could not get away, but was forced to stay and behold the execution; but what will you say to the minister or priest who accompanied him? The wretch, after taking leave, went into a landau, where, not

[5] Mr. Pelham. *Walpole.*

content with seeing the Doctor hanged, he let down the top of the landau for the better convenience of seeing him embowelled! I cannot tell you positively that what I hinted of this Cameron being commissioned from Prussia was true, but so it is believed. Adieu! my dear child; I think this is a very tolerable letter for summer!

371. To George Montagu.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, July 17, 1753.

You are so kind, that I am peevish with myself for not being able to fix a positive day for being with you; as near as I can guess, it will be some of the very first days of the next month: I am engaged to go with Lady Ailesbury and Mr. Conway to Stowe, the 28th of this month, if some little business which I have here does not prevent me; and from thence I propose to meet Mr. Chute at Greatworth. If this should at all interfere with your schemes, tell me so; especially, I must beg that you will not so far depend on me, as to stay one minute from doing anything else you like, because it is quite impossible for me to be sure that I can execute just at the time I propose such agreeable projects. Meeting Mrs. Trevor[1] will be a principal part of my pleasure; but the summer shall certainly not pass without my seeing you.

You will, I am sure, be concerned to hear that your favourite, Miss Brown[2], the pretty Catholic, who lived with Madame d'Acunha[3], is dead at Paris, by the ignorance of the physician.

Letter 371.—[1] Lucy, daughter of Edward Montagu, of Horton, Northamptonshire, widow of John Morley Trevor, of Glynde, Sussex, and aunt of George Montagu. (See Table II.)

[2] Hon. Catherine Browne, second daughter of the so-called third Viscount Kenmare (a title conferred by James II after his abdication). (See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 21, 1899.)

[3] Probably the wife of Don Louis d'Acunha, the Portuguese Ambassador in Paris, mentioned by d'Argenson. (See *Mémoires*, ed. 1857, vol. iii. p. 133.)

If one could make you laugh immoderately, it would be by a charming mob-story of the two eldest Mesdames of France being with child by their royal father—what Unigenitus's the offspring would be!

Tom Hervey, who always obliges the town with a quarrel in a dead season, has published a delightful letter to Sir William Bunbury[4], full of madness and wit. He had given the Doctor a precedent for a clergyman's fighting a duel, and I furnished him with another story of the same kind, that diverted him extremely. A Dr. Suckling[5], who married a niece of my father, quarrelled with a country squire, who said, 'Doctor, your gown is your protection.' 'Is it so?' replied the parson: 'but, by God! it shall not be yours;' pulled it off, and thrashed him—I was going to say *damnably*, but at least, *divinely*. Do but think, my Lord Coke and Tom Hervey are both bound to the peace, and are always going to fight together: how comfortable for their sureties!

My Lord Pomfret is dead; George Selwyn says, that my Lord Ashburnham[6] is not more glad to get into the parks than Lord Lempster[7] is to get out of them.—You know he was forced to live in a privileged place.

Jack Hill[8] is dead too, and has dropped about a hundred legacies; a thousand pound to the Dowager of Rockingham; as much, with all his plate and china, to her sister Bel[9]. I don't find that my uncle has got so much as a case of knives and forks: he always paid great court, but Mary

[4] Fifth Baronet, of Barton, Suffolk; d. 1764. He was in orders.

[5] Dr. Maurice Suckling, Prebendary of Westminster and Rector of Barsham, Suffolk. He married Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Walpole's sister Mary, by her marriage with Sir Charles Turner, Baronet, of Wareham, in Norfolk. Dr. Suckling's daughter Mary married the Rev. Edmund Nelson, and was the mother of Lord Nelson.

[6] Lord Ashburnham succeeded Lord Pomfret as Ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks.

[7] Lord Lempster was eldest son of Lord Pomfret, whom he now succeeded as second Earl of Pomfret.

[8] John Hill, M.P. for Higham Ferrers.

[9] Lady Isabella Finch, Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess Amelia.

Magdalen, my aunt, undid all by scolding the man, and her spouse durst not take his part.

Lady Anne Poulett's[10] daughter is eloped with a country clergyman. The Duchess of Argyle harangues against the Marriage Bill's not taking place immediately, and is persuaded that all the girls will go off before next Lady-day.

Before I finish, I must describe to you the manner in which I overtook Monsieur le Duc de Mirepoix t'other day, who lives at Lord Dunkeron's[11] house at Turnham Green. It was seven o'clock in the evening of one of the hottest and most dusty days of this summer. He was walking slowly in the *beau milieu* of Brentford town, without any company, but with a brown lap-dog with long ears, two pointers, two pages, three footmen, and a *vis-à-vis* following him. By the best accounts I can get, he must have been to survey the ground of the battle of Brentford, which I hear he has much studied, and harangues upon.

Adieu! I enclose a *World*[12] to you, which, by a story I shall tell you, I find is called mine. I met Mrs. Clive two nights ago, and told her I had been in the meadows, but would walk no more there, for there was all the world. 'Well,' says she, 'and don't you like the *World*; I hear it was very clever last Thursday.'—All I know is, that you will meet some of your acquaintance there. Good night, with my compliments to Miss Montagu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

[10] Lady Annabella Bennet (d. 1769), second daughter of first Earl of Tankerville; m. William Paulet or Poulett, son of Lord William Paulet (younger son of first Duke of Bolton). Her daughter Annabella married the Rev. Mr. Smythe.

[11] John Petty (1706–1761), first Baron Dunkerron; cr. Earl of Shelburne, 1753.

[12] No. 28. See *Collected Works* of Lord Orford, vol. i. p. 169.

372. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 21, 1753.

Though I have long had a letter of yours unanswered, yet I verily think it would have remained so a little longer, if the pretty altar-tomb which you have sent me had not roused my gratitude. It arrived here—I mean the tomb, not my gratitude—yesterday, and this morning churchyarded itself in the corner of my wood, where I hope it will remain till some future virtuoso shall dig it up, and publish it in a Collection of Roman Antiquities in Britain. It is the very thing I wanted; how could you, my dear Sir, take such exact measure of my idea? By the way, you have never told me the price; don't neglect it, that I may pay your brother.

I told you how ill-disposed I was to write to you, and you must know without my telling you that the only reason of that could be my not knowing a tittle worth mentioning; nay, not a tittle, worth or not. All England is gone over all England electioneering: I think the spirit is as great now they are all on one side, as when parties ran the highest. You judge how little I trouble myself about all this; especially when the question is not who shall be in the ministry, only who shall be in the House.

I am almost inclined not to say a word to your last letter, because if I begin to answer it, it must be by scolding you for making so serious an affair of leaving off snuff; one would think you was to quit a vice, not a trick. Consider, child, you are in Italy, not in England: here you would be very fashionable by having so many nerves, and you might have doctors and waters for every one of them, from Dr. Mead to Dr. Thomson, and from Bath to the iron pear-tree water. I should sooner have expected to hear that good

Dr. Cocchi[1] was in the Inquisition than in prescribing to a *snuff-twitter-nerve-fever!* You say people tell you that leaving off snuff all at once may be attended with bad consequences.—I can't conceive what bad consequences, but to the snuff-shop, who, I conclude by your lamentations, must have sold you tolerable quantities; and I know what effects any diversion of money has upon the tobacco-trade in Tuscany. I forget how much it was that the duty sank at Florence in a fortnight after the erection of the first lottery, by the poor people abridging themselves of snuff to buy tickets: but I think I have said enough, considering I don't intend to scold!

Thank you much for your civilities to Mr. Stephens; not at all for those to Mr. Perry[2], who has availed himself of the partiality which he found you had for me, and passed upon you for my friend. I never spoke one word to him in my life, but when he went out of his own dressing-room at Penshurst that Mr. Chute and I might see it, and then I said, 'Sir, I hope we don't disturb you'; he grunted something, and walked away—*la belle amitié!*—yet, my dear child, I thank you, who receive bad money when it is called my coin. I wish you had liked my Lady Rochford's beauty more: I intended it should return well preserved: I grow old enough to be piqued for the charms of my contemporaries.

Lord Pomfret is dead, not a thousand pound in debt. The Countess has two thousand a year rent-charge for jointure, five hundred as Lady of the Bedchamber to the late Queen, and fourteen thousand pounds in money, in her own power, just recovered by a lawsuit—what a fund for follies! The new Earl has about two thousand four

LETTER 372.—[1] He was a very free thinker, and suspected by the Inquisition. *Walpole.*

[2] He married one of the co-heiresses of the Sidneys, Earls of Leicester. *Walpole.*

hundred pounds a year in present, but deep debts and post-obits. He has not put on mourning, but robes; that is, in the middle of this very hot summer, he has produced himself in a suit of crimson velvet, that he may be sure of not being mistaken for being in weepers. There are rents worth ten thousand pounds left to little Lady Sophia Carteret[3], and the whole personal estate between the two unmarried daughters[4]; so the seat[5] must be stripped. There are a few fine small pictures, and one very curious of Henry VII and his Queen, with Cardinal Morton, and, I think, the Abbot of Westminster[6]. Strawberry casts a Gothic eye upon this, but I fear it will pass our revenues. The statues[7], which were part of the Arundel collection, are famous, but few good. The Cicero is fine and celebrated; the Marius I think still finer. The rest are Scipios, Cincinnatuses, and the Lord knows who, which have lost more of their little value than of their false pretensions by living out of doors; and there is a greenhouse full of colossal fragments. Adieu! Have you received the description and portrait of my castle?

[3] Daughter of John, Earl Granville, by his second wife, eldest daughter of Thomas Fermor, Earl of Pomfret. *Walpole.*

[4] Lady Louisa and Lady Anne; the latter was afterwards married to Mr. Dawson. *Walpole.*—Lady Louisa Fermor (d. 1809) married (1757), as his third wife, William, fourth surviving son of Sir William Clayton, first Baronet, of Morden, Surrey. The husband of Lady Anne Dawson (d. 1769) was afterwards created Viscount Cremorne.

[5] Easton Neston, in Northamptonshire. *Walpole.*

[6] It is the marriage of Henry VII and Elizabeth of York. The two other figures are probably St. Thomas and the Bishop of Imola, the Pope's nuncio, who pronounced the nuptial benediction. This curious picture was purchased by Lady Pomfret for two hundred pounds. The Earl of Oxford offered her five hundred pounds for it: Mr. Walpole bought it at Lord Pomfret's sale for eighty-four guineas, and it is now at Strawberry Hill. *Walpole.*

[7] Lady Pomfret bought the statues, after her Lord's death, and presented them to the University of Oxford. *Walpole.*

373. To John Chute.

My dear Sir, Stowe, Aug. 4, 1753.

You would deserve to be scolded, if you had not lost almost as much pleasure as you have disappointed me of[1]. Whether George Montagu will be so content with your commuting punishments, I don't know: I should think not: he *cried and roared all night*[2] when I delivered your excuse. He is extremely well housed, after having roamed like a Tartar about the country with his whole personal estate at his heels. There is an extensive view, which is called pretty: but Northamptonshire is no county to please me. What entertained me was, that he who in London was grown an absolute recluse, is over head and ears in neighbours, and as popular as if he intended to stand for the county, instead of having given up the town. The very first morning after my arrival, as we were getting into the chaise to go to Wroxton[3], they notified a Sir Harry Danvers[4], a young squire, booted and spurred, and buckskin-breeched. 'Will you drink any chocolate?'—'No; a little wine and water, if you please.'—I suspected nothing but that he had rode till he was dry. 'Nicolò, get some wine and water.' He desired the water might be warm—I began to stare; Montagu understood the dialect, and ordered a negus. I had great difficulty to keep my countenance, and still more when I saw the baronet finish a very large jug indeed. To be sure, he wondered as much at me who did not finish a jug; and I could not help reflecting, that living always in the world makes one as unfit for living out of it, as always living out of it does for living

Letter 373.—[1] In not accompanying Mr. Walpole on a visit to Mr. George Montagu at Greatworth. *Walpole.*

[2] A phrase of Mr. Montagu's. *Walpole.*

[3] Wroxton Abbey, near Banbury, the seat of the Earl of Guildford.

[4] Fourth Baronet, of Culworth, Oxfordshire; d. Aug. 10, 1753.

in it. Knightley[5], the knight of the shire, has been entertaining all the parishes round with a turtle-feast, which, so far from succeeding, has almost made him suspected for a *Jew*, as the country parsons have not yet learned to wade into green fat.

The roads are very bad to Greatworth; and such numbers of gates, that if one loved punning one should call it the *Gate House*. The proprietor had a wonderful invention: the chimneys, which are of stone, have niches and benches in them, where the man used to sit and smoke. I had twenty disasters, according to custom; lost my way, and had my French boy almost killed by a fall with his horse: but I have been much pleased. When I was at Park Place I went to see Sir H. Englefield's[6], which Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary prefer, but I think very undeservedly, to Mr. Southcote's[7]. It is not above a quarter as extensive, and wants the river. There is a pretty view of Reading seen under a rude arch, and the water is well disposed. The buildings are very insignificant, and the house far from good. The town of Henley has been extremely disturbed with an engagement between the ghosts of Miss Blandy and her father, which continued so violent, that some bold persons, to prevent farther bloodshed, broke in, and found it was two jackasses which had got into the kitchen.

I felt strangely tempted to stay at Oxford and survey it at my leisure; but, as I was alone, I had not courage. I passed by Sir James Dashwood's[8], a vast new house,

[5] Valentine Knightley, of Fawsley Park, near Daventry; d. 1754.

[6] Whiteknights. *Walpole.*

[7] Woburn Farm.

[8] At High Wycombe. *Walpole.*—The seat of Sir James Dashwood, second Baronet and Member for Oxfordshire, was not at High Wycombe, but at Kirtlington Park, near Woodstock. Horace Walpole probably annotated his letters to Chute when they were given back to him on the latter's death more than twenty years later, and has confused Kirtlington, the seat of Sir James Dashwood (which he naturally passed on the way from Oxford to Greatworth by Middleton Stony), with West Wycombe Park, the seat of Sir Francis Dashwood (afterwards

situated so high that it seems to stand for the county as well as himself. I did look over Lord Jersey's[9], which was built for a hunting-box, and is still little better. But now I am going to tell you how delightful a day I passed at Wroxton. Lord Guildford has made George Montagu so absolutely viceroy[10] over it, that we saw it more agreeably than you can conceive; roamed over the whole house, found every door open, saw not a creature, had an extreme good dinner, wine, fruit, coffee and tea in the library, were served by fairies, tumbled over the books, said one or two talismanic words, and the cascade played, and went home loaded with pine-apples and flowers.—You will take me for Monsieur de Coulanges[11], I describe eatables so feelingly; but the manner in which we were served made the whole delicious. The house was built by a Lord Downe[12] in the reign of James the First; and though there is a fine hall and a vast dining-room below, and as large a drawing-room above, it is neither good nor agreeable; one end of the front was never finished, and might have a good apartment. The library is added by this Lord, and is a pleasant chamber. Except loads of old portraits, there is no tolerable furniture. A whole-length of the first Earl of Downe is in the Bath robes, and has a coif under the hat and feather. There is a charming picture of Prince Henry about twelve years old, drawing his sword to kill a stag, with a Lord Harrington[13]; a good portrait of Sir Owen Hopton[14], 1590; your *pious* grandmother, my Lady Dacre, which I think like you;

Lord Le Despencer). (See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 21, 1899.)

[9] Middleton. *Walpole.*—Near Middleton Stony.

[10] Montagu was related to Lord Guildford through the latter's first wife, Lady Lucy Montagu, daughter of George Montagu's uncle, the first Earl of Halifax.

[11] Philippe Emmanuel, Marquis de Coulanges (circ. 1631–1716), the cousin and correspondent of Madame de Sévigné.

[12] William Pope, first Earl of Downe.

[13] John Harington or Harrington (1592–1614), second Baron Harington of Exton. He was a favourite of Henry, Prince of Wales.

[14] Lieutenant of the Tower. His daughter married the first Earl of Downe.

some good Cornelius Johnsons[15]; a Lord North, by Riley[16], good; and an extreme fine portrait by him of the Lord Keeper[17]: I have never seen but few of the hand, but most of them have been equal to Lely and the best of Sir Godfrey. There is too a curious portrait of Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford, said to be by Holbein. The chapel is new, but in a pretty Gothic taste, with a very long window of painted glass, very tolerable. The frieze is pendent, just in the manner I propose for the eating-room at Strawberry Hill. Except one scene, which is indeed noble, I cannot much commend the without-doors. This scene consists of a beautiful lake entirely shut in with wood: the head falls into a fine cascade, and that into a serpentine river, over which is a little Gothic seat like a round temple, lifted up by a shaggy mount. On an eminence in the park is an obelisk erected to the honour and at the expense of 'optimus' and 'munificentissimus' the late Prince of Wales, 'in loci amoenitatem et memoriam adventûs ejus.' There are several paltry Chinese buildings and bridges, which have the merit or demerit of being the progenitors of a very numerous race all over the kingdom: at least they were of the very first. In the church is a beautiful tomb of an Earl and Countess of Downe, and the tower is in a good plain Gothic style, and was once, they tell you, still more beautiful; but Mr. Miller[18], who designed it, unluckily once in his life happened to think rather of beauty than of the water-tables, and so it fell down the first winter.

On Wednesday morning we went to see a sweet little chapel at Steane, built in 1620 by Sir Thomas Crewe, Speaker in the time of the first James and Charles. Here

[15] Cornelius Janssen (1590–1665).
[16] John Riley (1646–1691).
[17] Francis North (1637–1685), first Baron Guildford; Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, 1682–5.
[18] Saunderson Miller, an amateur architect, of Radway, Warwickshire.

are remains of the mansion-house, but quite in ruins: the chapel is kept up by my Lady Arran [19], the last of the race. There are seven or eight monuments. On one is this epitaph, which I thought pretty enough:

Conjux casta, parens felix, matrona pudica;
Sara viro, mundo Martha, Maria Deo.

On another is the most affected inscription I ever saw, written by two brothers on their sister: they say, 'This agreeable mortal translated her into immortality such a day': but I could not help laughing at one quaint expression, to which time has given a droll sense: 'She was a constant lover of the best.'

I have been here these two days, extremely amused and charmed indeed. Wherever you stand you see an Albano landscape. Half as many buildings I believe would be too many, but such a profusion gives inexpressible richness. You may imagine I have some private reflections entertaining enough, not very communicable to the company: the Temple of Friendship, in which, among twenty memorandums of quarrels, is the bust of Mr. Pitt: Mr. James Grenville is now in the house, whom his uncle disinherited for his attachment to that very Pylades, Mr. Pitt. He broke with Mr. Pope, who is deified in the Elysian fields, before the inscription for his head was finished. That of Sir John Barnard, which was bespoke by the name of a bust of my Lord Mayor, was by a mistake of the sculptor done for Alderman Perry [20]. The statue of the King, and that 'honori, laudi, virtuti divae Carolinae,' make one smile, when one sees the ceiling where Britannia rejects and hides the reign of King ——. But I have no patience at building

[19] Hon. Elizabeth Crewe (d. 1756), fourth daughter of second Baron Crewe of Stene; m. (1721) Charles Butler, Earl of Arran. Steane or Stene is near Brackley, in Northamptonshire.

[20] Micajah Perry, Lord Mayor in 1739.

and planting a satire! Such is the temple of modern virtue in ruins! The Grecian temple is glorious: this I openly worship: in the heretical corner of my heart I adore the Gothic building, which by some unusual inspiration Gibbs[21] has made pure and beautiful and venerable. The style has a propensity to the Venetian or mosque Gothic, and the great column near it makes the whole put one in mind of the Place of St. Mark. The windows are throughout consecrated with painted glass; most of it from the priory at Warwick, a present from that foolish Greathead[22], who quarrelled with me (because his father was a gardener) for asking him if Lord Brook had planted much.—Apropos to painted glass. I forgot to tell you of a sweet house which Mr. Montagu carried me to see, belonging to a Mr. Holman, a Catholic, and called Warkworth[23]. The situation is pretty, the front charming, composed of two round and two square towers. The court within is incomplete on one side; but above-stairs is a vast gallery with four bow-windows and twelve other large ones, all filled with the arms of the old peers of England, with all their quarterings entire. You don't deserve, after deserting me, that I should tempt you to such a sight; but this alone is worth while to carry you to Greatworth.

Adieu, my dear Sir! I return to Strawberry to-morrow, and forgive you enough not to deprive myself of the satisfaction of seeing you there whenever you have nothing else to do.

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

[21] James Gibbs, architect (1682–1754).
[22] Samuel Greathed (d. 1765), of Guy's Cliffe, near Warwick.
[23] Near Banbury.

374. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, August 16, 1753.

Don't you suspect, that I have not only forgot the pleasure I had at Greatworth and Wroxton, but the commissions you gave me too? It looks a little ungrateful not to have vented a word of thanks, but I stayed to write till I could send you the things, and when I had them, I stayed to send them by Mr. Chute, who tells you by to-night's post when he will bring them. The butter-plate is not exactly what you ordered, but I flatter myself you will like it as well. There are a few seeds; more shall follow at the end of the autumn. Besides Tom Hervey's letter, I have sent you maps of Oxfordshire and Northamptonshire, having felt the want of them when I was with you. I found the road to Stowe above twelve miles, very bad, and it took me up two hours and a half: but the formidable idea I conceived of the breakfast and way of life there by no means answered. You was a prophet; it was very agreeable.

I am ashamed to tell you that I laughed half an hour yesterday at the sudden death of your new friend Sir Harry Danvers, *after a morning's airing*, the news call it; I suspect it was after a negus.

I found my garden brown and bare, but these rains have recovered the greenth. You may get your pond ready as soon as you please, the gold-fish swarm; Mr. Bentley carried a dozen to town t'other day in a decanter. You would be entertained with our fishing; instead of nets, and rods and lines, and worms, we use nothing but a pail and a basin and a tea-strainer, which I persuade my neighbours is the Chinese method.

Adieu! my best compliments to Miss Montagu.

Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. Since writing my letter, I have received your twin dispatches. I am extremely sensible of the honour my Lord Guildford does me, and beg you to transmit my gratitude to him: if he is ever at Wroxton when I visit Greatworth, I shall certainly wait upon him, and think myself happy in seeing that charming place again. As soon as I go to town, I shall send for Moreland, and harbour your wardrobe with great pleasure. I find I must beg your pardon for laughing in the former part of my letter about your baronet's death; but his *wine and water a little warm* had left such a ridiculous impression upon me, that even his death could not efface it. Good night!

Mr. Miller told me at Stowe, that the chimney-piece (I think from Steane) was he believed at Banbury, but he did not know exactly. If it lies in your way to inquire, on so vague a direction, will you? Mr. Chute may bring me a sketch of it.

375. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Sept. 1, 1753.

Not that I should ever put myself in competition with a death, but I would flatter myself that I am going to notify two things that will neither of them be totally disagreeable to you. Poor Lord Coke is dead, and if you are at Matson [1], I propose to wait upon you there about Tuesday se'nnight the 11th. If this is at all inconvenient to you, be so good as to send me any notice of it to Sir George Lyttelton's at Hagley [2]. The death I mentioned (sorry as I really am for it) will I hope prevent your succeeding Sir William Bunbury at the press: Mr. Hervey had laid so many eggs

Letter 375.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in South Kensington Museum (Dyce and Forster Collection).

1 George Selwyn's seat, near Gloucester.

2 Near Stourbridge, in Worcestershire.

of letters to you, that I think he must have hatched some in print.

My Lady[3] is still at Tunbridge drinking the waters—merely for Mr. Townshend's sake, who would be miserable if she was out of order. Sir Charles Williams, who has been arrived some time, has not yet seen her—however, the meeting will be cordial.

I beg my compliments to King Charles the First, the Q. of Scots, the ninth of February and all friends.

Yrs. most truly,

Hor. Walpole.

376. To Richard Bentley.

My dear Sir, Arlington Street, September, 1753.

I am going to send you another volume of my travels; I don't know whether I shall not, at last, write a new *Camden's Britannia*; but lest you should be afraid of my itinerary, I will at least promise you that it shall not be quite so dry as most surveys, which contain nothing but lists of impropriations and glebes, and carucates, and transcripts out of Domesday, and tell one nothing that is entertaining, describe no houses nor parks, mention no curious pictures, but are fully satisfied if they inform you that they believe that some nameless old tomb belonged to a knight-templar, or one of the crusado, because he lies cross-legged. Another promise I will make you is, that my love of abbeys shall not make me hate the Reformation till that makes me grow a Jacobite, like the rest of my antiquarian predecessors; of whom, Dart[1] in particular wrote Billingsgate against Cromwell and the regicides; and Sir Robert Atkins[2] con-

[3] Probably Lady Townshend.

Letter 376. — [1] John Dart (d. 1730), author of histories of Canterbury Cathedral and of Westminster Abbey.

[2] He wrote the History of Gloucestershire.

cludes his summary of the Stuarts with saying, *that it is no reason, because they have been so, that this family should always continue unfortunate.*

I have made my visit at Hagley, as I intended. On my way I dined at Park Place, and lay at Oxford. As I was quite alone, I did not care to see anything; but as soon as it was dark, I ventured out, and the moon rose as I was wandering among the colleges, and gave me a charming venerable Gothic scene, which was not lessened by the monkish appearance of the old fellows stealing to their pleasures. Birmingham is large, and swarms with people and trade, but did not answer my expectation from any beauty in it: yet, new as it is, I perceived how far I was got back from the London hegira; for every ale-house is here written *mug-house*, a name one has not heard of since the riots in the late King's time.

As I got into Worcestershire, I opened upon a landscape of country which I prefer even to Kent, which I had reckoned the most beautiful county in England: but this, with all the richness of Kent, is bounded with mountains. Sir George Lyttelton's house is immeasurably bad and old: one room at the top of the house, which was reckoned a *conceit* in those days, projects a vast way into the air. There are two or three curious pictures, and some of them extremely agreeable to me for their relation to Grammont: there is *le sérieux Lyttelton*[3], but too old for the date of that book; Mademoiselle Stuart[4], Lord Brouncker[5], and Lady Southesk[6]; besides, a portrait of Lord Clifford[7] the treasurer, with his staff, but

[3] Sir Charles Lyttelton, third Baronet; d. 1716.

[4] Frances Theresa Stuart, eldest daughter of Hon. Walter Stuart, second son of first Baron Blantyre; m. (1667) Charles Stuart, third Duke of Richmond (of the third creation); d. 1702.

[5] William Brouncker (1620–1684), second Viscount Brouncker, first President of the Royal Society.

[6] Lady Anne Hamilton, eldest daughter of second Duke of Hamilton; m. (1664) Robert Carnegie, third Earl of Southesk; d. circ. 1670.

[7] Thomas Clifford (1630–1673), first Baron Clifford of Chudleigh.

drawn in armour (though no soldier) out of flattery to Charles II, as he said the most glorious part of his life was attending the King at the battle of Worcester. He might have said, that it was as *glorious* as any part of his Majesty's life. You might draw, but I can't describe, the enchanting scenes of the park: it is a hill of three miles, but broke into all manner of beauty; such lawns, such wood, rills, cascades, and a thickness of verdure quite to the summit of the hill, and commanding such a vale of towns, and meadows, and woods extending quite to the Black Mountain in Wales, that I quite forgot my favourite Thames! Indeed, I prefer nothing to Hagley but Mount Edgecumbe. There is extreme taste in the park: the seats are not the best, but there is not one absurdity. There is a ruined castle, built by Miller, that would get him his freedom even of Strawberry: it has the true rust of the Barons' Wars. Then there is a scene of a small lake, with cascades falling down such a Parnassus! with a circular temple on the distant eminence; and there is such a fairy dale, with more cascades gushing out of rocks! and there is a hermitage, so exactly like those in Sadeler's prints[8], on the brow of a shady mountain, stealing peeps into the glorious world below! and there is such a pretty well under a wood, like the Samaritan woman's in a picture of Nicolò Poussin! and there is such a wood without the park, enjoying such a prospect! and there is such a mountain on t'other side of the park commanding all prospects, that I wore out my eyes with gazing, my feet with climbing, and my tongue and my vocabulary with commending! The best notion I can give you of the satisfaction I showed, was, that Sir George proposed to carry me to dine with my Lord Foley[9]; and when I showed reluctance, he said, 'Why,

[8] Perhaps Jean Sadeler (b. 1550), who engraved a number of plates after Raphael, Titian, Correggio, &c.

[9] At Witley Court, in Worcestershire.

I thought you did not mind any strangers, if you were to see anything!' Think of my not minding strangers! I mind them so much, that I missed seeing Hartlebury Castle, and the Bishop of Worcester's[10] chapel of painted glass there, because it was his public day when I passed by his park.—Miller has built a Gothic house in the village at Hagley for a relation of Sir George: but there he is not more than Miller; in his castle he is almost Bentley. There is a genteel tomb in the church to Sir George's first wife[11], with a Cupid and a pretty urn in the Roman style.

You will be diverted with my distresses at Worcester. I set out boldly to walk down the High Street to the cathedral: I found it much more peopled than I intended, and, when I was quite embarked, discovered myself up to the ears in a contested election. A new candidate had arrived the night before, and turned all their heads. Nothing comforted me, but that the opposition is to Mr. Trevis; and I purchased my passage very willingly with crying, 'No Trevis! No Jews!' However, the inn where I lay was Jerusalem itself, the very head quarters where Trevis the Pharisee was expected; and I had scarce got into my room, before the victorious mob of his enemy, who had routed his advanced guard, broke open the gates of our inn, and almost murdered the ostler—and then carried him off to prison for being murdered.

The cathedral is pretty, and has several tombs, and clusters of light pillars of Derbyshire marble, lately cleaned. Gothicism and the restoration of that architecture, and not of the bastard breed, spreads extremely in this part of the world. Prince Arthur's tomb, from whence we took the paper for the hall and staircase, to my great surprise, is on a less scale than the paper, and is not of brass but

[10] Isaac Maddox, d. 1759.
[11] Lucy, daughter of Hugh Fortescue, of Filleigh, Devonshire.

stone, and that wretchedly whitewashed. The niches are very small, and the long slips in the middle are divided every now and then with the trefoil. There is a fine tomb [12] for Bishop Hough, in the Westminster Abbey style; but the obelisk at the back is not loaded with a globe and a human figure, like Mr. Kent's design for Sir Isaac Newton: an absurdity which nothing but himself could surpass, when he placed three busts at the foot of an altar—and, not content with that, placed them at the very angles—where they have as little to do as they have with Shakspeare.

From Worcester I went to see Malvern Abbey. It is situated halfway up an immense mountain of that name: the mountain is very long, in shape like the prints of a whale's back: towards the larger end lies the town. Nothing remains but a beautiful gateway and a church, which is very large: every window has been glutted with painted glass, of which much remains, but it did not answer: blue and red there is in abundance, and good faces; but the portraits are so high, I could not distinguish them. Besides, the woman who showed me the church would pester me with Christ and King David, when I was hunting for John of Gaunt and King Edward. The greatest curiosity, at least what I had never seen before, was, the whole floor and far up the sides of the church has been, if I may call it so, wainscoted with red and yellow tiles, extremely polished, and diversified with coats of arms, and inscriptions, and mosaic. I have since found the same at Gloucester, and have even been so fortunate as to purchase from the sexton about a dozen, which think what an acquisition for Strawberry! They are made of the natural earth of the country, which is a rich red clay that produces everything. All the lanes are full of all kind of trees, and enriched with large old apple-trees, that hang over from one hedge to another. Worcester city is large and pretty.

[12] By Roubiliac.

Gloucester city is still better situated, but worse built, and not near so large. About a mile from Worcester you break upon a sweet view of the Severn. A little farther on the banks is Mr. Lechmere's[13] house; but he has given strict charge to a troop of willows never to let him see the river: to his right hand extends the fairest meadow covered with cattle that ever you saw: at the end of it is the town of Upton, with a church half ruined, and a bridge of six arches, which I believe, with little trouble, he might see from his garden.

The vale increases in riches to Gloucester. I stayed two days at George Selwyn's house, called Matson, which lies on Robin Hood's Hill: it is lofty enough for an Alp, yet is a mountain of turf to the very top, has wood scattered all over it, springs that long to be cascades in twenty places of it; and from the summit it beats even Sir George Lyttelton's views, by having the city of Gloucester at its foot, and the Severn widening to the horizon. His house is small, but neat. King Charles lay here at the siege; and the Duke of York, with typical fury, hacked and hewed the window-shutters of his chamber, as a memorandum of his being there. Here is a good picture of Dudley Earl of Leicester in his later age, which he gave to Sir Francis Walsingham, at whose house in Kent it remained till removed hither; and what makes it very curious, is his age marked on it, fifty-four in 1572[14]. I had never been able to discover before in what year he was born. And here is the very flower-pot and counterfeit association, for which Bishop Sprat was taken up[15], and the Duke of Marlborough sent to the Tower. The reservoirs on the hill supply the city. The late Mr. Selwyn governed the borough by them—and

[13] The Rhydd, about six miles from Worcester.

[14] The year of his birth would therefore be 1518; it is elsewhere stated to have been 1532 or 1533.

[15] See note on letter to Bentley, Aug. 5, 1752.

I believe by some wine too. The Bishop's house is pretty, and restored to the Gothic by the last Bishop[16]. Price has painted a large chapel window[17] for him, which is scarce inferior for colours, and is a much better picture than any of the old glass. The eating-room is handsome. As I am a Protestant Goth, I was glad to worship Bishop Hooper's room, from whence he was led to the stake: but I could almost have been a Hun, and set fire to the front of the house, which is a small pert portico, like the conveniences at the end of a London garden. The outside of the cathedral is beautifully light; the pillars in the nave outrageously plump and heavy. There is a tomb of one Abraham Blackleach, a great curiosity; for, though the figures of him and his wife are cumbent, they are very graceful, designed by Vandyck, and well executed. Kent designed the screen; but knew no more there than he did anywhere else how to enter into the true Gothic taste. Sir Christopher Wren, who built the tower of the great gateway at Christ Church, has catched the graces of it as happily as you could do: there is particularly a niche between two compartments of a window, that is a masterpiece.

But here is a *modernity*, which beats all antiquities for curiosity: just by the high altar is a small pew hung with green damask, with curtains of the same; a small corner cupboard, painted, carved, and gilt, for books in one corner, and two troughs of a bird-cage, with seeds and water. If any mayoress on earth was small enough to enclose herself in this tabernacle, or abstemious enough to feed on rape and canary, I should have sworn that it was the shrine of the queen of the aldermen. It belongs to a Mrs. Cotton, who, having lost a favourite daughter, is convinced her soul is transmigrated into a robin-redbreast; for which

[16] Martin Benson (d. 1752).
[17] The Resurrection, by William Price the younger (d. 1765).

reason she passes her life in making an aviary of the cathedral of Gloucester. The chapter indulge this whim, as she contributes abundantly to glaze, whitewash, and ornament the church.

King Edward the Second's tomb is very light and in good repair. The old wooden figure of Robert, the Conqueror's unfortunate eldest son, is extremely genteel, and, though it may not be so ancient as his death, is in a taste very superior to anything of much later ages. Our Lady's Chapel has a bold kind of portal, and several ceilings of chapels, and tribunes in a beautiful taste: but of all delight, is what they call the abbot's cloister. It is the very thing that you would build, when you had extracted all the quintessence of trefoils, arches, and lightness. In the church is a star-window of eight points, that is prettier than our rose-windows.

A little way from the town are the ruins of Lantony Priory: there remains a pretty old gateway, which G. Selwyn has begged, to erect on the top of his mountain, and it will have a charming effect.

At Burford I saw the house of Mr. Lenthal[18], the descendant of the Speaker. The front is good; and a chapel connected by two or three arches, which let the garden appear through, has a pretty effect; but the inside of the mansion is bad and ill-furnished. Except a famous picture of Sir Thomas More's family, the portraits are rubbish, though celebrated. I am told that the Speaker, who really had a fine collection, made his peace by presenting them to Cornbury, where they were well known, till the Duke of Marlborough bought that seat.

I can't go and describe so known a place as Oxford, which I saw pretty well on my return. The whole air of the town charms me; and what remains of the true Gothic

[18] Burford Priory.

un-Gibbs'd[19], and the profusion of painted glass, were entertainment enough to me. In the Picture Gallery are quantities of portraits; but in general they are not only not so much as copies, but *proxies*—so totally unlike they are to the persons they pretend to represent. All I will tell you more of Oxford is, that Fashion has so far prevailed over her collegiate sister, Custom, that they have altered the hour of dinner from twelve to one. Does not it put one in mind of reformations in religion? One don't abolish Mahommedism; one only brings it back to where the impostor himself left it.—I think it is at the South Sea House, where they have been forced to alter the hours of payment, instead of from ten to twelve, to from twelve to two; so much do even moneyed citizens sail with the current of idleness!

Was not I talking of religious sects? Methodism is quite decayed in Oxford, its cradle. In its stead, there prevails a delightful fantastic system, called the sect of the Hutchinsonians[20], of whom one seldom hears anything in town. After much inquiry, all I can discover is, that their religion consists in driving Hebrew to its fountain head, till they find some word or other in every text of the Old Testament, which may seem figurative of something in the New, or at least of something that may happen God knows when, in consequence of the New. As their doctrine is novel, and requires much study, or at least much invention, one should think that they could not have settled half the canon of what they are to believe—and yet they go on zealously, trying to make and succeeding in making converts.—I could not help smiling at the thoughts of *etymological*

[19] Mr. Walpole means unaltered by the architect Gibbs. *Walpole.*

[20] Followers of John Hutchinson (1674–1737). 'Hutchinson found a number of symbolical meanings in the Bible and in nature. . . . He maintained that Hebrew, when read without points, would confirm his teaching.' (*D.N.B.*)

salvation; and I am sure you will smile when I tell you, that according to their gravest doctors, 'Soap is an excellent type of Jesus Christ, and the York Buildings waterworks[21] of the Trinity.' I don't know whether this is not as entertaining as the passion of the Moravians for the 'little side-hole'! Adieu, my dear sir!

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

377. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 6, 1753.

I FEAR the letter of July 21st, which you tell me you have received, was the last I wrote. I will make no more excuses for my silence; I think they take up half my letters. The time of year must be full excuse; and this autumn is so dead a time, that people even don't die.

You have puzzled me extremely by a paragraph in yours about one Wilton[1], a sculptor, who, you say, is mentioned with encomiums in one of the *Worlds*[2]: I recollected no such thing. The first parcel your brother sends you shall convey the other numbers of that paper, and I will mark all the names I know of the authors: there are several, and of our first writers[3]; but in general you will not find that the paper answers the idea you have entertained of it.

I grieve for my Florentine friends and for the doubling of their yoke: the Count has shown great art—if he had been able to exert half as much prowess, I believe Mrs. Shirley would never have left him. You will not find

[21] These waterworks were established in 1676 on the site of old York House, at the foot of Buckingham Street, Strand.

LETTER 377.—[1] Joseph Wilton (1722–1803).

[2] Mr. Mann mistook; I think it was in a paper called *The Adventurer*. *Walpole*.—Doran (*Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 350) states that the paper in question was *The Inspector*.

[3] Lord Chesterfield, Lord Bath, Mr. W. Whithed, Sir Charles Williams, Mr. Soame Jennings, Mr. Cambridge, Mr. Coventry, &c. *Walpole*.

her second husband quite so great a genius: he kept back one of the Duke of Bedford's plays (in which he was to act some years ago) for three weeks, because he could not get by heart seventeen and half lines.

I am totally ignorant, not to say indifferent, about the Modenese treaty[4]; indeed, I have none of that spirit which was formerly so much objected to some of my family, the love of negotiations during a settled peace. Treaties within treaties are very dull businesses: contracts of marriage between baby-princes and miss-princesses give me no curiosity. If I had not seen it in the papers, I should never have known that Master Tommy the Archduke was playing at marrying Miss Modena. I am as sick of the *hide-and-seek* at which all Europe has been playing about a King of the Romans[5]! Forgive me, my dear child, you who are a minister, for holding your important affairs so cheap. I amuse myself with Gothic and painted glass, and am as grave about my own trifles as I could be at Ratisbon. I shall tell you one or two events within my own very small sphere, and you must call them a letter. I believe I mentioned having made a kind of *armoury*: my upper servant, who is full as dull as his predecessor, whom you knew, Tom Barney, has had his head so filled with *arms*, that the other day, when a man brought home an old chimney-back, which I had bought for having belonged to Harry VII, he came running in, and said, 'Sir, Sir! here is a man has brought some more *armour*!'

Last week, when I was in town, I went to pay a bill to the glazier who fixed up the painted glass: I said,

[4] It was between the Empress-Queen and the Duke of Modena, for settling the Duchy of Milan on one of the little Archdukes, on his marrying the Duke's grand-daughter, and in the meantime the Duke was made Administrator of Milan. *Walpole.*

[5] Negotiations were now in progress with a view to the election of the Archduke Joseph as King of the Romans. It proved impossible to secure sufficient votes to carry the election.

'Mr. Palmer, you charge me seven shillings a day for your man's work: I know you give him but two shillings; and I am told that it is impossible for him to earn seven shillings a day.'—'Why no, Sir,' replied he, 'it is not that; but one must pay house-rent, and one must eat, and one must wear.' I looked at him, and he had on a blue silk waistcoat with an extremely broad gold lace. I could not help smiling. I turned round, and saw his own portrait, and his wife's, and his son's. 'And I see,' said I, 'one *must* sit for one's picture: I am very sorry that I am to contribute for all you *must* do!' Adieu! I gave you warning that I had nothing to say.

378. To Robert Dodsley.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 4, 1753.

I am sorry you think it any trouble to me to peruse your poem[1] again; I always read it with pleasure. One or two little passages I have taken the liberty to mark and to offer you alterations; page 79 I would read *thrust to thrust*; I believe *push* is scarce a substantive of any authority. Line 449, and line 452, should I think be corrected, as ending with prepositions, disjoined from the cases they govern. I don't know whether you will think my emendations for the better. I beg in no wise that you will adopt any of them out of complaisance; I only suggest them to you at your desire, and am far from insisting on them. I most heartily wish you the success you so well deserve, and am

Your very humble servant,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S.—I shall beg you to send me a piece I see advertised, called, 'A True Account of Andrew Frey[2],' &c.

Letter 378.—[1] *Public Virtue*, of which only one book appeared. [2] Andrew Frey published in 1753 his *Reasons for Leaving the Moravian*

379. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 6, 1753.

In a very long, and consequently a very agreeable letter, which I received from you yesterday, you set me an example which I despair of following, keeping up a correspondence with spirit when the world furnishes no events. I should not say *no events*, for France is big with matter, but to talk of the parliamentary wars of another country would be only transcribing gazettes: and as to Prince Heraclius[1], the other phenomenon of the age, it is difficult to say much about a person of whom one knows nothing at all. The only scene that promises to interest one lies in Ireland, from whence we are told that the Speaker's[2] party has carried a question[3] against the Lord Lieutenant's[4]; but no particulars are yet arrived. Foundations have formerly been laid in Ireland of troubles that have spread hither: I have read somewhere this old saw,

> 'He that would England win,
> Must with Ireland first begin[5].'

The only novelty I know, and which is quite private history, is, that there is a man[6] in the world, who has so much obligingness and attention in his friendships, that in the middle of public business, and teased to death with all kind

Brethren—probably the book referred to by Horace Walpole. It is mentioned by Wesley in his *Journal*.

Letter 379.—[1] One of the pretenders to the throne of Persia, who gained many victories about this time. *Walpole.*—Heraclius or Irakli II; he made himself King of Georgia, and died in 1798.

[2] Hon. Henry Boyle, afterwards Earl of Shannon.

[3] As to the abuse of office by one Neville Jones.

[4] The Duke of Dorset.

[5] 'If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin.
King Henry V, i. 2.

[6] When Mr. W. was at Florence he saw a fine picture by Vasari of the Great Duchess Bianca Capello, in the palace of the Marchese Vitelli, whose family falling to decay, and their effects being sold twelve years afterwards, Mr. Mann recollected Mr. Walpole's having admired that picture, bought and sent it to him. *Walpole.*

of commissions, and overrun with cubs and *cubaccionis* of every kind, he can for twelve years together remember any single picture, or bust, or morsel of *virtù*, that a friend of his ever liked; and what is forty times more extraordinary than this circumstantial kindness, he remembers it just at the time when others, who might be afflicted with as good a memory, would take pains to forget it, that is, when it is to be obtained:—exactly then this person goes and purchases the thing in question, whips it on board a ship, and sends it to his friend, in the manner in the world to make it most agreeable, except that he makes it impossible to thank him, because you must allow that one ought to be possessed of the same manner of obliging, before one is worthy of thanking such a person. I don't know whether you will think this person so extraordinary as I do; but I have one favour to beg; if you should ever hear his name, which, for certain reasons, I can't tell you, let me entreat you never to disclose it, for the world in general is so much the reverse of him, that they would do nothing but commend to him everything they saw, in order to employ his memory and generosity. For this reason you will allow that the prettiest action that ever was *committed*, ought not to be published to all the world.

You, who love your friends, will not be sorry to hear a little circumstance, that concerns, in a tolerable manner, at least two of them. The last of my mother's surviving brothers[7] is dead, and dead without a will, and dead rich. Mr. Conway and I shall share about six thousand pounds apiece in common with his brother and sister and my brother. I only tell you this for a momentary pleasure, for *you* are not a sort of person to remember

[7] Erasmus Shorter, brother of Catherine, Lady Walpole, and of Charlotte, Lady Conway, whose surviving children, Edward and Horace Walpoles, Francis, Earl of Hertford, Henry and Anne Conways, became his heirs. *Walpole.*

anything relative to your friends beyond the present instant!

After writing me two sheets of paper, not to mention the episode of Bianca Capello[8], I know not how to have the confidence to put an end to my letter already; and yet I must, and you will admit the excuse: I have but just time to send my brother an account of his succession: you, who think largely enough to forgive any man's deferring such notice to you, would be the last man to defer giving it to anybody else; and therefore, to spare you any more of the compliments and thanks, which surely I owe you, you shall let me go make my brother happy. Adieu!

380. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Dec. 6, 1753.

I have at last found a moment to answer your letter; a possession of which, I think, I have not been master these ten days. You must know that I have an uncle dead; a sort of event that could not possibly have been disagreeable to me, let his name have been what it would; and to make it still less unpleasant, here am I one of the heirs-at-law to a man worth thirty thousand pound. One of the heirs, you must construe, one of five—in short, my uncle Erasmus is dead, and I think at last we may depend on his having made no will. If a will should appear, we are but where we were; if it does not, it is not uncomfortable to have a little sum of money drop out of the clouds, to which one has as much right as anybody, for which one has no obligation, and paid no flattery. This death and the circumstances have made extreme noise, but they are of an extent impossible to tell you within the compass of any

[8] A Venetian, who was first the mistress, and subsequently the wife, of the Grand-Duke Francis I of Tuscany. She died in 1587.

letter, and I will not raise your curiosity, when I cannot satisfy it but by a narration which I must reserve till I see you. The only event I know besides within this atmosphere, is the death of Lord Burlington[1], who, I have just heard, has left everything in his power to his relict. I tell you nothing of Jew bills[2] and Jew motions, for I dare to say you have long been as weary of the words as I am. The only point that keeps up any attention, is expectation of a mail from Ireland, from whence we have heard, by a side wind, that the court have lost a question by six; you may imagine one wants to know more of this.

The Opera is indifferent; the first man has a finer voice than Monticelli, but knows not what to [do] with it. Ancient Visconti does so much with hers that it is intolerable. There is a new play of Glover's[3], in which Boadicea the heroine rants as much as Visconti screams; but happily you hear no more of her after the end of the third act, till in the last scene somebody brings a card with her compliments, and she is very sorry she can't wait upon you, but she is dead. Then there is a scene between *Lord Sussex* and *Lord Cathcart*[4], two captives, which is most incredibly absurd: but yet the parts are so well acted, the dresses so fine, and two or three scenes pleasing enough, that it is worth seeing.

There are new young lords, fresh and fresh: two of them are much in vogue: Lord Huntingdon[5] and Lord Stormont.

LETTER 380. — [1] Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington, the amateur architect.

[2] A bill to allow Jews to be naturalized by Act of Parliament; it passed, but excited such violent opposition among the people, that it was repealed in the next session.

[3] *Boadicea*, produced at Drury Lane; it ran nine nights.

[4] Charles Schaw Cathcart (1721–1776), ninth Baron Cathcart; Lieutenant-General in the Army; Ambassador at St. Petersburg, 1768–71; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1771. Lords Sussex and Cathcart were hostages in France for the performance of the treaty of 1748.

[5] Francis Hastings (1729–1789), tenth Earl of Huntingdon; Master of the Horse to George III (as Prince of Wales), 1756–60, (as King), 1760–61; Groom of the Stole, 1761–70

I supped with them t'other night at Lady Caroline Petersham's; the latter is most cried up; but he is more reserved, seems sly and to have sense, but I should not think extreme: yet it is not fair to judge on a silenter man at first. The other is very lively and very agreeable. This is the state of the town you inquire after, and which you do inquire after, as one does after Mr. Somebody that one used to see at Mr. Such-an-one's formerly: do you never intend to know more of us! or do you intend to leave me to wither upon the hands of the town, like Charles Stanhope and Mrs. Dunch? My cotemporaries seem to be all retiring to their proprieties—if I must too, positively I will go no farther than Strawberry Hill!—You are very good to lament *our* gold-fish: their whole history consists in their being stolen *à deux reprises*, the very week after I came to town.

Mr. B.[6] is where he was, and well, and now and then makes me as happy as I can be, having lost him, with a charming drawing. We don't talk of his abode, for the Hecate his wife endeavours to discover it.

Adieu! my best compliments to Miss Montagu; I am

Most truly yours,

H. W.

381. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Dec. 19, 1753.

I little thought when I parted with you, my dear Sir, that your absence could indemnify me so well for itself: I still less expected that I should find you improving daily: but your letters grow more and more entertaining, your drawings more and more picturesque; you write with more wit, and paint with more *melancholy*, than ever anybody did: your woody mountains hang down *somewhat so poetical*, as

[6] Bentley, whose debts had forced him to retire to Jersey.

Mr. Ashe[1] said, that your own poet Gray will scarce keep tune with you. All this refers to your cascade scene and your letter. For the library, it cannot have the Strawberry imprimatur: the double arches and double pinnacles are most ungraceful; and the doors below the book-cases in Mr. Chute's design had a conventual look, which yours totally wants. For this time, we shall put your genius in commission, and, like some other regents, execute our own plan without minding our sovereign. For the chimney, I do not wonder you missed our instructions: we could not contrive to understand them ourselves; and therefore, determining nothing but to have the old picture stuck in a thicket of pinnacles, we left it to you to find out *the how*. I believe it will be a little difficult; but as I suppose *facere quia impossibile est* is full as easy as *credere*, why—you must do it.

The present journal of the world and of me stands thus: King George II does not go abroad.—Some folks fear nephews, as much as others hate uncles[2]. The Castle of Dublin has carried the Armagh election by one vote only—which is thought equivalent to losing it by twenty. Mr. Pelham has been very ill, I thought of St. Patrick's fire[3], but it proved St. Antony's. Our House of Commons, mere poachers, are piddling with the torture of Leheup[4], who extracted so much money out of the lottery.

The robber of Po Yang[5] is discovered, and I hope will be

Letter 381.—[1] A nurseryman at Twickenham. He had served Pope. Mr. Walpole telling him he would have his trees planted irregularly, he said, 'Yes, Sir, I understand: you would have them hang down somewhat poetical.' *Walpole.*

[2] Meaning that George II feared his nephew, the King of Prussia, as much as Horace Walpole detested his uncle, Horatio Walpole.

[3] Alluding to the disturbances and opposition to government which took place in Ireland during the viceroyalty of Lionel, Duke of Dorset. *Walpole.*

[4] According to Wright, Leheup was prosecuted by the Attorney-General for fraud in connexion with the lottery for the purchase of the Harleian and Sloane collections, and was fined one thousand pounds.

[5] Mr. Walpole had given this Chinese name to a pond of gold-fish at Strawberry Hill. *Walpole.*

put to death, without my pity interfering, as it has done for Mr. Shorter's servant[6], or Lady Caroline Petersham's, as it did for Maclean[7]. In short, it was a heron. I like this better than thieves, as I believe the gang will be more easily destroyed, though not mentioned in the King's Speech or Fielding's treatises[8].

Lord Clarendon[9], Lord Thanet[10], and Lord Burlington are dead. The second sent for his tailor, and asked him if he could make him a suit of mourning in eight hours: if he could, he would go into mourning for his brother Burlington[11]—but that he did not expect to live twelve hours himself.

There are two more volumes come out of *Sir Charles Grandison*. I shall detain them till the last is published, and not think I postpone much of your pleasure. For my part, I stopped at the fourth; I was so tired of sets of people getting together, and saying, 'Pray, Miss, with whom are you in love?' and of mighty good young men that convert your Mr. M——'s in the twinkling of a sermon!—You have not been much more diverted, I fear, with Hogarth's book[12]—'tis very silly!—Palmyra[13] is come forth, and is a noble book; the prints finely engraved, and an admirable dissertation before it. My wonder is much abated: the Palmyrene empire which I had figured, shrunk to a small trading city with some magnificent public buildings out of proportion to the dignity of the place.

The operas succeed pretty well; and music has so much recovered its power of charming, that there is started up

[6] Miss Berry states that Mr. Shorter's Swiss servant was suspected of hastening his death.

[7] A celebrated highwayman. *Walpole.*

[8] *An Enquiry into the Causes of the late Increase of Robbers*, &c. (1751).

[9] Henry Hyde, fourth Earl of Clarendon.

[10] Sackville Tufton, seventh Earl of Thanet.

[11] The Countesses of Burlington and Thanet were sisters. *Walpole.*

[12] *The Analysis of Beauty. Walpole.*

[13] *The Ruins of Palmyra*, by Robert Wood.

a burletta at Covent Garden, that has half the vogue of the old *Beggar's Opera*: indeed there is a soubrette, called the Niccolina, who, besides being pretty, has more vivacity and variety of humour than ever existed in any creature.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

382. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1754.

Her Serene Highness, the Great Duchess Bianca Capello, is arrived safe at a palace lately taken for her in Arlington Street. She has been much visited by the quality and gentry, and pleases universally by the graces of her person and comeliness of her deportment—my dear child, this is the least that the newspapers would say of the charming Bianca. I, who feel all the agreeableness of your manner, must say a great deal more, or should say a great deal more, but I can only commend the picture enough, not you. The head is painted equal to Titian; and though done, I suppose, after the clock had struck five-and-thirty, yet she retains a great share of beauty. I have bespoken a frame for her, with the grand-ducal coronet at top, her story on a label at bottom, which Gray is to compose in Latin, as short and expressive as Tacitus (one is lucky when one can bespeak and have executed such an inscription !), the Medici arms on one side, and the Capello's on the other. I must tell you a critical discovery of mine apropos: in an old book of Venetian arms, there are two coats of Capello, who from their *name* bear a *hat*; on one of them is added a *fleur-de-lis* on a blue ball, which I am persuaded was given to the family by the Great Duke, in consideration of this alliance; the Medicis, you know, bore such a badge at the top of their own arms. This discovery I made by a talisman, which

Mr. Chute calls the *Sortes Walpolianae*, by which I find everything I want, *à pointe nommée*, wherever I dip for it. This discovery, indeed, is almost of that kind which I call *Serendipity*, a very expressive word, which, as I have nothing better to tell you, I shall endeavour to explain to you: you will understand it better by the derivation than by the definition. I once read a silly fairy tale, called *The Three Princes of Serendip*: as their Highnesses travelled, they were always making discoveries, by accidents and sagacity, of things which they were not in quest of: for instance, one of them discovered that a mule blind of the right eye had travelled the same road lately, because the grass was eaten only on the left side, where it was worse than on the right—now do you understand *Serendipity*? One of the most remarkable instances of this *accidental sagacity* (for you must observe that *no* discovery of a thing you *are* looking for comes under this description), was of my Lord Shaftesbury, who, happening to dine at Lord Chancellor Clarendon's, found out the marriage of the Duke of York and Mrs. Hyde, by the respect with which her mother treated her at table. I will send you the inscription in my next letter; you see I endeavour to grace your present as it deserves.

Your brother would have me say something of my opinion about your idea of taking the name of *Guise*[1]; but he has written so fully that I can only assure you in addition, that I am stronger even than he is against it, and cannot allow of your reasoning on families; because, however families may be prejudiced about them, and however foreigners (I mean, *great foreigners*) here may have those prejudices too, yet they never operate here, where there is any one reason to counterbalance them. A minister who has the least disposition to promote a creature of his, and to set aside a Talbot or a Nevil, will at one breath puff away a genealogy that would reach

LETTER 382.—[1] Mr. Mann's mother was an heiress of that house. *Walpole.*

from hence to Herenhausen. I know a *great foreigner* who always says that my Lord Denbigh is the best gentleman in England, because he is descended from the old Counts of Hapsburg; and yet my Lord Denbigh (and though he is descended from what one should think of much more consequence here, the old Counts of Denbigh) has for many years wanted a place or a pension, as much as if he were only what I think the first Count of Hapsburg was, the Emperor's butler. Your instance of the Venetians refusing to receive Valenti can have no weight: Venice might bully a Duke of Mantua, but what would all her heralds signify against a British envoy? In short, what weight do you think family has here, when the very last minister whom we have dispatched is Sir James Gray [2],—nay, and who has already been in a public character at Venice! His father was first a box-keeper, and then footman to James the Second; and this is the man exchanged against the Prince de San Severino! One of my father's maxims was *quieta non movere*; and he was a wise man in that his day. My dear child, if you will suffer me to conclude with a pun, content yourself with your *Manhood* and Tuscany: it would be thought injustice to remove you from thence for anybody else: when once you shift about, you lose the benefit of prescription, and subject yourself to a thousand accidents. I speak very seriously; I know the *carte du pays*.

We have no news: the flames in Ireland are stifled, I don't say extinguished, by adjourning the Parliament, which is to be prorogued. A catalogue of dismissions was sent over thither, but the Lord Lieutenant durst not venture to put them in execution. We are sending a strong squadron to the East Indies, which may possibly bring back a war with France, especially as we are going to ask money of our

[2] Envoy to Naples. *Walpole.*

Parliament for the equipment. We abound in diversions, which flourish exceedingly on the demise of politics. There are no less than five operas every week, three of which are burlettas; a very bad company, except the Niccolina, who beats all the actors and actresses I ever saw for vivacity and variety. We had a good set four years ago, which did not take at all; but these being at the playhouse, and at play prices, the people, instead of resenting it, as was expected, are transported with them, call them their own operas, and I will not swear that they do not take them for English operas. They huzzaed the King twice the other night, for bespeaking one on the night of the Haymarket opera.

I am glad you are aware of Miss Pitt: pray continue your awaredom: I assure you, before she set out for Italy, she was qualified to go any Italian length of passion. Her very first slip was with her eldest brother; and it is not her fault that she has not made still blacker trips. Never mention this, and forget it as soon as she is gone from Florence. Adieu!

383. To Miss Anne Pitt.

Arlington Street, Feb. 10, 1754.

It was to avoid giving you the trouble of two letters, that I deferred telling you how much I think myself honoured by yours, till I could at the same time tell you that Monsieur de Gisors[1] was arrived, and that I had already endeavoured to execute your commands, by waiting on him to every place where I could hope he would be the least amused. The winds and bad weather kept him back above a fortnight longer than I expected, which I fear will have made me

Letter 383. — Not in C.; now printed from 13th Report of Hist. MSS. Comm., App. Pt. II. pp. 138–9.

[1] Louis Marie Fouquet (1732–1758), Comte de Belleisle, Duc de Gisors, only son of the Maréchal de Belleisle. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Crefeld (June 23, 1758).

appear a little negligent, when I was most desirous of expressing my gratitude to you. I have even more obligation to you, than for selecting me to return civilities shown to you in France, a point however in which I shall pique myself on the greatest exactness: but the agreeable manner, the good sense and good breeding of Monsieur de Gisors make his acquaintance, on his own account, most desirable: if you had sent me a Hottentot, and said you was obliged to his family, I should have used the same endeavours to please him, but you must own it is pleasant to try to please a man, who has every other reason too to deserve being pleased. He seems extremely disposed to like, though so good a judge of what merits being liked; I flatter myself that this turn will incline him to accept my disposition to please him, whether I really succeed in it or not. There are two other gentlemen with him, sensible, reasonable men as ever I saw; my only fear is, that there being three will prevent Monsieur de Gisors from some, I can't say pleasure, but ways of passing his time, which had he been alone, would have been easier to procure him, as you are sensible, Madam, that the difficulties which people make in England of inviting to dinner and supper, will be increased as he has two others with him. It shall not be my fault, if his stay here is not as agreeable to him, as a man of so little consequence and with no family can make it to him; and if I execute this commission, Madam, tolerably to your satisfaction, may not I hope you will employ me in anything else that can mark my regard for you?

I have almost scribbled two pages without telling you how concerned I am to hear no better an account of your health; I would hope, Madam, that the extreme bad season is the only cause that retards your amendment; I should wish, what I certainly should for no other reason wish, that you were to remove still farther from England, and try the

most southern provinces. I am no physician, but my insignificant person suffers so much from this sharp weather, that I can't help fancying that whoever is the least thin wants nothing but the sun to be prodigiously robust. Your partiality for the same person will make you suffer me to tell you how excessively I feel myself obliged, and happy to be so obliged, to my Lady Cardigan for telling you, without my having thought of asking it, how much and constantly I have inquired after you. Her ways of obliging are as new and unprompted as they are constant: some people would be extremely satisfied with themselves for doing a good-natured thing when asked; my Lady Cardigan extends her sensibility to the communicating the esteem of two people for each other; I speak very feelingly, for I own I was struck with so unexpected an obligation: my inquiries had been quite disinterested, and the mere result of my anxiety for your health.

As much as I have said of nothing, I can't repent it, as it leaves me so little room to say anything more; for what could I say? You are not a sort of person, Madam, to inform of rounds of assemblies, of empty operas, or even of elections contested with no views. The House of Commons is become a mere quarter sessions, where nothing is transacted but turnpikes and poor rates. If it were not for some little storms that now and then blow over from Ireland, one should scarce distinguish London from York or Bristol. With regard to that kingdom, the present policy is a little unlike what you have known of late years. We talk big and act quick—nay, what you never knew, a majority has been turned out. The Irish Parliament is prorogued; some of the chiefs disgraced, and the poor Duke of Dorset, I believe, very impatient to escape hither. Were a new choice to be immediately made perhaps it would be difficult—a year and a half may produce strange changes.

All the spirit or wit or poetry on which we subsist comes from Dublin; and unfortunately, as we do not live in the same latitude of party, I cannot say that any of it is very vivifying. You will forgive, Madam, my taking up so much of your time; I ought rather to trust to what reports Monsieur de Gisors will make of me; if he does not bear good testimony, what can I hope from my own deposition?

384. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, March 2, 1754.

After calling two or three times without finding him, I wrote yesterday to Lord Granville[1], and received a most gracious answer, but desiring to see me. I went. He repeated all your history with him, and mentioned your vivacity at parting; however, consented to give you the apartment, with great good humour, and said he would write to his bailiff; and added, laughing, that he had an old cross housekeeper, who had regularly quarrelled with all his grantees. It is well that some of your desires, though unfortunately the most trifling, depend on me alone, as those at least are sure of being executed. By Tuesday's coach there will go to Southampton two orange-trees, two Arabian jasmines, some tuberose roots, and plenty of cypress seeds, which last I send you in lieu of the olive-trees, none of which are yet come over.

The weather grows fine, and I have resumed little flights to Strawberry. I carried George Montagu thither, who was in raptures, and screamed, and whooped, and hollaed, and danced, and crossed himself a thousand times over. He returns to-morrow to Greatworth, and I fear will give himself up entirely to country 'squirehood. But what will

Letter 384.—[1] John, Earl Granville, then Secretary of State, had an estate in Jersey. *Walpole.*

you say to greater honour which Strawberry has received? Nolkejumskoi[2] has been to see it, and liked the windows and staircase. I can't conceive how he entered it. I should have figured him like Gulliver cutting down some of the largest oaks in Windsor Forest to make joint-stools, in order to straddle over the battlements and peep in at the windows of Lilliput. I can't deny myself this reflection (even though he liked Strawberry), as he has not employed you as an architect.

Still there is little news. To-day it is said that Lord George Sackville is summoned in haste from Ireland, where the grand juries are going to petition for the resitting of the Parliament. Hitherto they have done nothing but invent satirical healths, which I believe gratify a taste more peculiar to Ireland than politics, drinking. We have had one considerable day in the House of Commons here. Lord Egmont, in a very long and fine speech, opposed a new Mutiny Bill for the troops going to the East Indies[3] (which I believe occasioned the reports with you of an approaching war). Mr. Conway got infinite reputation by a most charming speech in answer to him, in which he displayed a system of military learning which was at once new, striking, and entertaining. I had carried Monsieur de Gisors thither, who began to take notes of all I explained to him: but I begged he would not; for, the question regarding French politics, I concluded the Speaker would never have done storming at the Gaul's collecting intelligence in the very senate-house. Lord Holdernesse made a magnificent ball for these foreigners last week: there were a hundred and forty people, and most stayed supper. Two of my Frenchmen learnt country-dances, and succeeded very well. T'other

[2] Cant name for William, Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

[3] 'A bill for subjecting to military law the troops going to the East Indies . . . it passed on a division of 245 to 50.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. i. p. 321.)

night they danced minuets for the entertainment of the King at the masquerade; and then he sent for Lady Coventry to dance: it was quite like Herodias—and I believe if he had offered her a boon, she would have chosen the head of *St. John.*—I believe I told you of her passion for the young Lord Bolingbroke[4].

Dr. Mead is dead, and his collection going to be sold. I fear I have not virtue enough to resist his miniatures. I shall be ruined!

I shall tell you a new instance of the *Sortes Walpolianae*: I lately bought an old volume of pamphlets; I found at the end a history of the Dukes of Lorrain, and with that an account of a series of their medals, of which, says the author, there are but two sets in England. It so happens that I bought a set above ten years ago at Lord Oxford's sale; and on examination I found the Duchess, wife of Duke Réné[5], has a head-dress, allowing for being modernized, as the medals are modern, which is evidently the same with that figure in my Marriage of Henry VI which I had imagined was of her. It is said to be taken from her tomb at Angiers; and that I might not decide too quickly *en connoisseur*, I have sent to Angiers for a draught of the tomb.

Poor Mr. Chute was here yesterday, the first going out after a confinement of thirteen weeks; but he is pretty well. We have determined upon the plan for the library, which we find will fall in exactly with the proportions of the room, with no variations from the little door-case of St. Paul's, but widening the larger arches. I believe I shall beg your assistance again about the chimney-piece and

[4] Frederick St. John (1734–1787), second Viscount Bolingbroke; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1762–65, 1768–80.

[5] Isabelle, Duchess of Lorraine (d. 1453), daughter and successor of Charles I (le Hardi), Duke of Lorraine; m. (1420) Réné I, Count of Anjou (afterwards Duke of Lorraine).

ceiling; but I can decide nothing till I have been again at Strawberry. Adieu! my dear Sir,

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

385. To RICHARD BENTLEY.

MY DEAR SIR, Arlington Street, March 6, 1754.

You will be surprised at my writing again so very soon; but unpleasant as it is to be the bearer of ill news[1], I flattered myself that you would endure it better from me, than to be shocked with it from an indifferent hand, who would not have the same management for your tenderness and delicacy as I naturally shall, who always feel for you, and on this occasion with you! You are very unfortunate: you have not many real friends, and you lose—for I must tell it you—the chief of them! indeed, the only one who could have been of real use to you—for what can *I* do, but wish, and attempt, and miscarry?—or from whom could I have hoped assistance for you, or warmth for myself and my friends, but from the friend I have this morning lost?—But it is too selfish to be talking of our losses, when Britain, Europe, the world, the King, Jack Roberts[2], Lord Barnard[3], have lost their guardian angel.—What are private misfortunes to the affliction of one's country? or how inglorious is an Englishman to bewail himself, when a true patriot should be acting for the good of mankind!—Indeed, if it is possible to feel any comfort, it is from seeing how many true Englishmen, how many *true Scotchmen*, are zealous to replace the loss, and snatch at the rudder of the state, amidst

LETTER 385.—[1] This is an ironic letter on the death of Henry Pelham, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, with whom Mr. Walpole was on ill terms. *Walpole.*

[2] John Roberts, Esq., Secretary to Mr. Pelham. *Walpole.*

[3] Henry Vane, afterwards Earl of Darlington. *Walpole.*

this storm and danger! Oh! my friend, how will your heart glow with melancholy admiration, when I tell you, that even the poor Duke of Newcastle himself conquers the torrent of his grief, and has promised Mrs. Betty Spence[4], and Mr. Graham the apothecary, that, rather than abandon England to its evil genius, he will even submit to be Lord Treasurer himself! My Lord Chancellor, too, is said to be willing to devote himself in the same manner for the good of his country. Lord Hartington[5] is the most inconsolable of all; and when Mrs. Molly Bodens[6] and Mrs. Garrick were entreated by some of the cabinet council to ask him whom he wished to have minister, the only answer they could draw from him was, *A Whig! a Whig!* As for Lord B. I may truly say, he is humbled and licks the dust; for his tongue, which never used to hang below the waistband of his breeches, is now dropped down to his shoe-buckles; and had not Mr. Stone assured him, that if the worst came to the worst, they could but make their fortunes under another family, I don't know whether he would not have despaired of the commonwealth. But though I sincerely pity so good a citizen, I cannot help feeling most for poor Lord Holdernesse[7], who sees a scheme of glory dashed which would have added new lustre to the British annals, and have transmitted the name D'Arcy down to latest posterity. He had but just taken Mr. Mason[8] the poet into his house *to*

[4] Companion to the Duchess of Newcastle. *Walpole.*—According to Wright, she was related to Joseph Spence, author of *Polymetis.*

[5] William, afterwards fourth Duke of Devonshire. *Walpole.*

[6] Companion of Lady Burlington, Lord Hartington's mother-in-law. *Walpole.*

[7] Secretary of State.

[8] Rev. William Mason (1724–1797), son of Rev. W. Mason, of Hull; Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, 1749; Rector of Aston, Yorkshire, and Chaplain to Lord Holdernesse, 1754; Chaplain to the King, 1757–60, 1761–73; Canon Residentiary of York, 1762; Precentor of York, 1763. Mason was the author of a number of plays, poems, and satires. He was a good musician, a gardener, and something of an antiquary. It was by Gray and Mason that Horace Walpole was convinced that Chatterton was an impostor. Mason was the intimate friend and literary executor of Gray, whose *Life* he published in 1774.

write his deserts; and he had just reason to expect that the Secretary's office would have gained a superiority over that of France and Italy, which was unknown even to Walsingham.

I had written thus far, and perhaps should have elegized on for a page or two farther, when Harry, who has no idea of the dignity of grief, blundered in, with satisfaction in his countenance, and thrust two packets from you into my hand.—Alas! he little knew that I was incapable of tasting any satisfaction but in the indulgence of my concern.—I was once going to commit them to the devouring flames, lest any light or vain sentence should tempt me to smile; but my turn for true philosophy checked my hand, and made me determine to prove that I could at once launch into the bosom of pleasure and be insensible to it.—I have conquered; I have read your letters, and yet think of nothing but Mr. Pelham's death! Could Lady Catherine[9] do thus? Could she receive a love-letter from Mr. Brown, and yet think only on her breathless lord?

Thursday, 7.

I wrote the above last night, and have stayed as late as I could this evening, that I might be able to tell you who the person is in whom all the world is to discover the proper qualities for replacing the national loss. But, alas! the experience of two whole days has showed that the misfortune is irreparable; and I don't know whether

He had become acquainted with Horace Walpole as early as 1763, and during the composition of Gray's *Life* he applied to Walpole for help and criticism, which were freely given. Their friendship and correspondence became very intimate. This intimacy, largely due to complete political and literary sympathy, continued until 1784, when they quarrelled on account of Horace Walpole's unconcealed disapproval of the part taken by Mason in politics, and his belief that the political *volte-face* of their mutual friend, Lord Harcourt, was due to Mason. A complete estrangement ensued until 1796, the year before Horace Walpole's death, when Mason once more wrote to Walpole, and received a civil reply. Their *Correspondence* was first published by Mitford in 1851.

[9] Lady Catherine Pelham, Henry Pelham's widow.

the elegies on his death will not be finished before there be any occasion for congratulations to his successor. The mystery is profound. How shocking it will be if things should go on just as they are! I mean by that, how mortifying if it is discovered, that when all the world thought Mr. Pelham did and could alone maintain the calm and carry on the government, even he was not necessary, and that it was the calm and the government that carried on themselves! However, this is not my opinion.—I believe all this *will make a party*[10].

Good night! There are two more new plays: *Constantine*[11], the better of them, expired the fourth night at Covent Garden. *Virginia*[12], by Garrick's acting and popularity, flourishes still: he has written a remarkably good epilogue to it. Lord Bolingbroke is come forth in five pompous quartos, two and a half new and most unorthodox[13]. Warburton is resolved to answer, and the bishops not to answer him. I have not had a moment to look into it. Good night!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[10] Mr. Walpole, when young, loved faction; and Mr. Bentley one day saying 'that he believed certain opinions would make a sect,' Mr. W. said eagerly, 'Will they make a party?' *Walpole.*

[11] By the Rev. Philip Francis (d. 1773), private chaplain to Lady Caroline Fox. He was the father of Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of the *Letters of Junius.*

[12] By Samuel Crisp (d. 1783), now remembered by the letters addressed to him by Frances Burney. *Virginia* ran for ten nights. Garrick's refusal to revive it in the following year so disgusted Crisp that he withdrew from society entirely. After spending some time abroad he settled at Chessington, in Surrey, where he was visited only by his sister, his friend Dr. Burney, and the latter's family.

[13] Johnson's opinion (expressed on this occasion) of Bolingbroke, and of his editor, Mallet, is recorded by Boswell, who also gives a quotation from Garrick's 'elegant Ode' *à propos* of the coincidence of the death of Pelham with the publication of the edition mentioned by Horace Walpole.

386. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 7, 1754.

You will little have expected, my dear Sir, the great event that happened yesterday. Mr. Pelham[1] is dead! all that calm, that supineness, of which I have lately talked to you so much, is at an end! there is no heir to such luck as his. The whole people of England can never agree a second time upon the same person for the residence of infallibility; and though so many have found their interest in making Mr. Pelham the *fermier général* for their venality, yet almost all have found too, that it lowered their prices to have but one purchaser. He could not have died at a more critical time: all the elections were settled, all bargains made, and much money advanced: and by the way, though there never was so little party, or so little to be made by a seat in Parliament, either with regard to profit or fame, there never was such established bribery, or so profuse. And as everything was settled by his life, so everything is thrown into confusion by his death: the difficulty of naming, or of who should name the successor, is almost insurmountable—for you are not such a *tramontane* as to imagine that the person[2] who must sign the warrant will have the filling it up. The three apparent candidates are Fox[3], Pitt[4], and Murray[5]; all three with such incumbrances on their hopes as make them very desperate. The Chancellor[6] hates Fox; the Duke of Newcastle does

Letter 386. — [1] Henry Pelham, Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Commissioner of the Treasury; only brother of Thomas, Duke of Newcastle. *Walpole.*

[2] The King. *Walpole.*

[3] Henry Fox, Secretary at War, only brother of Stephen, Lord Ilchester. *Walpole.*

[4] William Pitt, Paymaster of the Forces, younger brother of Thomas Pitt, of Boconnock, in Cornwall. *Walpole.*

[5] William Murray, Solicitor-General, uncle of Lord Stormont. *Walpole.*

[6] Sir Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke, Lord High Chancellor. *Walpole.*

not (I don't say, love him, but to speak in the proper phrase, does not) pretend to love him: the Scotch abominate him, and they and the Jacobites make use of his connexion with the Duke to represent him as formidable: the Princess[7] cannot approve him for the same reason: the Law, as in duty bound to the Chancellor and to Murray, and to themselves, whom he always attacks, must dislike him. He has his parts and the Whigs, and the seeming right of succession. Pitt has no health, no party, and has, what in *this* case is allowed to operate, the King's negative. Murray is a Scotchman, and it has been suspected, of the worst dye: add a little of the Chancellor's jealousy: all three are obnoxious to the probability of the other two being disobliged by a preference. There is no doubt but the Chancellor and the Duke of Newcastle will endeavour to secure their own power, by giving an exclusion to Fox: each of them has even been talked of for Lord Treasurer; I say talked of, though Mr. Pelham died but yesterday; but you can't imagine how much a million of people can talk in a day on such a subject! It was even much imagined yesterday, that Sir George Lee would be the Hulla[8], to wed the post, till things are ripe for divorcing him again; he is an unexceptionable man, sensible, of good character, the ostensible favourite of the Princess, and obnoxious to no set of men; for though he changed ridiculously quick on the Prince's death, yet as everybody changed with him, it offended nobody; and what is a better reason for promoting him now, it would offend nobody to turn him out again.

In this buzz is all the world at present: as the plot thickens or opens, you shall hear more. In the mean time

[7] The Princess-Dowager of Wales.

[8] 'Nom que l'on donne en Turquie à celui qui devient pour un seul jour l'époux d'une femme répudiée, afin que le premier mari puisse légalement la reprendre.' Littré.

you will not dislike to know a little of the circumstances of this death. Mr. Pelham was not sixty-one; his florid, healthy constitution promised long life, and his uninterrupted good fortune as long power; yet the one hastened his end, and the other was enjoyed in its full tranquillity but three poor years! I should not say, enjoyed; for such was his peevishness and suspicions, that the lightest trifles could poison all that stream of happiness! he was careless of his health, most intemperate in eating, and used no exercise. All this had naturally thrown him into a most scorbutic habit, for which last summer he went to Scarborough, but stayed there only a month, which would not have cleansed a scorbutic kitten. The sea-air increased his appetite, and his flatterers pampered it at their seats on the road. He returned more distempered, and fell into a succession of boils, fevers, and St. Antony's fire—indeed, I think, into such a carbuncular state of blood as carried off my brother. He had recovered enough to come to the House of Commons; and last Friday walked in the Park till he put himself into an immense sweat; in that sweat he stood at a window to look at horses, ate immoderately at dinner, relapsed at six that evening, and died yesterday morning (Wednesday) a quarter before six. His will was to be opened to-day; he is certainly dead far from rich. There are great lamentations, some joy, some disappointments, and much expectation. As a person who loves to write history better than to act in it, you will easily believe that I confine my sensations on the occasion chiefly to observation—at least, my care that posterity may know all about it prevents my indulging any immoderate grief; consequently I am *as well as can be expected*, and ever yours, &c.

387. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, March 17, 1754.

In the confusion of things, I last week hazarded a free letter to you by the common post. The confusion is by no means ceased. However, as some circumstances may have rendered a desire of intelligence necessary, I send this by the coach, with the last volume of *Sir Charles Grandison* for its chaperon.

After all the world had been named for Chancellor of the Exchequer, and my Lord Chief Justice Lee, who is no part of the world, really made so *pro tempore*; Lord Hartington went to notify to Mr. Fox that the cabinet council having given it as their unanimous opinion to the King that the Duke of Newcastle should be at the head of the Treasury, and he (Mr. Fox) Secretary of State, with the management of the House of Commons; his Grace, who had submitted to so *oracular* a sentence, hoped Mr. Fox would not refuse to concur in so salutary a measure; and assured him, that *though* the Duke would reserve the sole disposition of the secret service-money, his Grace would bestow his entire confidence on Mr. Fox, and acquaint him with the most minute details of that service. Mr. Fox bowed and obeyed—and, as a preliminary step, received the Chancellor's[1] absolution. From thence he attended his and our new master.—But either grief for his brother's death, or joy for it, had so intoxicated the new *maire du palais*, that he would not ratify any one of the conditions he had imposed: and though my Lord Hartington's virtue interposed, and remonstrated on the purport of the message he had carried, the Duke persisted in assuming the whole and undivided power himself, and left Mr. Fox no choice but

Letter 387.—[1] With whom he was at variance. *Walpole.*

of obeying or disobeying, as he might choose. This produced the next day a letter from Mr. Fox, carried by my Lord Hartington, in which he refused Secretary of State, and pinned down the lie with which the new ministry is to commence. It was tried to be patched up at the Chancellor's on Friday night, though ineffectually: and yesterday morning Mr. Fox in an audience desired to remain Secretary at War. The Duke immediately kissed hands—declared, in the most unusual manner, universal minister[2]. Legge was to be Chancellor of the Exchequer[3]; but I can't tell whether that disposition will hold, as Lord Duplin[4] is proclaimed the acting favourite. The German Sir Thomas Robinson was thought on for the Secretary's seals; but has just sense enough to be unwilling to accept them under so ridiculous an administration.—This is the first act of the comedy.

On Friday this august remnant of the Pelhams went to court for the first time. At the foot of the stairs he cried and sunk down: the yeomen of the guard were forced to drag him up under the arms. When the closet-door opened, he flung himself at his length at the King's feet, sobbed, and cried, 'God bless your Majesty! God preserve your Majesty!' and lay there howling and embracing the King's knees, with one foot so extended, that my Lord Coventry, who was *luckily* in waiting, and begged the standers-by to retire, with—'For God's sake, gentlemen, don't look at a great man in distress,' endeavouring to shut the door, caught his Grace's foot, and made him roar out with pain.

You can have no notion of what points of ceremony have

[2] He remained First Lord of the Treasury until 1756.

[3] Legge became Chancellor of the Exchequer.

[4] Thomas Hay (1710–1787), Viscount Dupplin; succeeded his father as eighth Earl of Kinnoul, 1758; Lord of Trade, 1746; Lord of the Treasury, 1754; Joint Paymaster of the Forces, 1755; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, 1758–62; Ambassador at Lisbon, 1759–62.

been agitated about the tears of the family. George Selwyn was told that my Lady Catherine had not shed one tear: 'And pray,' said he, 'don't she intend it?' It is settled that Mrs. Watson [5] is not to cry till she is brought to bed.

You love George Selwyn's *bons mots*: this crisis has redoubled them: here is one of his best. My Lord Chancellor is to be Earl of Clarendon [6]:—'Yes,' said Selwyn, from the very summit of the whites of his demure eyes; 'and I suppose he will get the title of Rochester for his son-in-law, my Lord Anson.' Do you think he will ever lose the title of Lord Rochester?

I expected that we should have been overrun with elegies and panegyrics; indeed, I comforted myself that one word in all of them would atone for the rest—the *late* Mr. Pelham. But the world seems to allow that their universal attachment and submission was universal interestedness; there has not been published a single encomium. Orator Henley alone has held forth in his praise—yesterday it was on *charming Lady Catherine.* Don't you think it should have been in these words, in his usual style? 'Oratory Chapel. —Right reason; madness; charming Lady Catherine; hell-fire,' &c.

Monday, March 18.

Almost as extraordinary news as our political, is, that it has snowed ten days successively, and most part of each day. It is living in Muscovy, amid ice and revolutions; I hope lodgings will begin to let a little dear in Siberia! Beckford [7] and Delaval [8], two celebrated partisans, met lately

[5] One of Mr. Pelham's daughters.

[6] Lord Hardwicke became an earl by his former title.

[7] William Beckford (1709–1770), a rich West India planter; Alderman, and twice Lord Mayor of London; M.P. for the City of London, 1754–70. His influence in the City made him useful to Pitt. He was a firm supporter of Wilkes in the latter's contest with the House of Commons.

[8] Mr. (afterwards Sir Francis) Blake Delaval. He entered Parliament in 1754 as M.P. for Andover.

at Shaftesbury, where they oppose one another: the latter said,

Art thou the man whom men famed Beckford call?

T'other replied,

Art thou the much more famous Delaval?

But to leave politics and change of ministries, and to come to something of *real* consequence, I must apply you to my library ceiling, of which I send you some rudiments. I propose to have it all painted by Clermont; the principal part in chiaroscuro, on the design which you drew for the Paraclete; but as that pattern would be surfeiting, so often repeated in an extension of twenty feet by thirty, I propose to break and enliven it by compartments in colours, according to the enclosed sketch, which you must adjust and dimension. Adieu!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

388. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, March 19, 1754.

You *will* live in the country, and then you are amazed that people use you ill. Don't mistake me; I don't mean that you deserve to be ill-treated for living in the country; at least only by those who love you and miss you; but if you inhabited the town a little, you would not quite so much expect uprightness, nor be so surprised at ingratitude and neglect. I am far from disposed to justify the great Cû[1]; but when you had declined being *his* servant, do you wonder that he will not serve *your* friends! I will tell you what, if the news of to-day holds at all, which is what

Sir Thomas Clavering and Hon. James Brudenell were returned for Shaftesbury.

Letter 388.—[1] Lord Halifax.

no one piece of news of this last fortnight has done, you may be worse used by your cousin as soon as you please, for he is one of the first upon the list for Secretary of State in the room of the Duke of Newcastle. Now, are you again such a rusticated animal as to suppose that the Duke is dismissed for inability, on the death of his brother? So far from it, it is already certainly known that it was he who supported Mr. Pelham, and the impediments and rubs thrown in the way of absolute power long ago were the effects of the latter's timidity and irresolution. The Duke, freed from that clog, has declared himself sole minister, and the K. has kissed his hand upon it. Mr. Fox, who was the only man in England that objected to this plan, is to be sent to a prison which is building on the coast of Sussex, after the model of Fort l'Évêque, under the direction of Mr. Taaffe.

Harry Legge is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; but the declared favour rests on Lord Duplin. Sir George Lyttelton is to be Treasurer of the Navy[2]. The Parliament is to be dissolved on the fourth of next month, till when, I suppose, none of the changes will take place. These are the politics of the day; but as they are a little fluctuating, notwithstanding the steadiness of the new first minister, I will not answer that they will hold true to Greatworth; nothing lasts now but the bad weather.

I went two days ago, with Lady Ailesbury, and Mr. Conway, and Miss Anne, to hear the rehearsal of Mrs. Clive's new farce[3], which is very droll, with very pretty music. . . .[4]

Yours ever,

H. W.

[2] He became Cofferer of the Household.

[3] According to Cunningham, *The London Apprentice*, acted on Mrs. Clive's benefit night (March 23, 1754) at Drury Lane.

[4] Passage omitted.

389. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 28, 1754.

I promised to write to you again soon, and therefore I do: that is, I stick to the letter, not to the essence; for I not only have very little to write, but your brother has, I believe, already told you all that has happened. Mr. Fox received almost at once a testimonial that he was the most proper for minister, and a proof that he was not to be so. He on the Tuesday consented to be Secretary of State, with the management of the House of Commons, and the very next day refused to be the former, as he found he was not to have the latter. He remains Secretary at War, in rupture with the Duke of Newcastle (who, you know has taken the Treasury), but declaring against opposition. That Duke is omnipotent; and to show *that* power, makes use of nothing but machines. Sir Thomas Robinson[1] is Secretary of State; Mr. Legge[2], Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Duplin[3], the agent of business. Yesterday an odd event happened: Lord Gower resigned the Privy Seal: it had been for some time promised to the Duke of Rutland, who having been reported dead, and who really having voided a quarry of stones, is come to town; and his brother, a Lord William Manners[4], better known in the groom-porter's annals than in those of Europe, and the whole Manners family having intimated to the Duke of Newcastle, that unless Lord Gower was dismissed in a month, and the Duke of Rutland instated in his place, they would oppose the prosperous dawn of the new ministry, that poor Earl, who is inarticulate with the

Letter 389.—[1] Master of the Great Wardrobe, and formerly Minister at Vienna. *Walpole.*

[2] Henry Legge, second son of William, Earl of Dartmouth, and Treasurer of the Navy. *Walpole.*

[3] Eldest son of W. Hay, Earl of Kinnoul. *Walpole.*

[4] Lord William Manners (d. 1772), second son of second Duke of Rutland; M.P. for Newark.

palsy, has been drawn into a resignation, and is the first sacrifice to the spirit of the new administration[5]. You will very likely not understand such politics as these, but they are the best we have.

Our old good-humoured friend Prince Craon is dead; don't you think that the Princess will not still despair of looking well in weeds! My Lord Orford's grandmother[6] is dead too; and after her husband's death (whose life, I believe, she has long *known* to be not worth a farthing), has left everything to her grandson. This makes me very happy, for I had apprehended, from Lord Orford's indolence and inattention, and from his mother's cunning and attention, that she would have wriggled herself into the best clause in the will; but she is not mentioned in it, and the Houghton pictures may still be saved.

Adieu! my dear Sir; I don't call this a letter, but a codicil to my last: one can't write volumes on trifling events.

390. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, April 24, 1754.

Before I received your letter of March 29th, I had already told you the state of our politics, as they seemed fixed—at least for the present. The Duke of Newcastle is alone and all-powerful, and, I suppose, smiles at those who thought that we must be governed by a succession of geniuses. I don't know whether there are not more parts in governing without genius!—be it as it will, all the world acquiesces: he has placed all the orators in whatever offices they demanded, and the new Parliament, which is almost chosen,

[5] The Duke of Marlborough succeeded as Lord Privy Seal.

[6] Margaret Tuckfield, second wife of Samuel Rolle, of Haynton, in Devonshire; by whom she was mother of Margaret, Countess of Orford, and afterwards married to John Harris, of Hayne, in Devonshire, Master of the Household to the King. *Walpole.*

will not probably degenerate from the complaisance of its predecessor. Which of the popes was it, who being chosen for his insufficience, said, 'I could not have believed that it was so easy to govern'? You will forgive my smiling in my turn at your begging me to lay aside family considerations, and tell you if I do not think my uncle the fittest subject for a first minister. My dear child, you have forgot that three years are past since I so totally laid aside all family considerations as not to speak or even to bow to my uncle. Since the affair of Lord Orford and Miss Nicoll, I have not had the least intercourse with the Pigwiggin branch; and should be very sorry if there were any person in the world but you, and my uncle himself, who thought him proper for minister.

I believe there is no manner of intention of sending Lord Albemarle to Ireland: the style toward that island is extremely lofty; and after some faint proposals of giving them some agreeable governor, violent measures have been resumed: the Speaker is removed from being Chancellor of the Exchequer, more of his friends are displaced, and the Primate, with the Chancellor [1] and Lord Besborough, again nominated Lords Justices. These measures must oppress the Irish spirit, or, what is more likely, inflame it to despair. Lord Rochford certainly returns to Turin. General Wall [2], who was in the highest favour here, and who really was grown fond of England—not at all to the prejudice of doing us what hurt he could in his public character,—is recalled, to succeed Don Carvalho and Lancaster, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. If he regrets England too much, may not he think of taking Ireland in his way back?

I shall fill up the remainder of an empty letter with

Letter 390. — [1] Robert Jocelyn (circ. 1688–1756), first Baron Newport, cr. Viscount Jocelyn, 1755; Solicitor-General, 1727–30; Attorney-General, 1730–39; Lord Chancellor, 1739–56 (all in Ireland).

[2] General Richard Wall, Ambassador from Spain. *Walpole.*

transcribing some sentences which have diverted me in a very foolish vulgar book of travels, lately published by one Drummond[3], consul at Aleppo. Speaking of Florence, he says, that the very evening of his arrival he was carried by Lord Eglinton and some other English, whom he names, to your house: 'Mr. Mann' (these are his words) 'is extremely polite, and I do him barely justice in saying he is a fine gentleman, though indeed this is as much as can be said of any person whatever; yet there are various ways of distinguishing the qualities that compose this amiable character, and of these he, in my opinion, possesses the most agreeable. He lives in a fine palace; all the apartments on the ground-floor, which is elegantly furnished, were lighted up; and the garden was a little epitome of Vauxhall. These *conversazioni* resemble our card-assemblies;' (this is called *writing travels*, to observe that an assembly is like an assembly!) 'and this was remarkably brilliant, for all the married ladies of fashion in Florence were present; yet were they as much inferior to the fair part of a British assembly, especially those of York and Edinburgh, as a crew of female Laplanders are to the fairest dames of Florence. Excuse this sally, which is more warm than just; for even this assembly was not without a few lovely creatures. Some played at cards, some passed the time in conversation; others walked from place to place; and many retired with their gallants into gloomy corners, where they entertained each other, but in what manner I will not pretend to say; though, if I may depend upon my information, which, by-the-by, was very good, their taste and mine would not at all agree. In a word, these countries teem with more singularities than I choose to mention.'

[3] Alexander Drummond (d. 1769), Consul at Aleppo, 1754–56, and author of *Travels through the different countries of Germany, Italy, Greece, and parts of Asia, as far as the Euphrates*, &c.

You will conclude I had very little to say when I had recourse to the observations of such a simpleton; but I thought they would divert you for a moment, as they did me. One don't dislike to know what even an Aleppo factor would write of one—and I can't absolutely dislike him, as he was not insensible to your agreeableness. I don't believe Orpheus would think even a bear ungenteel when it danced to his music. Adieu!

391. To John Chute.

Arlington Street, April 30, 1754.

'My God! Farinelli, what has this nation done to the King of Spain, that the moment we have anything dear and precious he should tear it from us[1]?'—This is not the beginning of my letter to you, nor does it allude to Mr. Bentley; much less is it relative to the captivity of the ten tribes; nor does *the King* signify Benhadad or Tiglath-pileser; nor Spain, Assyria, as Dr. Pococke[2] or Warburton, misled by dissimilitude of names, or by the Septuagint, may, for very good reasons, imagine—but it is literally the commencement of my Lady Rich's[3] epistle to Farinelli on the recall of General Wall, as she relates it herself. It serves extremely well for my own lamentation, when I sit down by the waters of Strawberry, and think of ye, O Chute and Bentley!

I have seen *Creusa*[4], and more than agree with you: it is the only new tragedy that I ever saw and really liked. The

Letter 391.—[1] Farinelli had been for many years attached to the Spanish Court.

[2] Dr. Richard Pococke (1704–1765), Archdeacon of Dublin; Bishop of Ossory, 1756; Bishop of Meath, 1765. He travelled, and wrote a *Description of the East*.

[3] Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Colonel Edward Griffin, Clerk of the Board of Green Cloth to Queen Anne; m. (circ. 1710) Sir Robert Rich, fourth Baronet, of Roos Hall, Suffolk.

[4] By William Whitehead, afterwards Poet Laureate.

plot is most interesting, and though so complicated, quite clear and natural. The circumstance of so much distress being brought on by characters, every one good, yet acting consistently with their principles towards the misfortunes of the drama, is quite new and pleasing. Nothing offended me but that lisping Miss Haughton, whose every speech is inarticulately oracular.

I was last night at a little ball at Lady Anne Furnese's[5] for the new Lords, Dartmouth[6] and North[7], but nothing passed worth relating; indeed, the only event since you left London was the tragi-comedy that was acted last Saturday at the Opera. One of the dramatic guards fell flat on his face and motionless in an apoplectic fit. The Princess and her children were there. Miss Chudleigh, who *apparemment* had never seen a man fall on his face before, went into the most theatric fit of kicking and shrieking that ever was seen. Several other women, who were preparing their fits, were so distanced that she had the whole house to herself; and indeed such a confusion for half an hour I never saw! The next day, at my Lady Townshend's, old Charles Stanhope asked what these fits were called. Charles Townshend replied, 'The true convulsive fits, to be had only of the maker.' Adieu! my dear Sir. To-day looks summerish, but we have no rain yet.

[5] Third daughter of first Earl Ferrers by his second marriage; m. (1729), as his third wife, Sir Robert Furnese, second Baronet, of Waldershare, Kent; d. 1779.

[6] William Legge (1731–1801), second Earl of Dartmouth; President of the Board of Trade, 1765–66; Secretary for the Colonies, 1772–75; Lord Privy Seal, 1775–82; Lord Steward of the Household, April–Dec. 1783; High Steward of the University of Oxford, 1786.

[7] Frederick North (1732–1792), best known as 'Lord North,' eldest son of first Earl of Guildford, whom he succeeded, 1790; M.P. for Banbury, 1754–90; Lord of the Treasury, 1759–65; Joint Paymaster-General, 1766; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1767; First Lord of the Treasury (Prime Minister), 1770–82; Chancellor of the University of Oxford, 1772; Home Secretary (in the Coalition Ministry), April–Dec. 1783.

392. To John Chute.

My dear Sir, Arlington Street, May 14, 1754.

I wrote to you the last day of last month: I only mention it to show you that I am punctual to your desire. It is my only reason for writing to-day, for I have nothing new to tell you. The town is empty, dusty, and disagreeable; the country is cold and comfortless; consequently I daily run from one to t'other, as if both were so charming that I did not know which to prefer. I am at present employed in no very lively manner, in reading a treatise on commerce, which Count Perron has lent me, of his own writing: this obliges me to go through with it, though the subject and the style of the French would not engage me much. It does not want sense.

T'other night, a description was given me of the most extraordinary declaration of love that ever was made. Have you seen young Poniatowski[1]? He is very handsome. You *have* seen the figure of the Duchess of Gordon[2], who looks like a raw-boned Scotch metaphysician that has got a red face by drinking water. One day at the Drawing-room, having never spoken to him, she sent one of the foreign ministers to invite Poniatowski to dinner with her for the next day. He bowed and went. The moment the door opened, her two little sons, attired like Cupids, with bows and arrows, shot at him; and one of them literally hit his hair, and was very near putting his eye out, and hindering his casting it to the couch

Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.

Letter 392.—[1] Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski, elected King of Poland, 1764. He abdicated in 1795 (at the time of the Third Partition of Poland) and died in 1796.

[2] Lady Catherine Gordon (d. 1779), daughter of second Earl of Aberdeen; m. 1. (1741) Cosmo George Gordon, third Duke of Gordon (d. 1752); 2. Staats Long Morris, of New York, afterwards a General in the army.

The only company besides this Highland goddess were two Scotchmen, who could not speak a word of any language but their own Erse; and, to complete his astonishment at this allegorical entertainment, with the dessert there entered a little horse, and galloped round the table; a hieroglyphic I cannot solve. Poniatowski accounts for this profusion of kindness by his great-grandmother being a Gordon; but I believe it is to be accounted for by . . .[3] Adieu! my dear Sir.

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

393. To Richard Bentley.

My dear Sir, Arlington Street, May 18, 1754.

Unless you will be exact in dating your letters, you will occasion me much confusion. Since the undated one which I mentioned in my last, I have received another as unregistered, with the fragment of the rock, telling me of one which had set sail on the 18th, I suppose of last month, and been driven back: this I conclude was the former undated. Yesterday, I received a longer, tipped with May 8th. You must submit to this lecture, and I hope will amend by it. I cannot promise that I shall correct myself much in the intention I had of writing to you seldomer and shorter at this time of year. If you could be persuaded how insignificant I think all I do, how little important it is even to myself, you would not wonder that I have not much *empressement* to give the detail of it to anybody else. Little excursions to Strawberry, little parties to dine there, and many jaunts to hurry Bromwich, and the carver, and Clermont, are my material occupations. Think of sending

[3] So in 4to (1798) ed. of Walpole's *Works*, in which this letter was first printed.

these 'cross the sea!—The times produce nothing: there is neither party, nor controversy, nor gallantry, nor fashion, nor literature—the whole proceeds like farmers regulating themselves, their business, their views, their diversions, by the almanac. Mr. Pelham's death has scarce produced a change; the changes in Ireland, scarce a murmur. Even in France the squabbles of the Parliament and clergy are under the same opiate influence.—I don't believe that Mademoiselle Murphy (who is delivered of a prince, and is lodged openly at Versailles) and Madame Pompadour will mix the least grain of ratsbane in one another's tea. I, who love to ride in the whirlwind, cannot record the yawns of such an age!

The little that I believe you would care to know relating to the Strawberry annals is, that the great tower is finished on the outside, and the whole whitened, and has a charming effect, especially as the verdure of this year is beyond what I have ever seen it: the grove nearest the house comes on much; you know I had almost despaired of its ever making a figure. The bow-window room over the supper-parlour is finished; hung with a plain blue paper, with a chintz bed and chairs; my father and mother over the chimney in the Gibbons frame[1], about which you know we were in dispute what to do. I have fixed on black and gold, and it has a charming effect over your chimney with the two dropping points, which is executed exactly; and the old grate of Henry VIII which you bought, is within it. In each panel round the room is a single picture; Gray's, Sir Charles

LETTER 393.—[1] 'In a frame of black and gold carved by Gibbons, Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter; small whole lengths; by Eckardt, after Zincke: the hounds and view of Houghton by Wootton. Sir Robert is sitting; by him, on a table, is the purse of Chancellor of the Exchequer, leaning against busts of George I and II, to denote his being first minister to those kings: by Lady Walpole are flowers, shells, a pallet and pencils, to mark her love of the arts.' (*Description of Strawberry Hill*, in *Collected Works* of Lord Orford (1798), vol. ii. p. 435.)

Williams's, and yours, in their black and gold frames; mine is to match yours; and, on each side the door, are the pictures of Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary, with their son, on one side; Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury on the other. You can't imagine how new and pretty this furniture is.—I believe I must get you to send me an attestation under your hand that you knew nothing of it, that Mr. Rigby may allow that at least this one room was by my own direction. As the library and great parlour grow finished, you shall have exact notice.

From Mabland I have little news to send you, but that the obelisk is danced from the middle of the rabbit-warren into his neighbour's garden, and he pays a ground-rent for looking at it there. His shrubs are hitherto unmolested,

Et Maryboniacos gaudet revirescere lucos[2]*!*

The town is as busy again as ever on the affair of Canning[3], who has been tried for perjury. The jury would have brought her in guilty of perjury, but not wilful, till the judge informed them that that would rather be an Irish verdict; they then brought her in simply guilty, but recommended her. In short, nothing is discovered; the most general opinion is, that she was robbed, but by some other gipsy. For my own part, I am not at all brought to believe her story, nor shall, till I hear that living seven-and-twenty days without eating

[2] Lord Radnor's garden was full of statues, &c., like that at Marybone. *Walpole.*—'Mabland' (according to Miss Berry) was Horace Walpole's name for Lord Radnor's house at Twickenham.

[3] Elizabeth Canning (1734–1773), daughter of a sawyer. In Jan. 1753 she disappeared for four weeks. On reappearing at her mother's house she asserted that she had been kidnapped, and detained at a house on the Hertfordshire road. Several people were in consequence arrested, and two were tried at the Old Bailey. One of them (a Mrs. Squires) was sentenced to death. Before the day for her execution, however, further inquiries were made (at the instance of the then Lord Mayor) into Canning's statements. As a result of these, Mrs. Squires was respited and pardoned, and Canning was tried for perjury. She was found guilty with a recommendation to mercy, and was transported. The exact truth of the case has never been ascertained.

is among one of those secrets for doing impossibilities, which I suppose will be at last found out, and about the time that I am dead, even some art of living for ever.

You was in pain for me, and indeed I was in pain for myself, on the prospect of the sale of Dr. Mead's miniatures. You may be easy: it is more than I am quite; for it is come out that the late Prince of Wales had bought them every one.

I have not yet had time to have your granite examined, but will next week. If you have not noticed to your sisters any present of Ormer shells [4], I shall contradict myself, and accept them for my Lady Lyttelton, who is making a grotto. As many as you can send conveniently, and anything for the same use, will be very acceptable. You will laugh when I tell you, that I am employed to reconcile Sir George and Moore [5]; the latter has been very flippant, nay impertinent, on the former's giving a little place to Bower [6], in preference to him.—Think of my being the mediator!

The Parliament is to meet for a few days the end of this month, to give perfection to the Regency Bill. If the King dies before the end of this month, the old Parliament revives, which would make tolerable confusion, considering what sums have been laid out on seats in this. Adieu! This letter did not come kindly; I reckon it rather extorted from me, and therefore hope it will not amuse. However, I am in tolerable charity with you, and yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[4] Ornamental shells found in the Channel Islands.

[5] Author of *The World*, and some plays and poems. Moore had written in defence of Lord Lyttelton against the *Letters to the Whigs*; which were not known to be Mr. Walpole's. *Walpole.*

[6] The office of Clerk of the Buck-Warrants.

394. To John Chute.

My dearest Sir, Arlington Street, May 21, 1754[1].

Don't be surprised if I write you a great deal of incoherent nonsense! The triumph of my joy is so great that I cannot think with any consistence! unless you could know how absolutely persuaded I was that your brother would disinherit you, nay, though the best I almost hoped, was that he would outlive you (forgive me) you cannot judge of my surprise and satisfaction—I am sure the frame-maker could not. When Francesco brought me your letter, and told me in Italian the good news, I started up and embraced him—and put myself into such an agitation, that I believe I shall not get it off without being blooded.—I have hurried to Mrs. Chute[2] to embrace her too, but was not so lucky to find her. I am overjoyed that you will not come away without leaving her there. I would not trust a cranny of the house, into which a will might be thrust, in any other hands.—Well! it was so unexpected! on not hearing from you, I concluded all went ill, and that you would not tell me of some new brutality—how kind you was to conceal his illness, I should have lived in agonies of apprehensions for the consequence—you are in the right to believe I should be overjoyed—think of the obligations I have to you; remember that in the transports of your grief for Mr. Whitehed, your first thought was to serve me and my family[3]; recollect the persecutions you have suffered on my account; judge how great and continued my fears were that you might

Letter 394. — Not in C.; now printed from copy supplied by Mrs. Chute of the Vine, owner of the original.

[1] This letter was written on hearing of the death of Antony Chute of the Vine, on which John Chute became owner of the family estates.

[2] The widow of Chute's brother Francis.

[3] See letter to Mann, May 30, 1751.

still be an essential sufferer from that era, and then imagine how unmixed my joy must be, at deliverance from such fears! how impatient I am to be quite secure! that I may crowd into the papers the most exaggerated paragraph of your good fortune that I can devise. My uncle shall read it in every journal—how strange that I should live to be glad that he is alive! but it is comfortable that he is yet to have this mortification!—And Harrison; you don't tell me that you will discard him; I expect an absolute promise of that—I distrust the goodness of your heart, lest it should dispose you to forgiveness.—Do you know that I relent so little, that I would give much to have Mr. and Mrs. Atkyns go down to the Vine to-day with a will in their pockets for your brother to sign, and find him dead and you in possession.—*An de ma vie*! am I in the right to take it for my motto? Erasmus Shorter! Henry Pelham! Antony Chute! where could I have chosen three other such hatchments? nay, my dear Sir, even things apparently ill have had their good fortune—if you had not been laid up three months with the gout, you would now have been returned from the Vine, and the Atkyns's and Tracys might have been there in your place! I can scarce contain from divulging my joy till I hear further: I have stifled Mr. Mann[4] with it, and nobody was ever more pleased to be so stifled—he begs me to leave one paragraph to his satisfaction.—I must tell you, that great part of my own, is, that this event will prolong your life at least twenty years; your brother was a perpetual gouty thorn in your sides. I am going to notify it to Gray, and to our poor Cliquetée[5]—it will make his bleak rocks and barren mountains smile! I am going to write it to G. Montagu—I am sure he will be truly happy.

My only present anxiety, after that of the desire of *certain certainty*, is, lest you should not come to town on Sunday

[4] Galfridus Mann. [5] Bentley, then in Jersey.

night.—Sir George and Lady Lyttelton are engaged to be at Strawberry on Monday and Tuesday, and I cannot bear to lose a minute of seeing you. I have as many questions to ask as if the only material one were not answered—if it should happen so unluckily that you should not come till Monday, I beg and insist that you will come the next minute to Strawberry—I am really in a fever, and you must not wonder at any vehemence in a light-headed man, in whose greatest intermissions there is always vehemence enough. Take care that I do not meet with the least drawback or disappointment in the plenitude of my satisfaction. The least that I intend to call you is a fortune of five thousand pounds a year and seventy thousand pounds in money. You shall at least exceed Woolterton! This is for the public—with regard to myself, I don't know that I shall, but if I should grow to love you less, you will not be surprised,—you know the partiality I have to the afflicted, the disgraced, and the oppressed, and must recollect how many titles to my esteem you will lose, when you are rich Chute of the Vine, when you are courted by Chancellors of the Exchequer, for your interest in Hampshire; by a thousand nephew *Tracys* for your estate, and by my Lady *Brown* for her daughter. Oh! you will grow to wear a slit gouty shoe, and a gold-headed cane with a spying-glass; you will talk stocks and actions with Sir R. Brown, and be obliged to go to the South Sea House, when one wants you to whisk in a comfortable way to Strawberry. You will dine at Farley[6] in a swagging coach with fat mares of your own, and have strong port of a thousand years old got on purpose for you at Hackwood[7], because you will have lent the Duke thirty thousand pounds.—Oh! you will be insupportable, shan't

[6] Probably Farley Wallop, near Basingstoke, a seat of the Earls of Portsmouth.

[7] Hackwood Park, near Basingstoke, the seat of the Duke of Bolton.

you? I find I shall detest you! *en attendant* I do wish you joy!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. Pray mind how I direct to you!—I would not be so insolent as to frank to you for all the world. When the rich citizens, who get out of their coaches *backwards*, used to dine with my father, my mother called them *rump days*—take notice, I will never dine with you on rump days. I hope your brother won't open this letter!

2d P.S.

I always thought Sophy had a good heart, and indeed had no notion that a cat could have a bad one, but I must own that she is shocked to death with envy, on my telling her, that the first thing you would certainly do, would be to give her sister Luna a diamond pompon and a bloodstone Torcy[8].

395. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 21, 1754.

I did not intend to write to you till after Thursday, when all your Boscawens, Rices, and Trevors are to dine at Strawberry Hill, but an event has happened, of which I can't delay giving you the instant pleasurable notice—now will you, according to your custom, be guessing—and, according to your custom, guessing wrong; but lest you should from my spirits make any undutiful or disloyal conjectures for me, know, that the great Cû of the Vine is dead, and that John the First was yesterday proclaimed undoubted monarch—nay, Champion

[8] 'The pleasantry in the second postscript turns upon the relationship of Colbert, Marquis de Torcy (nephew of the great Colbert), whose Memoirs had been recently published, to M. Pompon, minister of Louis XIV, with a play on the word *pompon*, meaning an ornament in a cap.' (Chute, *Hist. of the Vyne*, p. 109.) The minister in question was Simon Arnauld (1618–1699), Marquis de Pomponne, the friend of Madame de Sévigné.

Dimmock himself shall cut the throat of any Tracy, Atkins, or Harrison, who shall dare to gainsay the legality of his title. In short, there is no more will than was left by the late Erasmus Shorter of particular memory.

I consulted Madame Rice, and she advised my directing to you at Mrs. Whettenhal's, to whom I beg as many compliments as if she wrote herself *La blanche Whitnell.* As many to your sister Harriot and to your brother, who I hear is with you.

I am sure, though both you and I had reason to be peevish with the poor Tigress[1], that you grieve with me for her death. I do most sincerely, and for her Bessy[2]; the man Tiger will be so sorry, that I am sure he will marry again to comfort himself.

I am so tired with letters I have written on this event, that I can scarce hold the pen. How we shall wish for you on Thursday—and *shan't you be proud to cock your tail at the Vine?* Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

396. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 23, 1754.

Pray continue your *Mémoires* of the war of the Delmontis[1]; I have received two tomes, and am delighted with them. The French and Irish Parliaments proceed so heavily, that one cannot expect to live to the setting up the first standard; and it is so long since the world has furnished any brisk event, that I am charmed with this little military *entremets.*

Letter 395.—[1] Mrs. Henry Talbot, who died on May 15. See note on letter to Montagu, Oct. 1, 1747.

[2] Presumably Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Talbot by his first marriage.

Letter 396.—[1] Lord Dover notes that a member of the Delmonti family had seized upon a strong castle near Cortona, whence he ravaged the surrounding country. He and his band had finally to be dislodged by Tuscan troops.

My Lady Orford will certainly wish herself at Florence again on the behalf of her old friend[2]; I always wish myself there; and, according to custom, she and I should not be of the same party: I cannot help wishing well to the rebellious. You ask, whether this Countess can deprive her son of her estate?—by no means, but by another child, which, at her age, and after the variety of experiments which she has made in all countries, I cannot think very likely to happen. I sometimes think her succession not very distant; she is very asthmatic. Her life is as retired as ever, and passed entirely with her husband, who seems a martyr to his former fame, and is a slave to her jealousy. She has given up nothing to him, and pays such attention to her affairs, that she will soon be vastly rich. But I won't be talking of her wealth, when the chief purpose of my writing to-night is, to announce the unexpected riches and good fortune of our dear Mr. Chute,—I say *our* dear Mr. Chute, for though you have not reason to be content with him, yet I know your unchangeable heart—and I know he is so good, that if you will take this occasion to write him a line of joy, I am persuaded it will *raccommode* everything; and though he will be far from proving a regular correspondent, we shall all have satisfaction in the re-establishment of the harmony.—In short, that Tartar his brother[3] is dead; and having made no will, the whole, and a very considerable whole, falls to our friend. This good event happened but three days ago, and I wait with the utmost impatience for his return from the Vine, where he was at the critical instant. As the whole was in the tyrant's power, and as every art had been used to turn the vinegar of his temper against his brother, I had for some time lived persuaded that he would execute the worst purposes—but let us forgive him!

[2] The Marquis del Monti. *Walpole.*
[3] Antony Chute of the Vine, in Hampshire. *Walpole.*

I like to see in the *Gazette* that Goldsworthy[4] is going to be removed far from Florence: his sting has long been out —and yet I cannot help feeling glad that even the shadow of a competitor is removed from you.

We are going to have a week of Parliament—not to taste the new one, of which there is no doubt, but to give it essence: by the Regency Bill, if the King had died before it had sat, the old one must have revived.

There is nothing else in the shape of news but small-pox and miliary fevers, which have carried off people you did not know. If I had not been eager to notify Mr. Chute's prosperity to you, I think I must have deferred writing for a week or two longer: it is unpleasant to be *inventing* a letter to send so far, and must be disappointing when it comes *from* so far, and brings so little. Adieu!

397. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 5, 1754.

Though I wrote to you but a few days ago, when I told you of Mr. Chute's good fortune, I must send you a few lines to-night upon a particular occasion. Mr. Brand[1], a very intimate friend of mine, whom I believe you have formerly seen in Italy, is just set out for Germany on his way to Rome. I know by long and uninterrupted experience, that my barely saying he is my friend will secure for him the kindest reception in the world from you: it would not express my conviction, if I said a word more on that head. His story is very melancholy: about six or seven years ago he married Lady Caroline Pierpoint[2], half-sister of Lady Mary Wortley; a match quite of esteem: she was

[4] Consul to Lisbon. *Walpole.*—He was appointed Consul at Cadiz and Port St. Mary.

Letter 397.—[1] Thomas Brand, of the Hoo, in Hertfordshire. *Walpole.*

[2] Daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, by his second wife. *Walpole.*

rather older than he; but never were two people more completely, more reasonably happy. He is naturally all cheerfulness and laughter; she was very reserved, but quite sensible and faultless. She died about this time twelvemonth of a fever, and left him, with two little children, the most unhappy man alive. He travels again to dissipate his grief: you will love him much, if he stays any time with you. His connections are entirely with the Duke of Bedford.

I have had another letter from you to-day, with a farther journal of the Delmonti war, which the rebels seem to be leaving to the Pope to finish for them. It diverted me extremely. Had I received this letter before Mr. Brand set out, I would have sent you the whole narrative of the affair of Lord Orford and Miss Nicoll; it is a little volume. The breach, though now by time silenced, was, I assure you, final.

We have had a spurt of Parliament for five days, but it was prorogued to-day. The next will be a terrible session from elections and petitions. The Oxfordshire[3] will be endless; the Appleby[4] outrageous in expense. The former is a revival of downright Whiggism and Jacobitism; two liveries that have been lately worn indiscriminately by all factions. The latter is a contest between two young Crœsus's, Lord Thanet[5] and Sir James Lowther[6]: that, a convert; this, an hereditary Whig. A knowing lawyer

[3] The candidates were Viscount Wenman and Sir James Dashwood, Viscount Parker and Sir Edward Turner, Bart. The two former were returned, but were unseated on petition.

[4] Philip Honywood and William Lee were elected, but the latter was two years later (1756) unseated on petition, and Fletcher Norton (afterwards Lord Grantley) was elected in his place.

[5] Sackville Tufton (1733–1786), eighth Earl of Thanet. He had recently succeeded to the title and family estates, which, besides lands in Kent and Sussex, included the Clifford estates in Cumberland.

[6] Sir James Lowther, fifth Baronet (1736–1802), created Earl of Lonsdale, 1784. In 1751 he succeeded to the estates of his great-uncle, the third Viscount Lonsdale.

said, to-day, that with purchasing tenures, votes, and carrying on the election and petition, five-and-fifty thousand pounds will not pay the whole expense—it makes one start! Good night! you must excuse the nothingness of a supernumerary letter.

398. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday, June 8, 1754.

By my computation you are about returned to Great-worth; I was so afraid of my letter's missing you on the road, that I deferred till now telling you how much pleasure I shall have in seeing you and the Colonel[1] at Strawberry. I have long been mortified that for these three years you have seen it only in winter. It is now in the height of its greenth, blueth, gloomth, honeysuckle-and-seringahood. I have no engagement till Wednesday se'nnight, when I am obliged to be in town on law business. You will have this to-morrow night; if I receive a letter, which I beg you will direct to London, on Tuesday or Wednesday, I will meet you here whatever day you will be so good as to appoint. Thank the Colonel a thousand times; I can't write a word more, for I am getting into the chaise to whisk to the Vine for two days, but shall be in town on Tuesday night. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

399. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, June 29, 1754.

I shall take care to send your letter the first time I write to Mr. Bentley. It is above a fortnight since I heard from him. I am much disappointed at not having seen you yet;

Letter 398.—[1] Colonel Charles Montagu.

I love you should execute your intentions while you intend them, because you are a little apt to alter your mind, and as I have set mine on your seeing Strawberry Hill this summer, while it is in its beauty, you will really mortify me by changing your purpose.

It is in vain that you ask for news: I was in town two days ago, but heard nothing; indeed, there were not people enough either to cause or make news. Lady Caroline Petersham had scraped together a few foreigners, after her christening; but I cannot say that the party was much livelier than if it had met at Madame Montandre's[1]. You must let me know a little beforehand, when you have fixed your time for coming, because, as I am towards flying about on my summer expeditions, I should be unhappy not to be here just when you would like it. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. I supped at White's the other night with the great Cû, and he was by far more gracious, both on your topic and my own, than ever I knew him.

400. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1754.

I believe you never receive a letter from me at this season of the year, without wishing for winter, that I might have something to tell you. Warm weather in England disperses all the world, except a few old folks, whose day of events is past, and who contribute nothing to the society of news. There is a court indeed as near as Kensington, but where the monarch is old, the courtiers are seldom

Letter 399.—[1] Daughter of Ezekiel, Baron Spanheim, sometime Prussian minister in England. She married François de la Rochefoucauld, Marquis de Montandre, who served in the wars of William III, with whom he came to England.

young: they sun themselves in a window like flies in autumn, past even buzzing, and to be swept away in the first hurricane of a new reign. However, as little novelty as the season or the times produce, there is an adventuress in the world, who even in the dullest times will take care not to let conversation stagnate: this public-spirited dame is no other than a Countess Dowager, my sister-in-law, who has just notified to the town her intention of parting from her second husband—a step which, being in general not likely to occasion much surprise, she had, however, taken care to render extraordinary, by a course of inseparable fondness and wonderful jealousy, for the three years since these her second nuptials. The testimonials which Mr. Shirley had received in print from that living academy of love-lore, my Lady Vane, added to this excessive tenderness of one, little less a novice, convinced everybody that he was a perfect hero—but as all heroes have some part or other in which they are mortal, the laughing world will not be persuaded, that there is any other cause of this separation than some material flaw in a texture hitherto so herculean. You will pity poor Hercules! Omphale, by a most unsentimental precaution, has so secured to her own disposal her whole estate and jointure, that he cannot command so much as a distaff; and as she is not inclined to pay much for nothing, her offers on the article of separation are exceedingly moderate. As yet he has not accepted them, but is gone to Scarborough, and she into the west, to settle her affairs, and from thence embarks for France and Italy. As she is very rich will the Count have recourse to any restoratives? I am sorry she will plague you again at Florence; but I shall like to hear of what materials she composes her second volume, and what reasons she will allege in her new manifestoes: her mother, who sold her, is dead; the all-powerful minister, who bought her, is dead! whom will she

charge with dragging her to the bed of this second tyrant, from whom she has been forced to fly? On her son's account, I am really sorry for this second *équipée*: I can't even help pitying her! at her age nobody can take such steps, without being sensible of their ridicule, and what snakes must such passions be, as can hurry one over such reflections? Her original story was certainly very unhappy; and the forcing so very young a creature against her inclinations, unjustifiable: but I much question whether any choice of her own could have tied down her inclinations to any temper—at least, I am sure she had pitched upon a Hercules then, who of all men living was the least proper to encounter such labours, my Lord Chesterfield!

I have sent your letter to Mr. Chute, who is at his own Vine; he had written to you of his own accord, and I trust your friendship will be re-established as strongly as ever, especially as there was no essential fault on either side, and as you will now be prepared not to mind his aversion to writing. Thank Dr. Cocchi for the book[1] he is so good as to intend for me; I value anything from him, though I scarce understand anything less than Greek and physic; the little I knew of the first I have almost forgot, and the other, thank God! I never had any occasion to know. I shall duly deliver the other copies.

The French are encroaching extremely upon us in all the distant parts of the world, especially in Virginia, from whence their attempts occasion great uneasiness here. For my own part, I think we are very lucky, when they will be so good as to begin with us at the farther end. The revocation of the Parliament of Paris, which is done or doing, is thought very bad for us; I don't know but it may: in any other age I should have thought not, as it is a concession or

Letter 400.—[1] An edition of some of the Greek physicians. *Walpole.*

yielding from the throne, and would naturally spirit up the Parliament to struggle on for power; but no other age is a precedent for this. As no oppression would, I believe, have driven them into rebellion, no concession will tempt them to be more assuming. The King of France will govern his Parliament by temporizing; the Parliament of Ireland is governed by being treated like a French one. Adieu!

401. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday, July 6, 1754.

Your letter certainly stopped to drink somewhere by the way, I suppose with the hearty hostess at the Windmill; for, though written on Wednesday, it arrived here but this morning: it could not have travelled more deliberately in the Speaker's body-coach. I am concerned, because, your fishmonger not being arrived, I fear you have stayed for my answer. The fish[1] are apprised that they are to *ride* over to Park Place, and are ready booted and spurred; and the moment their pad arrives, they shall set forth. I would accompany them on a pillion if I were not waiting for Lady Mary[2], who has desired to bring her poor little sick girl here for a few days to try the air. You know how courteous a knight I am to distressed virgins of five years old, and that my castle-gates are always open to them[3]. You will, I am sure, accept this excuse for some days; and as soon as ever my hospitality is completed, I will be ready to obey your summons, though you should send a water-pot for me. I am in no fear of not finding you in perfect verdure; for the sun, I believe, is gone a great way off to

Letter 401.—[1] Gold-fish. *Walpole.*
[2] Lady Mary Churchill. *Walpole.*
[3] Mr. Conway's only daughter had been left with Mr. Walpole at Strawberry Hill, when he and Lady Ailesbury went to Ireland with his regiment. *Walpole.*

some races or other, where his horses are to run for a King's plate: we have not heard of him in this neighbourhood. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

402. To Richard Bentley.

Strawberry Hill, July 9, 1754.

I only write a letter for company to the enclosed one. Mr. Chute is returned from the Vine, and gives you a thousand thanks for your letter; and if ever he writes, I don't doubt but it will be to you. Gray and he come hither to-morrow, and I am promised Montagu and the Colonel[1] in about a fortnight—how naturally my pen adds, but when does Mr. Bentley come? I am sure Mr. Wicks wants to ask me the same question every day—'Speak to it, Horatio!' Sir Charles Williams brought his eldest daughter[2] hither last week: she is one of your real admirers, and, without its being proposed to her, went on the bowling-green and drew a perspective view of the castle from the angle, in a manner to deserve the thanks of the *Committee*[3]. She is to be married to my Lord Essex[4] in a week, and I begged she would make you overseer of the works at Cashiobury. Sir Charles told me, that on the Duke of Bedford's wanting a Chinese house at Woburn, he said, 'Why don't your Grace speak to Mr. Walpole? He has the prettiest plan in the world for one.'—'Oh,' replied the Duke, 'but then it would be too dear!' I hope this was a very great economy, or I am sure ours would be very

Letter 402.—[1] Charles Montagu, brother of George, and afterwards General and Knight of the Bath. *Walpole.*

[2] Frances Hanbury-Williams, m. (1754) fourth Earl of Essex; d. 1759.

[3] The friends who assisted Horace Walpole in his works at Strawberry Hill.

[4] William Anne Holles Capel (1732–1799), fourth Earl of Essex; Lord of the Bedchamber to George II, 1755–60; to George III, 1782; Master of the Stag Hounds, 1779–82.

great extravagance: only think of a plan for little Strawberry giving the alarm to thirty thousand pounds a year! My dear Sir, it is time to retrench! Pray send me a slice of granite [5] no bigger than a Naples biscuit.

The monument for my mother is at last erected: it puts me in mind of the manner of interring the Kings of France: when the reigning one dies, the last before him is buried. Will you believe that I have not yet seen the tomb? None of my acquaintance were in town, and I literally had not courage to venture alone among the Westminster boys at the Abbey: they are as formidable to me as the ship-carpenters at Portsmouth. I think I have showed you the inscription, and therefore I don't send it you.

I was reading t'other day the Life of Colonel Codrington [6], who founded the library at All Souls: he left a large estate for the propagation of the Gospel, and ordered that three hundred negroes should constantly be employed upon it. Did one ever hear a more truly Christian charity, than keeping up a perpetuity of three hundred slaves to look after the Gospel's estate? How could one intend a religious legacy, and miss the disposition of that estate for delivering three hundred negroes from the most shocking slavery imaginable? Must devotion be twisted into the unfeeling interests of trade? I must revenge myself for the horror this fact has given me, and tell you a story of Gideon [7]. He breeds his children Christians: he had a mind to know what proficience his son had made in his new religion; 'So,' says he, 'I began, and asked him who made him. He said, "God." I then asked him who redeemed him. He replied very readily, "Christ." Well, then I was at the end of my interrogatories, and did not know what other question to

[5] For a sideboard. It was placed in the dining-room at Strawberry Hill.

[6] Colonel Christopher Codrington (1668–1710).

[7] Sampson Gideon, a noted rich Jew. *Walpole.*

put to him. I said, "Who—who—" I did not know what to say; at last I said, "Who gave you that hat?" "The Holy Ghost," said the boy.' Did you ever hear a better catechism? The great cry against Nugent at Bristol was for having voted for the Jew Bill: one old woman said, 'What, must we be represented by a Jew and an Irishman?' He replied with great quickness, 'My good dame, if you will step aside with me into a corner, I will show you that I am *not* a Jew, and that I *am* an Irishman.'

The Princess[8] has breakfasted at the long Sir Thomas Robinson's at Whitehall: my Lady Townshend will never forgive it. The second Dowager of Somerset[9] is gone to know whether all her letters from the living to the dead have been received. Before I bid you good-night, I must tell you of an admirable curiosity: I was looking over one of our antiquarian volumes, and in the description of Leeds is an account of Mr. Thoresby's[10] famous museum there—what do you think is one of the rarities?—a knife taken from one of the Mohocks! Whether tradition is infallible or not, as you say, I think so authentic a relique will make their history indisputable. Castles, Chinese houses, tombs, negroes, Jews, Irishmen, princesses, and Mohocks—what a farrago do I send you! I trust that a letter from England to Jersey has an imposing air, and that you don't presume to laugh at anything that comes from your mother island. Adieu!

[8] Of Wales. *Walpole.*

[9] Frances Thynne. *Walpole.*—Her *Letters* were published in 1805. She was the patroness of Thomson and Shenstone, and befriended Savage.

[10] Ralph Thoresby (1658–1725), antiquary and topographer.

403. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, August 6, 1754.

From Sunday next, which is the eleventh, till the four or five-and-twentieth, I am quite unengaged, and will wait upon you any of the inclusive days, when your house is at leisure, and you will summon me; therefore, you have nothing to do but to let me know your own time: or, if this period does not suit you, I believe I shall be able to come to you any part of the first fortnight in September; for, though I ought to go to Hagley, it is incredible how I want resolution to tap such a journey.

I wish you joy of escaping such an accident as breaking the Duke's[1] leg; I hope he and you will be known to posterity together by more dignified wounds than the kick of a horse. As I can never employ my time better than in being your biographer, I beg you will take care that I may have no such plebeian mishaps upon my hands; or, if the Duke is to fall out of battle, he has such delicious lions and tigers, which I saw the day before yesterday at Windsor, that he will be exceedingly to blame, if he does not give some of them an exclusive patent for tearing him to pieces.

There is a beautiful tiger at my neighbour Mr. Crammond's here, of which I am so fond, that my Lady Townshend says it is the only thing I ever wanted to kiss. As you know how strongly her Ladyship sympathizes with the Duke, she contrived to break the tendon of her foot, the very day that his leg was in such danger. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. You may certainly do what you please with the Fable[2]; it is neither worth giving or refusing.

Letter 403.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] The Duke of Cumberland.

[2] *The Entail*, a fable in verse, written by Horace Walpole in July of this year.

404. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1754.

You may be sure that I shall always be glad to see you whenever you like to come hither, but I can't help being sorry that you are determined not to like the place, nor to let the Colonel like it; a conclusion I may very justly make, when I think for these four years you have contrived to visit it only when there is not a leaf upon the trees. Villas are generally designed for summer, you are the single person who think they look best in winter. You have still a more unlucky thought, which is to visit the Vine in October. When I saw it in the middle of summer, it was excessively damp; you will find it a little difficult to persuade me to accompany you thither on stilts, and I believe Mr. Chute will not be quite happy that you prefer that season; but for this I can't answer at present, for he is at Mr. Morris's[1] in Cornwall. I shall expect you and the Colonel here at the time you appoint; I engage for no farther, unless it is a very fine season indeed. I beg my compliments to Miss Montagu, and am yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

405. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 6, 1754.

You have the kindest way in the world, my dear Sir, of reproving my long silence, by accusing yourself. I have looked at my dates, and though I was conscious of not having written to you for a long time, I did not think it

Letter 404.—[1] Humphrey Morrice or Morice (1723–1785), of Werrington, Devonshire; M.P. for Launceston; Clerk Controller of the Board of Green Cloth, 1757–60; Comptroller of the Household, 1761; Lord Warden of the Stannaries, 1768–83.

had been so long as three months. I ought to make some excuse, and the truth is all I can make: if you have heard by any way in the world that a single event worth mentioning has happened in England for these three months, I will own myself guilty of abominable neglect. If there has not, as you know my unalterable affection for you, you will excuse me, and accuse the times. Can one repeat often, that everything stagnates? At present we begin to think that the world may be roused again, and that an East Indian war and a West Indian war may beget such a thing as an European war. In short, the French have taken such cavalier liberties with some of our forts, that are of great consequence to cover Virginia, Carolina, and Georgia, that we are actually dispatching two regiments thither. As the climate and other American circumstances are against these poor men, I pity them, and think them too many, if the French mean nothing farther; too few, if they do. Indeed, I am one of those that feel less resentment when we are attacked so far off: I think it an obligation to be eaten the last.

You have entertained me much with the progress of the history of the Delmontis, and obliged me. I wish I could say I was not shocked at the other part of your letter, where you mention the re-establishment of the Inquisition at Florence. Had Richcourt power enough to be so infamous? was he superstitious, fearful, revengeful, or proud of being a tool of the court of Rome? What is the fate of the poor Florentines, who are reduced to regret the Medicis, who had usurped their government! You may be glad, my dear child, that I am not at Florence; I should distress your ministerial prudence, your necessary prudence, by taking pleasure to speak openly of Richcourt as he deserves: you know my warmth upon power and church power!

The Boccaneri seems to be one of those ladies who refine so much upon debauchery as to make even matrimony enter

into their scheme of lewdness. I have known more than one instance, since the days of the Signora Messalina, where the lady has not been content to cuckold her husband, but with another husband. All passions carried to extremity embrace within their circle even their opposites. I don't know whether Charles the Fifth did not resign the empire out of ambition of more fame. I must contradict myself in saying all passions; I don't believe Sir Robert Brown will ever be so covetous as to find a pleasure in squandering.

Mr. Chute is much yours: I am going with him in a day or two to his Vine, where I shall try to draw him into amusing himself a little with building and planting; hitherto he has done nothing with his estate—but good.

You will have observed what precaution I had taken, in the smallness of the sheet, not to have too much paper to fill; and yet you see how much I have still upon my hands! As, I assure you, were I to fill the remainder, all I should say would be terribly wire-drawn, do excuse me: you shall hear an ample detail of the first Admiral Vernon that springs out of our American war; and I promise you at least half a brick of the first sample that is sent over of any new Porto Bello. The French have tied up the hands of an excellent fanfaron, a Major Washington[1], whom they took, and engaged not to serve for a year. In his letter, he said, 'Believe me, as the cannon-balls flew over my head, they made a most delightful sound.' When your relation, General Guise, was marching up to Carthagena, and the pelicans[2] whistled round him, he said, 'What would Chloe[3] give for some of these to make a pelican pie?' The con-

Letter 405.—[1] George Washington (1732–1799), who, at the head of the Virginia troops, had been sent to oppose the French advance. He was forced to surrender at Fort Necessity on July 4, 1754.

[2] A 'pelican' was an ancient piece of artillery, carrying a ball of six pounds weight.

[3] The Duke of Newcastle's French cook. *Walpole.*

juncture made that scarce a rodomontade; but what pity it is, that a man who can deal in hyperboles at the mouth of a cannon, should be fond of them with a glass of wine in his hand! I have heard Guise affirm, that the colliers at Newcastle feed their children with fire-shovels! Good night.

406. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Thursday, 17th.

I only write you a line to tell you, that as you mention Miss Montagu's being well and alone, if she could like to accompany the Colonel and you to Strawberry Hill and the Vine, the seneschals of those castles will be very proud to see her. I am sorry to be forced to say anything civil in a letter to you; you deserve nothing but ill usage for disappointing us so often, but we stay till we have got you into our power, and then—why then, I am afraid we shall still be what I have been so long, Ever yours,

H. W.

407. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 24, 1754.

You have obliged me most extremely by telling me the progress you have made in your most desirable affair[1]. I call it progress; for, notwithstanding the authority you have for supposing there may be a counter promise, I cannot believe that the Duke of Newcastle would have affirmed the contrary so directly, if he had known of it. Mr. Brudenel very likely has been promised my Lord Lincoln's interest, and then supposed he should have the Duke's. However,

Letter 406.—Wrongly placed by C. amongst letters of 1757. (See *Notes and Queries*, April 14, 1900.)

Letter 407.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] Conway was desirous of being appointed Groom of the Bedchamber to the King.

that is not your affair: if anybody has reason to apprehend a breach of promise, it is poor Mr. Brudenel. He can never come into competition with you; and without saying anything to reflect on him, I don't know where you can ever have a competitor, and not have the world on your side.

Though the tenure is precarious, I cannot help liking the situation for you. Anything that sets you in new lights must be for your advantage. You are naturally indolent and humble, and are content with being perfect in whatever you happen to be. It is not flattering you to say, nor can you deny it, with all your modesty, that you have always made yourself master of whatever you have attempted, and have never made yourself master of anything without shining extremely in it. If the King lives, you will have his favour; if he lives at all, the Prince must have a greater establishment, and then you will have the King's partiality to countenance your being removed to some distinguished place about the Prince: if the King should fail, your situation in his family, and your age, naturally recommend you to an equal place in the new household. I am the more desirous of seeing you at court, because, when I consider the improbability of our being in a situation to make war, I am earnest to have you have other opportunities of being one of the first men in this country, besides by being a general. Don't think all I say on this subject compliment. I can have no view in flattering you; and you have a still better reason for believing me sincere, which is, that you know well that I thought the same of you, and professed the same to you, before I was of an age to have either views or flattery; indeed, I believe you know me enough to be sure that I am as void of both now as when I was fourteen, and that I am so little apt to court anybody, that if you heard me say the same to anybody but yourself, you would easily think that I spoke what I thought.

George Montagu and his brother are here, and have kept me from meeting you in town: we go on Saturday to the Vine.

I fear there is too much truth in what you have heard of your old mistress[2]. When husband, wife, lover, and friend tell everything, can there but be a perpetual *fracas*? My dear Harry, how lucky you was in what you escaped, and in what you have got! People do sometimes avoid, not always, what is most improper for them; but they do not afterwards always meet with what they most deserve. But how lucky you are in everything! and how ungrateful a man to Providence if you are not thankful for so many blessings as it has given you! I won't preach, though the dreadful history which I have just heard of poor Lord Drumlanrig[3] is enough to send one to La Trappe. My compliments to all yours, and adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

408. To Richard Bentley.

Strawberry Hill, November 3, 1754.

I have finished all my parties, and am drawing towards a conclusion here: the Parliament meets in ten days: the House, I hear, will be extremely full—curiosity drawing as many to town as party used to do. The minister[1] in the House of Lords is a new sight in these days.

Mr. Chute and I have been at Mr. Barrett's[2] at Belhouse[3]; I never saw a place for which one did not wish, so totally void of faults. What he has done is in Gothic, and very

[2] Lady Caroline Petersham.

[3] Henry Douglas, Earl of Drumlanrig, eldest son of third Duke of Queensberry. He shot himself with a pistol on Oct. 19, 1754, when travelling from Scotland with his parents and his newly-married wife.

Letter 408.—[1] The Duke of Newcastle. *Walpole.*

[2] Afterwards Lord Dacre. *Walpole.*

[3] Near Aveley, in Essex.

true, though not up to the perfection of the Committee. The hall is pretty: the great dining-room hung with good family pictures; among which is his ancestor, the Lord Dacre who was hanged[4]. I remember when Barrett was first initiated in the College of Arms by the present Dean of Exeter[5] at Cambridge, he was overjoyed at the first ancestor he put up, who was one of the murderers of Thomas Becket. The chimney-pieces, except one little miscarriage into total Ionic (he could not resist statuary and Siena marble), are all of a good King James the First Gothic. I saw the heronry so fatal to Po Yang, and told him that I was persuaded they were descended from Becket's assassin, and I hoped from my Lord Dacre too. He carried us to see the famous plantations and buildings of the last Lord Petre[6]. They are the Brobdingnag of bad taste. The unfinished house is execrable, massive, and split through and through: it stands on the brow of a hill, rather to see *for* a prospect than to see one, and turns its back upon an outrageous avenue, which is closed with a screen of tall trees, because he would not be at the expense of beautifying the back front of his house. The clumps are gigantic, and very ill placed.

George Montagu and the Colonel have at last been here, and have screamed with approbation through the whole *Cu*-gamut[7]. Indeed, the library is delightful. They went to the Vine, and approved as much. Do you think we wished for you? I carried down incense and mass-books, and we had most Catholic enjoyment of the chapel. In the evenings, indeed, we did *touch a card*[8] a little to please

[4] See letter to Bentley, Aug. 5, 1752.

[5] Dr. Charles Lyttelton.

[6] Robert James Petre (1713–1742), eighth Baron Petre. His seat was at Thorndon Hall, near Brentwood, Essex.

[7] Mr. George Montagu, who used many odd expressions, called his own family, the Montagu's, the *Cu's*. *Walpole.*

[8] An expression of Mr. Montagu's. *Walpole.*

George—so much, that truly I have scarce an idea left that is not spotted with clubs, hearts, spades, and diamonds. There is a vote of the Strawberry Committee for great embellishments to the chapel, of which it will not be long before you hear something. It will not be longer than the spring, I trust, before you see something of it. In the mean time, to rest your impatience, I have enclosed a scratch of mine, which you are to draw out better, and try if you can give yourself a perfect idea of the place. All I can say is, that my sketch is at least more intelligible than Gray's was of Stoke [9], from which you made so like a picture.

Thank you much for the box of Guernsey lilies, which I have received. I have been packing up a few seeds, which have little merit but the merit they will have with you, that they come from the Vine and Strawberry. My chief employ in this part of the world, except surveying my library, which has scarce anything but the painting to finish, is planting at Mrs. Clive's [10], whither I remove all my superabundancies. I have lately planted the green lane, that leads from her garden to the common: 'Well,' said she, 'when it is done, what shall we call it?'—'Why,' said I, 'what would you call it but Drury Lane?' I mentioned desiring some samples of your Swiss's [11] abilities: Mr. Chute and I even propose, if he should be tolerable, and would continue reasonable, to tempt him over hither, and make him work upon your designs—upon which, you know, it is not easy to make you work. If he improves upon our hands, do you think we shall purchase the fee-simple of him for so many years, as Mr. Smith did of Canaletti [12]? We

[9] A sketch of Stoke Manor House, from which Bentley made his design in illustration of *The Long Story*.

[10] Little Strawberry Hill, between Strawberry Hill and Teddington.

[11] Mr. Müntz, a Swiss painter. *Walpole.*

[12] Mr. Smith, the English Consul at Venice, had engaged Canaletti, for a certain number of years, to paint exclusively for him at a fixed price, and sold his pictures at an advanced price to English travellers. *Berry.*

will *sell to the English*. Can he paint perspectives, and cathedral-aisles, and holy glooms? I am sure you could make him paint delightful insides of the chapel at the Vine, and of the library here. I never come up the stairs without reflecting how different it is from its primitive state, when my Lady Townshend, all the way she came up the stairs, cried out, 'Lord God! Jesus! what a house! It is just such a house as a parson's, where the children lie at the feet of the bed!' I can't say that to-day it puts me much in mind of another speech of my lady's, 'That it would be a very pleasant place, if Mrs. Clive's face did not rise upon it and make it so hot!' The sun and Mrs. Clive seem gone for the winter.

The West Indian war has thrown me into a new study: I read nothing but American voyages, and histories of plantations and settlements. Among all the Indian nations, I have contracted a particular intimacy with the Ontaouanoucs, a people with whom I beg you will be acquainted: they pique themselves upon speaking the purest dialect. How one should delight in the grammar and dictionary of their Crusca! My only fear is, that if any of them are taken prisoners, General Braddock[13] is not a kind of man to have proper attentions to so polite a people; I am even apprehensive that he would damn them, and order them to be scalped, in the very worst plantation-accent. I don't know whether you know that none of the people of that immense continent have any labials: they tell you *que c'est ridicule* to shut the lips in order to speak. Indeed, I was as barbarous as any polite nation in the world, in supposing that there was nothing worth knowing among these charming savages. They are in particular great orators, with this little variation from British eloquence, that at the end of every important

[13] Major-General Edward Braddock (1695–1755), who had recently been appointed to the command of the English forces in America.

paragraph they make a present; whereas we expect to receive one. They begin all their answers with recapitulating what has been said to them; and their method for this is, the respondent gives a little stick to each of the bystanders, who is, for his share, to remember such a paragraph of the speech that is to be answered. You will wonder that I should have given the preference to the Ontaouanoucs, when there is a much more extraordinary nation to the north of Canada, who have but one leg, and p—— from behind their ear; but I own I had rather converse for any time with people who speak like Mr. Pitt, than with a nation of jugglers, who are only fit to go about the country, under the direction of Taafe and Montagu[14]. Their existence I do not doubt; they are recorded by Père Charlevoix[15], in his much-admired history of New France, in which there are such outrageous legends of miracles for the propagation of the Gospel, that his fables in natural history seem strict veracity.

Adieu! You write to me as seldom as if you were in an island where the Duke of Newcastle was sole minister, parties at an end, and where everything had done happening.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. I have just seen in the advertisements that there are arrived two new volumes of Madame de Sévigné's *Letters*. Adieu, my American studies;—adieu, even my favourite Ontaouanoucs!

[14] Two English gentlemen who were shut up in Fort l'Évêque for cheating a Jew. *Walpole.*

[15] Father Pierre François Xavier de Charlevoix (1682–1761), a Jesuit missionary. His *Histoire de la Nouvelle France* was published in six volumes in 1744.

409. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Nov. 11, 1754.

If you was dead, to be sure you would have got somebody to tell me so. If you was alive, to be sure in all this time you would have told me so yourself. It is a month to-day since I received a line from you. There was a Florentine ambassador here in Oliver's reign, who with great circumspection wrote to his court, 'Some say the Protector is dead, others say he is not: for my part, I believe neither one nor t'other.' I quote this sage personage, to show you that I have a good precedent, in case I had a mind to continue neutral upon the point of your existence. I can't resolve to believe you dead, lest I should be forced to write to Mr. S. again to bemoan you; and on the other hand, it is convenient to me to believe you living, because I have just received the enclosed from your sister, and the money from Ely. However, if you are actually dead, be so good as to order your executor to receive the money, and to answer your sister's letter. If you are not dead, I can tell you who is, and at the same time whose death is to remain as doubtful as yours till to-morrow morning. Don't be alarmed; it is only the Queen-dowager of Prussia[1]. As *excessive* as the concern for her is at court, the whole royal family, out of great consideration for the mercers, lacemen, &c., agreed not to shed a tear for her till to-morrow morning, when the Birth-day will be over; but they are all to rise by six o'clock to-morrow morning to cry quarts. This is the sum of all the news that I learnt to-day on coming from Strawberry Hill, except that Lady Betty Waldegrave was robbed t'other night in Hyde Park, under the very noses of the lamps and the patrol. If anybody is robbed at the ball at court

Letter 409. — [1] A false report. Sophia Dorothea of Hanover, sister of George II and mother of Frederick the Great, survived until 1757.

to-night, you shall hear in my next dispatch. I told you in my last that I had just got two new volumes of Madame Sévigné's *Letters*; but I have been cruelly disappointed; they are two hundred letters which have been omitted in the former editions, as having little or nothing worth reading. How provoking, that they would at last let one see that she could write so many letters that were not worth reading! I will tell you truth: as they are certainly hers, I am glad to see them, but I cannot bear that anybody else should. Is not that true sentiment? How would you like to see a letter of hers, describing a wild young Irish lord, a Lord P——[2], who has lately made one of our ingenious wagers, to ride I don't know how many thousand miles in an hour, from Paris to Fontainebleau? But admire the *politesse* of that nation: instead of endeavouring to lame his horse, or to break his neck, that he might lose the wager, his antagonist and the spectators showed all the attention in the world to keep the road clear, and to remove even pebbles out of his way. They heaped coals of fire upon his head with all the good breeding of the Gospel. Adieu!—If my letters are short, at least my notes are long.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

410. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 16, 1754.

You are over good to me, my dear Sir, in giving yourself the trouble of telling me you was content with Strawberry

[2] Edward Wingfield (1729–1764), second Viscount Powerscourt. 'Lord Powerscourt, of the kingdom of Ireland, lately laid a wager with the Duke of Orléans, that he would ride on his own horses from Fontainebleau to Paris, which is forty-two English miles, in two hours for 1,000 louis d'ors. . . . He was to mount only three horses, but did it with two, both which, however, he killed. He performed the wager in one hour, thirty-seven minutes, and twenty-two seconds.' (*Gent. Mag.* 1754, p. 529.)

Hill. I will not, however, tell you, that I am content with your being there, till you have seen it in all its greenth and blueth. Alas! I am sorry I cannot insist upon as much with the Colonel!

Mr. Chute, I believe, was so pleased with the *tenebrae* in his own chapel, that he has fairly buried himself in it. I have not even had so much as a burial-card from him since.

The town is as full as I believe you thought the room was at your ball at Waldeshare[1]. I hear of nothing but the parts and merit of Lord North. Nothing has happened yet; but sure so many *English* people can't be assembled long, without committing something extraordinary!

I have seen and conversed with our old friend Cope[2]; I find him grown very old: I fear he finds me so too; at least as old as I ever intend to be. I find him very grave too, which I believe he does not find me.

Solomon and Hesther, as my Lady Townshend calls Mr. Pitt and Lady Hester Grenville, espouse one another to-day. I know nothing more but a new fashion which my Lady Hervey has brought from Paris. It is a tin-funnel covered with green ribband, and holds water, which the ladies wear to keep their bouquets fresh—I fear Lady Caroline and some others will catch frequent colds and sore throats with overturning this reservoir.

Apropos, there is a match certainly in agitation, which has very little of either Solomon or Hesther in it—you will be sorry when I tell you, that Lord Walgrave[3] certainly dis-Solomons himself with the Drax. Adieu! my dear Sir; I congratulate Miss Montagu on her good health, and am ever yours,

H. W.

LETTER 410.—[1] Waldershare, near Dover, a seat brought into the North family by the second wife of Lord North's father, the Earl of Guilford.

[2] Sir Jonathan Cope, first Baronet; d. 1765.

[3] Lord Waldegrave. This marriage did not take place.

411. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Nov. 20, 1754.

If this does not turn out a scolding letter, I am much mistaken. I shall give way to it with the less scruple, as I think it shall be the last of the kind; not that you will mend, but I cannot support a commerce of visions! and therefore, whenever you send me mighty cheap schemes for finding out longitudes and philosophers' stones, you will excuse me if I only smile, and don't order them to be examined by my council.—For Heaven's sake, don't be a projector! Is not it provoking, that, with the best parts in the world, you should have so gentle a portion of common sense? But I am clear, that you never will know the two things in the world that import you the most to know, yourself and me.—Thus much by way of preface: now for the detail.

You tell me in your letter of November 3rd, that the quarry of granite might be rented at twenty pounds or twenty shillings, I don't know which, no matter, per annum. When I can't get a table out of it, is it very likely you or I should get a fortune out of it? What signifies the cheapness of the rent? The cutting and shippage would be articles of some little consequence! Who should be supervisor? You, who are so good a manager, so attentive, so diligent, so expeditious, and so accurate? Don't you think our quarry would turn to account?—Another article, to which I might apply the same questions, is the project for importation of French wine: it is odd that a scheme so cheap and so practicable should hitherto have been totally overlooked. One would think the breed of smugglers was lost, like the true spaniels, or genuine golden pippins! My dear Sir, you know I never drink three glasses of any wine—can you think

I care whether they are sour or sweet, cheap or dear?—or do you think that I, who am always taking trouble to reduce my trouble into as compact a volume as I can, would tap such an article as importing my own wine?—But now comes your last proposal about the Gothic paper. When you made me fix up mine, unpainted, engaging to paint it yourself, and yet could never be persuaded to paint a yard of it, till I was forced to give Bromwich's man God knows what to do it, would you make me believe that you will paint a room eighteen feet by fifteen? But, seriously, if it is possible for you to lay aside visions, don't be throwing continual discouragements in my way. I have told you seriously and emphatically that I am labouring your restoration; the scheme is neither facile nor immediate—but, for God's sake! act like a reasonable man. You have a family to whom you owe serious attention. Don't let me think, that if you return, you will set out upon every wild-goose chase, sticking to nothing, and neglecting chiefly the talents and genius which you have in such excellence, to start projects which you have too much honesty and too little application ever to thrive by. This advice is, perhaps, worded harshly; but you know the heart from which it proceeds, and you know that, with all my prejudice to it, I can't even pardon your wit, when it is employed to dress up schemes that I think romantic. The glasses and Ray's *Proverbs*[1] you shall have, and some more gold-fish, when I have leisure to go to Strawberry; for you know I don't suffer any fisheries to be carried on there in my absence.

I am as newsless as in the dead of summer. The Parliament produces nothing but elections; there has already been one division on the Oxfordshire of two hundred and sixty-seven Whigs to ninety-seven Tories—you may calculate the

Letter 411.—[1] *A Collection of English Proverbs*, by John Ray (1627–1705), the naturalist.

burial of that election easily from these numbers. The Queen of Prussia is not dead, as I told you in my last. If you have shed many tears for her, you may set them off to the account of our son-in-law, the Prince of Hesse, who is turned Roman Catholic. One is in this age so unused to conversions above the rank of a housemaid turned Methodist, that it occasions as much surprise as if one had heard that he had been initiated in the Eleusinian mysteries. Are not you prodigiously alarmed for the Protestant interest in Germany?

We have operas, burlettas, cargoes of Italian dancers, and none good but the Mingotti[2], a very fine figure and actress. I don't know a single *bon mot* that is new; George Selwyn has not waked yet for the winter. You will believe that, when I tell you, that t'other night having lost eight hundred pounds at hazard, he fell asleep upon the table with near half as much more before him, and slept for three hours, with everybody stamping the box close at his ear. He will say prodigiously good things when he does wake. In the mean time, can you be content with one of Madame Sévigné's best *bons mots*, which I have found amongst her new letters? Do you remember her German friend the Princess of Tarente, who was always in mourning for some sovereign prince or princess? One day Madame de Sévigné happening to meet her in colours, made her a low curtsey, and said, 'Madame, je me réjouis de la santé de l'Europe.' I think I may apply another of her speeches, which pleased me, to what I have said to you in the former part of my letter. Mademoiselle du Plessis had said something she disapproved; Madame Sévigné said to her, 'Mais que cela est sot; car je veux vous parler doucement.' Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

[2] Catarina Mingotti.

412. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 1, 1754.

You do me justice, my dear Sir, when you impute the want of my letters to my want of news: as a proof, I take up my pen again, on the first spring-tide of politics. However, as this is an age of abortions, and as I have often announced to you a pregnancy of events, which have soon after been still-born, I beg you will not be disappointed if nothing comes of the present ferment. The offenders and the offended have too often shown their disposition to soothe, or to be soothed, by preferments, for one to build much on the duration or implacability of their aversions. In short, Mr. Pitt has broke with the Duke of Newcastle, on the want of power, and has alarmed the dozing House of Commons with some sentences, extremely in the style of his former *Pittics*. As Mr. Fox is not at all more in humour, the world expects every day to see these two commanders first unite to overturn all their antagonists, and then worry one another. They have already mumbled poor Sir Thomas Robinson cruelly. The Chancellor of the Exchequer[1] crouches under the storm, and seems very willing *to pass eldest*. The Attorney-General[2] seems cowed, and unwilling to support a war of which the world gives him the honour. Nugent alone, with an intrepidity worthy his country, affects to stand up against the greatest orator, and against the best reasoner of the age. What will most surprise you, is, that the Duke of Newcastle, who used to tremble at shadows, appears unterrified at Gorgons! If I should tell you in my next, that either of the Gorgons has kissed hands for Secretary of State, only smile: snakes are as easily tamed as lap-dogs.

Letter 412.—[1] Mr. Legge. *Walpole.*

[2] Mr. Murray; he was preferred to be Attorney-General this year, in the room of Sir Dudley Ryder, who was made Lord Chief Justice, on the death of Sir William Lee. *Walpole.*

I am glad you have got my Lord of Cork[3]. He is, I know, a very worthy man, and though not a bright man, nor a man of the world, much less a good author, yet it must be comfortable to you now and then to see something besides travelling children, booby governors, and abandoned women of quality. You say you have made my Lord Cork give up my Lord Bolingbroke: it is comical to see how he is given up here, since the best of his writings, his metaphysical divinity, have been published. While he betrayed and abused every man who trusted him, or who had forgiven him, or to whom he was obliged, he was a hero, a patriot, and a philosopher, and the greatest genius of the age: the moment his *Craftsmen* against Moses and St. Paul, &c., were published, we have discovered that he was the worst man and the worst writer in the world. The grand jury have presented his works, and as long as there are any parsons, he will be ranked with Tindal and Toland[4]—nay, I don't know whether my father won't become a rubric martyr, for having been persecuted by him. Mr. Fraigneau's[5] story of the late King's design of removing my father and employing Bolingbroke, is not new to me; but I can give you two reasons, and one very strong indeed, that convince me of its having no foundation, though it is much believed here. During the last year of the late King's life, he took extremely to New Park, and loved to shoot there, and dined with my father and a private party, and a good deal of punch. The Duchess of Kendal, who hated Sir Robert, and favoured Bolingbroke, and was jealous for herself, grew uneasy at

[3] John, Earl of Orrery and Cork, author of a translation of Pliny's Epistles, of a life of Dr. Swift, &c. *Walpole.*—He was a friend of Pope, Swift, and Johnson. He died in 1762.

[4] Matthew Tindal (d. 1733) and John Toland (1670–1722), deists.

[5] Rev. William Fraigneau (1717–1788), Professor of Greek at Cambridge, 1743–50. In the latter year he became a tutor in the family of Lord Bolingbroke's younger brother, Lord St. John, by whose son (the second Viscount Bolingbroke) he was presented to the livings of Battersea and of Beckenham in Kent.

these parties, and used to put one or two of the Germans upon the King to prevent his drinking (very odd preventives!),—however, they obeyed orders so well, that one day the King flew into a great passion, and reprimanded them in his own language with extreme warmth; and when he went to Hanover, ordered my father to have the New Lodge in the Park finished against his return; which did not look much like an intention of breaking with the Ranger of the Park. But what I am now going to tell you is conclusive: the Duchess obtained an interview for Bolingbroke in the King's closet, which not succeeding, as Lord Bolingbroke foresaw it might not at once, he left a memorial with the King, who, the very next time he saw Sir Robert, gave it to him.

You will expect that I should mention the progress of the West Indian war; but the Parliamentary campaign opening so warmly, has quite put the Ohio upon an obsolete foot. All I know is, that the Virginians have disbanded all their troops and say they will trust to England for their defence. The dissensions in Ireland increase. At least, here are various and ample fields for speeches, if we are to have new oppositions. You will believe that I have not great faith in the prospect, when I can come quietly hither for two or three days to place the books in my new library. Mr. Chute is with me, and returns you all your kind speeches with increase. Your two brothers, who dine at Lord Radnor's, have just been here, and found me writing to you: your brother Gal would not stay a moment, but said, 'Tell him I prefer his pleasure to my own.' I wish, my dear Sir, I could give you much more, that is, could tell you more; but unless our civil wars continue, I shall know nothing but of contested elections: a first session of a Parliament is the most laborious scene of dulness that I know. Adieu!

413. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Friday, Dec. 18, 1754.

'If we do not make this effort to recover our dignity, we shall only sit here to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful a subject!' *Non riconosci tu l'altero viso?* Don't you at once know the style? Shake those words all altogether, and see if they can be anything but the *disjecta membra* of Pitt! In short, about a fortnight ago, this bomb burst. Pitt, who is well, is married, is dissatisfied—not with his bride, but with the Duke of N.; has twice thundered out his dissatisfaction in Parliament, and was seconded by Fox. The event was exactly what I dare say you have already foreseen. Pitt *was to be* turned out; overtures were made to Fox; Pitt is *not* turned out; Fox is quieted with the dignity of cabinet-counsellor, and the Duke of Newcastle remains affronted—and omnipotent. The commentary on this text is too long for a letter; it may be developed some time or other. This scene has produced a diverting interlude: Sir George Lyttelton, who could not reconcile his content with Mr. Pitt's discontents, has been very ill with the *cousinhood.* In the grief of his heart he thought of resigning his place, but, *somehow or other*[1], stumbled upon a negotiation for introducing the Duke of Bedford into the ministry again, to balance the loss of Mr. Pitt. Whatever persuaded him, he thought this treaty so sure of success that he lost no time to be the agent of it himself; and whether commissioned or non-commissioned, as both he

Letter 413. — [1] Lyttelton's step was directly due to Horace Walpole, who, in conversation with Conway, had observed that the Duke of Bedford was willing to be reconciled to the court. This remark was repeated by Conway to Lyttelton, who at once approached the Duke. The latter communicated the offer and his refusal to Pitt, who, in consequence, broke with Lyttelton. (See *Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. i. pp. 360–1.)

and the Duke of Newcastle say, he carried *carte blanche* to the Duke of Bedford, who bounced like a rocket, frightened away poor Sir George, and sent for Mr. Pitt to notify the overture. Pitt and the Grenvilles are outrageous; the Duke of Newcastle disclaims his ambassador, and everybody laughs. Sir George came hither yesterday, to *expectorate* with me, as he called it. Think how I pricked up my ears, as high as King Midas, to hear a Lyttelton vent his grievances against a Pitt and Grenvilles! Lord Temple has named Sir George the *apostolic nuncio*; and George Selwyn says, 'that he will certainly be invited by Miss Ashe among the foreign ministers.' These are greater storms than perhaps you expected yet; they have occasioned mighty bustle, and whisper, and speculation; but you see

Pulveris exigui jactu composta quiescunt.

You will be diverted with a collateral incident. —— met Dick Edgecumbe, and asked him with great importance, if he knew whether Mr. Pitt was out. Edgecumbe, who thinks nothing important that is not to be decided by dice, and who, consequently, had never once thought of Pitt's political state, replied, 'Yes.'—'Ay! how do you know?'—'Why, I called at his door just now, and his porter told me so.' Another political event is, that Lord E.[2] comes into place; he is to succeed Lord Fitzwalter[3], who is to have Lord Grantham's[4] pension, who is dead immensely rich: I think this is the last of the old opposition, of any name, except Sir John Barnard. If you have curiosity about the Ohio, you must write to France: there I believe they know something about it; here it was totally forgot till last night, when an express arrived with an account of the loss of one

[2] Lord Egmont. This appointment did not take place.

[3] Benjamin Mildmay (1672-1756), first Earl Fitzwalter; President of the Board of Trade, 1735-56; Treasurer of the Household, 1737-55.

[4] Henry d'Auverquerque, Earl of Grantham.

of the transports off Falmouth, with eight officers and sixty men on board.

My Lady Townshend has been dying, and was wofully frightened and *took* prayers; but she is recovered now, even of her repentance. You will not be undiverted to hear that the mob of Sudbury have literally sent a *card* to the mob of Bury, to offer their assistance at a contested election there: I hope to be able to tell you in my next, that Mrs. Holman[5] has sent cards to both mobs for her assembly.

The shrubs shall be sent, but you must stay till the holidays; I shall not have time to go to Strawberry sooner. I have received your second letter, dated November 22nd, about the Gothic paper. I hope you will by this time have got mine, to dissuade you from that thought. If you insist upon it, I will send the paper: I have told you what I think, and will therefore say no more on that head; but I will transcribe a passage which I found t'other day in Petronius, and thought not unapplicable to you: 'Omnium herbarum succos Democritus expressit; et ne lapidum virgultorumque vis lateret, aetatem inter experimenta consumpsit.' I hope Democritus could not draw charmingly when he threw away his time in extracting tints from flints and twigs!

I can't conclude my letter without telling you what an escape I had at the sale of Dr. Mead's library, which goes extremely dear. In the catalogue I saw Winstanley's views of Audley Inn[6], which I concluded was, as it really was, a thin, dirty folio, worth about fifteen shillings. As I thought it might be scarce, it might run to two or three guineas: however, I bid Graham *certainly* buy it for me. He came the next morning in a great fright, said he did not know whether he had done very right or very wrong, that

[5] See letter to Mann, April 2, 1750.

[6] *Plans, Elevations, and Particular Prospects of Audley End*, engraved by Henry Winstanley, who planned the first Eddystone Lighthouse, and perished when it was blown down on Nov. 26, 1703.

he had gone as far as *nine-and-forty guineas*—I started in such a fright! Another bookseller had luckily had as unlimited a commission, and bid fifty—when my Graham begged it might be adjourned, till they could consult their principals. I think I shall never give an unbounded commission again, even for views of *Les Rochers*[7]. Adieu! Am I ever to see any more of your *hand-drawing*? Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

414. To RICHARD BENTLEY.

MY DEAR SIR, Strawberry Hill, Dec. 24, 1754.

I received your packet of December 6th last night, but intending to come hither for a few days, had unluckily sent away by the coach in the morning a parcel of things for you; you must therefore wait till another bundle sets out, for the new letters of Madame Sévigné. Heaven forbid that I should have said they were bad! I only meant that they were full of family details, and mortal distempers, to which the most immortal of us are subject; and I was sorry that the profane should ever know that my divinity was ever troubled with a sore leg or the want of money; though, indeed, the latter defeats Bussy's[1] ill-natured accusation of avarice; and her tearing herself from her daughter, then at Paris, to go and save money in Bretagne to pay her debts, is a perfection of virtue which completes her amiable character. My Lady Hervey has made me most happy, by bringing me from Paris an admirable copy of the very portrait that was Madame de Simiane's[2]: I am going to

[7] Madame de Sévigné's seat in Bretagne. *Walpole.*

LETTER 414.—[1] Roger de Rabutin (1618–1693), Comte de Bussy-Rabutin, cousin and correspondent of Madame de Sévigné.

[2] Pauline d'Adhémar de Monteil de Grignan, Marquise de Simiane, grand-daughter of Madame de Sévigné; d. 1737.

build an altar for it, under the title of *Notre Dame des Rochers*!

Well! but you will want to know the contents of the parcel that is set out. It contains another parcel, which contains I don't know what; but Mr. Cumberland[3] sent it, and desired I would transmit it to you. There are Ray's *Proverbs*, in two volumes interleaved; a few seeds, mislaid when I sent the last; a very indifferent new tragedy, called *Barbarossa*, now running; the author unknown[4], but believed to be Garrick himself. There is not one word of Barbarossa's real story, but almost the individual history of Merope; not one new thought, and, which is the next material want, but one line of perfect nonsense;

And rain down transports in the shape of sorrow.

To complete it, the manners are so ill observed, that a Mahometan princess royal is at full liberty to visit her lover in Newgate, like the banker's daughter in *George Barnwell*. I have added four more *Worlds*[5], the second of which will, I think, redeem my Lord Chesterfield's character with you for wit, except in the two stories, which are very flat: I mean those of two misspelt letters. In the last *World*[6], besides the hand, you will find a story of your acquaintance: *Boncœur* means Norborne Berkeley[7], whose horse sinking up to his middle in Woburn park, he would not allow that it was anything more than a little damp. The last story of a highwayman happened almost literally to Mrs. Cavendish.

For news, I think I have none to tell you. Mr. Pitt is

[3] Richard Cumberland (1732–1811), dramatist, nephew of Richard Bentley the younger.

[4] It was written by Dr. Browne. *Walpole.*

[5] Numbers 92, 98, 100, and 101 of that periodical paper. *Walpole.*

[6] Number 103, by Mr. Walpole. *Walpole.*—The subject of the paper is 'True Politeness.' The highwayman mentioned made it a rule to rob none but *those whom he visited.*

[7] Norborne Berkeley (d. 1776), of Stoke Gifford, Gloucestershire, in whose favour the barony of Botetourt was revived in 1764; Groom of the Bedchamber, 1760.

gone to the Bath, and Mr. Fox to Newcastle House; and everybody else into the country for the holidays. When Lord Bath was told of the first determination of turning out Pitt, and letting Fox remain, he said it put him in mind of a story of the Gunpowder Plot. The Lord Chamberlain was sent to examine the vaults under the Parliament House, and, returning with his report, said he had found five-and-twenty barrels of gunpowder; that he had removed ten of them, and hoped the other fifteen would do no harm. Was ever anything so well and so just?

The Russian ambassador is to give a masquerade for the birth of the little great prince[8]: the King lends him Somerset House: he wanted to borrow the palace over against me, and sent to ask it of the cardinal-nephew[9], who replied, 'Not for half Russia.'

The new madness is Oratorys. Macklin[10] has set up one, under the title of the British Inquisition; Foote another against him; and a third man has advertised another to-day. I have not heard enough in their favour to tempt me to them, nor do I in the world know enough to compose another paragraph. I am here quite alone; Mr. Chute is setting out for his Vine; but in a day or two I expect Mr. Williams[11], George Selwyn, and Dick Edgecumbe. You will allow that when I do admit anybody within my cloister, I choose them well. My present occupation is

[8] The present Czar, Paul I. *Walpole.*—He succeeded his mother, the Empress Catherine II, in 1796, and died in 1801.

[9] Henry, Earl of Lincoln, nephew to the Duke of Newcastle, to whose title he succeeded. *Walpole.*

[10] Charles Macklin (circ. 1697–1797), the actor, who had temporarily retired. The 'British Inquisition consisted of a lecture by Macklin, followed by a debate.' (*D.N.B.*)

[11] George James Williams, Esq. *Walpole.*—Generally known as 'Gilly' Williams. He was the fourth son of William Peere Williams, a barrister and writer on law, and was the uncle of Lord North. He was a frequent guest at Strawberry Hill, and he appears in a conversation picture (painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds for Horace Walpole) with Richard (afterwards Lord) Edgcumbe and George Selwyn. Many of his letters to the latter are printed in Jesse's *Selwyn and his Contemporaries.* He died in 1805, aged 86.

putting up my books; and thanks to arches, and pinnacles, and pierced columns, I shall not appear scantily provided. Adieu!

415. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Jan. 7, 1755.

I IMAGINED by your letter that the Colonel was in town, and was shocked at not having been to wait on him: upon inquiry, I find he is not; and now, can conceive how he came to tell you, that the town has been entertained with a paper of mine: I send it you, to show you that this is one of the many fabulous histories which have been spread in such quantities, and without foundation.

I shall take care of your letter to Mr. Bentley. Mr. Chute is at the Vine, or I know he would, as I do, beg his compliments to Miss Montagu. You do not wish me joy on the approaching nuptials of Mr. Harris and our Miss Anne[1]. He is so amorous, that whenever he sits by her (and he can't stand by her), my Lady Townshend, by a very happy expression, says, *he is always setting his dress.* Have you heard of a Countess Chamfelt, a Bohemian, rich and hideous, who is arrived here, and is under the protection of Lady Caroline Petersham? She has a great facility at languages, and has already learned, *Damn you*, and *Kiss me*—I beg her pardon, I believe she never uses the former, but upon the miscarriage of the latter: in short, as Dodington says, she has had the honour of performing at most courts in Europe. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

LETTER 415.—[1] Hon. Anne Conway; she was married to Mr. Harris on March 10, 1755.

416. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Jan. 9, 1755.

I used to say that one could not go out of London for two days without finding at one's return that something very extraordinary had happened; but of late the climate had lost its propensity to odd accidents. Madness be praised, we are a little restored to the want of our senses! I have been twice this Christmas at Strawberry Hill for a few days, and at each return have been not a little surprised: the first time, at the very unexpected death of my Lord Albemarle[1], who was taken ill at Paris, going home from supper, and expired in a few hours; and last week at the far more extraordinary death of Montford[2]. He himself, with all his judgement in bets, I think would have betted any man in England against himself for self-murder: yet after having been supposed the sharpest genius of his time, he, by all that appears, shot himself on the distress of his circumstances; an apoplectic disposition, I believe, concurring either to lower his spirits, or to alarm them. Ever since Miss —— lived with him, either from liking her himself, as some think, or to tempt her to marry his Lilliputian figure, he has squandered vast sums at Horseheath[3], and in living. He lost twelve hundred a year by Lord Albemarle's death, and four by Lord Gage's[4], the same day. He asked immediately for the government of Virginia or the Foxhounds, and pressed for an answer with an eagerness that surprised the Duke of Newcastle, who never had a notion of pinning down the relief of his own or any other man's wants to a day. Yet that seems to have been the

Letter 416. — [1] William Anne Keppel, second Earl of Albemarle, Ambassador at Paris.

[2] Henry Bromley, first Baron Montford

[3] Lord Montford's seat, near Linton, in Cambridgeshire.

[4] Thomas Gage, first Viscount Gage.

case of Montford, who determined to throw the die of life and death, Tuesday was se'nnight, on the answer he was to receive from court; which did not prove favourable. He consulted indirectly, and at last pretty directly, several people on the easiest method of finishing life; and seems to have thought that he had been too explicit; for he invited company to dinner for the day after his death, and ordered a supper at White's, where he supped, too, the night before. He played at whisk till one in the morning; it was New Year's morning: Lord Robert Bertie drank to him a happy New Year; he clapped his hand strangely to his eyes! In the morning he had a lawyer and three witnesses, and executed his will, which he made them read twice over, paragraph by paragraph; and then asking the lawyer if that will would stand good, though a man were to shoot himself? and being assured it would, he said, 'Pray stay while I step into next room;'—went into next room and shot himself. He clapped the pistol so close to his head, that they heard no report. The housekeeper heard him fall, and, thinking he had a fit, ran up with drops, and found his skull and brains shot about the room!—You will be charmed with the friendship and generosity of Sir Francis. Montford a little time since opened his circumstances to him. Sir Francis said, 'Montford, if it will be of any service to you, you shall see what I have done for you'; pulled out his will, and read it, where he had left him a vast legacy. The beauty of this action is heightened by Sir Francis's life not being worth a year's purchase. I own I feel for the distress this man must have felt, before he decided on so desperate an action. I knew him but little; but he was good-natured and agreeable enough, and had the most compendious understanding I ever knew. He had affected a finesse in money matters beyond what he deserved, and aimed at reducing even natural affections to a kind of

calculations, like Demoivre's[5]. He was asked, soon after his daughter's[6] marriage, if she was with child: he replied, 'Upon my word I don't know; I have no bet upon it.' This and poor Drumlanrig's self-murder have brought to light another, which happening in France, had been sunk; Bland's. I can tell you that the ancient and worshipful company of lovers are under a great dilemma, upon a husband and a gamester killing themselves: I don't know whether they will not apply to Parliament for an exclusive charter for self-murder.

On the occasion of Montford's story, I heard another more extraordinary. If a man insures his life, this killing himself vacates the bargain. This (as in England almost everything begets a contradiction) has produced an office for insuring in spite of self-murder; but not beyond three hundred pounds. I suppose voluntary deaths were not then the *bon ton* of people in higher life. A man went and insured his life, securing this privilege of a *free-dying* Englishman. He carried the insurers to dine at a tavern, where they met several other persons. After dinner he said to the life-and-death brokers, 'Gentlemen, it is fit that you should be acquainted with the company: these honest men are tradesmen, to whom I was in debt, without any means of paying, but by your assistance; and now I am your humble servant!' He pulled out a pistol and shot himself. Did you ever hear of such a mixture of honesty and knavery?

Lord Rochford is to succeed as Groom of the Stole. The Duke of Marlborough is Privy Seal, in the room of Lord Gower, who is dead; and the Duke of Rutland is Lord Steward. Lord Albemarle's other offices and honours are

[5] Abraham de Moivre (1667–1754), mathematician. He was the intimate friend of Newton.

[6] Hon. Frances Bromley, m. (1747) Charles Sloane Cadogan, afterwards third Baron and first Earl Cadogan; d. 1768.

still *in petto*. When the King first saw this Lord Albemarle, he said, 'Your father had a great many good qualities, but he was a sieve!'—It is the last receiver into which I should have thought his Majesty would have poured gold! You will be pleased with the monarch's *politesse*. Sir John Bland and Offley made interest to play at Twelfth Night, and succeeded—not at play, for they lost 1,400*l*. and 1,300*l*. As it is not usual for people of no higher rank to play, the King thought they would be bashful about it, and took particular care to do the honours of his house to them, set only to them, and spoke to them at his levee next morning.

You love new nostrums and inventions: there is discovered a method of inoculating the cattle for the distemper—it succeeds so well that they are not even marked. How we advance rapidly in discoveries, and in applying everything to everything! Here is another secret, that will better answer your purpose, and I hope mine too. They found out lately at the Duke of Argyle's, that any kind of ink may be made of privet: it becomes green ink by mixing salt of tartar. I don't know the process; but I am promised it by Campbell[7], who told me of it t'other day, when I carried him the true genealogy of the Bentleys, which he assured me shall be inserted in the next edition of the *Biographia*.

There sets out to-morrow morning, by the Southampton waggon, such a cargo of trees for you, that a detachment of Kentishmen would be furnished against an invasion if they were to unroll the bundle. I write to Mr. S—— to recommend great care of them. Observe how I answer your demands: are you as punctual? The forests in your landscapes do not

[7] Dr. John Campbell (1708–1775). He contributed largely to the *Biographia Britannica*. He was on friendly terms with Johnson, who used to come to his literary parties, and who praised his 'good principles.'

thrive like those in your letters. Here is a letter from G. Montagu; and then I think I may bid you good-night!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

417. To HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 9, 1755.

I HAD an intention of deferring writing to you, my dear Sir, till I could wish you joy on the completion of your approaching dignity[1]; but as the Duke of Newcastle is not quite so expeditious as my friendship is earnest, and as your brother tells me that you have had some very unnecessary qualms, from your silence to me on this chapter, I can no longer avoid telling you how pleased I am with any accession of distinction to you and your family: I should like nothing better but an accession of appointments: but I shall say no more on this head, where wishes are so barren as mine. Your brother, who had not time to write by this post, desires me to tell you that the Duke will be obliged to you, if you will send him the new map of Rome and of the patrimony of St. Peter, which His Royal Highness says is just published.

You will have heard long before you receive this, of Lord Albemarle's sudden death at Paris: everybody is so sorry for him!—without being so: yet as sorry as he would have been for anybody, or as he deserved. Can one really regret a man, who with the most meritorious wife[2] and sons[3] in

LETTER 417.—[1] Mr. Mann was about this time created a Baronet, with reversion to his brother Galfridus. *Walpole.*

[2] Lady Anne Lennox, sister of Charles, Duke of Richmond. *Walpole.*

[3] George, Lord Viscount Bury, Lord of the Bedchamber to the Duke, and colonel of a regiment; Augustus, captain of a man-of-war, who was with Lord Anson in his famous expedition; and William, Colonel of the Guards and Aide-de-camp to the Duke: the two other sons were very young. *Walpole.*

Anne Lennox, Countess of Albemarle
from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

the world, and with near 15,000*l.* a year from the government, leaves not a shilling to his family, lawful or illegitimate (and both *very* numerous), but dies immensely in debt, though, when he married, he had 90,000*l.* in the funds, and my Lady Albemarle brought him 25,000*l.* more, all which is dissipated to 14,000*l.*! The King very handsomely, and untired with having done so much for a man who had so little pretensions to it, immediately gave my Lady Albemarle 1,200*l.* a year pension, and I trust will take care of this Lord, who is a great friend of mine, and what is much better for him, the first favourite of the Duke. If I were as grave an historian as my Lord Clarendon, I should now without any scruple tell you a dream[4]; you would either believe it from my dignity of character, or conclude from my dignity of character that I did not believe it myself. As neither of these important evasions will serve my turn, I shall relate the following, only prefacing, that I do believe the dream happened, and happened right, among the millions of dreams that do not hit. Lord Bury was at Windsor with the Duke when the express of his father's death arrived: he came to town time enough to find his mother and sisters at breakfast. 'Lord! child,' said my Lady Albemarle, 'what brings you to town so early?' He said he had been sent for. Says she, 'You are not well!' 'Yes,' replied Lord Bury, 'I am, but a little flustered with something I have heard.' 'Let me feel your pulse,' said Lady Albemarle: 'Oh!' continued she, 'your father is dead!' 'Lord! Madam,' said Lord Bury, 'how could that come into your head? I should rather have imagined that you would have thought it was my poor brother William' (who is just gone to Lisbon for his health). 'No,' said my Lady Albemarle, 'I know it

[4] Clarendon gives (in the first book of his *History of the Rebellion*) an account of the apparition of Sir George Villiers, shortly before the murder of his son, the Duke of Buckingham.

is your father; I dreamed last night that he was dead, and came to take leave of me!' and immediately swooned.

Lord Albemarle's places are not yet given away: ambassador at Paris, I suppose, there will be none; it was merely kept up to gratify him—besides, when we have no minister, we can deliver no memorials. Lord Rochford is, I quite believe, to be Groom of the Stole: that leaves your Turin open—besides such trifles as a blue garter, the second troop of Guards, and the government of Virginia.

A death much more extraordinary is that of my Lord Montford [5], who, having all his life aimed at the character of a monied man, and of an artfully money-getting man, has shot himself, on having ruined himself. If he had despised money, he could not have shot himself with more deliberate resolution. The only points he seems to have considered in so mad an action, were, not to be thought mad, and which would be the easiest method of dispatching himself. It is strange that the passage from life to death should be an object, when one is unhappy enough to be determined to change one for the other.

I warned you in my last not to wonder if you should hear that either that Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox had kissed hands for Secretary of State; the latter has kissed the Secretary of State's hand for being a cabinet councillor. The more I see, the more I am confirmed in my idea of this being the *age of abortions*!

I have received yours of December 13th, and find myself obliged to my Lord of Cork for a remembrance of me, which I could not expect he should have preserved. Lord Huntingdon I know very well, and like very much: he has parts, great good breeding, and will certainly make a figure. You are lucky in such company; yet I wish you had Mr. Brand!

I need not desire you not to believe the stories of such

[5] Henry Bromley, first Lord Mountford. *Walpole.*

a mountebank as Taylor[6]: I only wonder that he should think the names of our family a recommendation at Rome; we are not conscious of any such merit: nor have any of our eyes ever wanted to be put out. Adieu! my dear Sir, my dear Sir Horace.

418. To Richard Bentley.

My dear Sir, Arlington Street, Feb. 8, 1755.

By the waggon on Thursday there set out for Southampton a lady whom you must call Phillis, but whom George Montagu and the Gods would name Speckle-belly. Peter begged her for me; that is, for you; that is, for Captain Dumaresque, after he had been asked three guineas for another. I hope she will not be poisoned with salt-water, like the poor Poyangers[1]. If she should, you will at least observe, that your commissions are not still-born with me, as mine are with you. I *draw*[2] a spotted dog the moment you desire it.

George Montagu has intercepted the description I promised you of the Russian masquerade: he wrote to beg it, and I cannot transcribe from myself. In few words, there were all the beauties, and all the diamonds, and not a few of the uglies of London. The Duke[3], like Osman the Third, seemed in the centre of his new seraglio, and I believe my Lady and I thought that my Lord Anson was the chief eunuch. My Lady Coventry was dressed in a great style, and looked better than ever. Lady Betty Spencer[4], like Rubens's wife (not the common one with the hat), had all the bloom and bashfulness and wildness of youth, with all the countenance of all the former Marlboroughs. Lord Delawar was an

[6] A quack oculist. *Walpole.*—John Taylor (1703–1772).

Letter 418.—[1] Gold-fish.

[2] Alluding to Mr. Bentley's dilatoriness in exercising his pencil at the request of Mr. Walpole. *Walpole.*

[3] William, Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

[4] Lady Elizabeth Spencer (d. 1831), second daughter of third Duke of Marlborough; m. (1756) Henry Herbert, tenth Earl of Pembroke.

excellent mask, from a picture at Kensington of Queen Elizabeth's porter. Lady Caroline Petersham, powdered with diamonds and crescents for a Turkish slave, was still extremely handsome. The hazard was excessively deep, to the astonishment of some Frenchmen of quality who are here, and who I believe, from what they saw that night, will not write to their court to dissuade their armaments, on its not being worth their while to attack so beggarly a nation. Our fleet is as little despicable; but though the preparations on both sides are so great, I believe the storm will blow over. They insist on our immediately sending an ambassador to Paris; and to my great satisfaction, my cousin and friend Lord Hertford is to be the man. This is still an entire secret here, but will be known before you receive this. The weather is very bitter, and keeps me from Strawberry. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

419. To Richard Bentley.

My dear Sir, Arlington Street, Feb. 23, 1755.

Your *Argosie* is arrived safe; thank you for shells, trees, cones; but above all, thank you for the landscape[1]. As it is your first attempt in oils, and has succeeded so much beyond my expectation (and being against my advice too, you may believe the sincerity of my praises), I must indulge my Vasarihood, and write a dissertation upon it. You have united and mellowed your colours, in a manner to make it look like an old picture; yet there is something in the tone of it that is not quite right. Mr. Chute thinks that you should have exerted more of your force in tipping with light the edges on which the sun breaks: my own opinion is, that

Letter 419.—[1] It is now at Strawberry Hill. *Walpole.*

the result of the whole is not natural, by your having joined a Claude Lorrain summer sky to a wintry sea, which you have drawn from the life. The water breaks finely, but the distant hills are too strong, and the outlines much too hard. The greatest fault is the trees (not apt to be your stumbling-block): they are not of a natural green, have no particular resemblance, and are out of all proportion too large for the figures. Mend these errors, and work away in oil. I am impatient to see some Gothic ruins of your painting. This leads me naturally to thank you for the sweet little *cul-de-lampe* to the *Entail*: it is equal to anything you have done in perspective and for taste; but the boy is too large.

For the block of granite I shall certainly think a louis well bestowed—provided I do but get the block, and that you are sure it will be equal to the sample you sent me. My room remains in want of a table; and as it will take so much time to polish it, I do wish you would be a little expeditious in sending it.

I have but frippery news to tell you; no politics; for the rudiments of a war, that is not to be a war, are not worth detailing. In short, we have acted with spirit, have got ready thirty ships of the line, and conclude that the French will not care to examine whether they are well manned or not. The House of Commons *bears* nothing but elections; the Oxfordshire till seven at night three times a week: we have passed ten evenings on the Colchester[2] election, and last Monday sat upon it till near two in the morning. Whoever stands a contested election, and pays for his seat, and attends the first session, surely buys the other six very dear!

The great event is the catastrophe of Sir John Bland, who has *flirted* away his whole fortune at hazard. He t'other

[2] The hearing of this petition came to an end on March 13, 1755, when one of the members was unseated.

night exceeded what was lost by the late Duke of Bedford[3], having at one period of the night (though he recovered the greatest part of it) lost two-and-thirty thousand pounds. The citizens put on their double-channeled pumps and trudge to St. James's Street, in expectation of seeing judgements executed on White's—angels with flaming swords, and devils flying away with dice-boxes, like the prints in Sadeler's Hermits. Sir John lost this immense sum to a Captain Scott[4], who at present has nothing but a few debts and his commission.

Garrick has produced a detestable English opera, which is crowded by all true lovers of their country. To mark the opposition to Italian operas, it is sung by some cast singers, two Italians and a French girl, and the chapel boys; and to regale us with sense, it is Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which is forty times more nonsensical than the worst translation of any Italian opera-books.—But such sense and such harmony are irresistible!

I am at present confined with a cold, which I caught by going to a fire in the middle of the night, and in the middle of the snow, two days ago. About five in the morning Harry waked me with a candle in his hand, and cried, 'Pray, your honour, don't be frightened!'—'No, Harry, I am not: but what is it that I am not to be frightened at?'—'There is a great fire here in St. James's Street.'—I rose, and indeed thought all St. James's Street was on fire, but it proved in Bury Street. However, you know I can't resist going to a fire; for it is certainly the only horrid sight that is fine. I slipped on my slippers, and an embroidered suit that hung on the chair, and ran to Bury Street, and stepped into a pipe that was broken up for water.—It would have made a picture

[3] Wriothesley Russell (1703–1732), third Duke of Bedford. See note on letter to Mann, Dec. 9, 1742.

[4] John Scott, of Balcomie, Fifeshire. He reached the rank of Major-General, and was M.P. for the county of Fife at the time of his death in 1775.

—the horror of the flames, the snow, the day breaking with difficulty through so foul a night, and my figure, party per *pale*, mud and gold. It put me in mind of Lady Margaret Herbert's[5] providence, who asked somebody for a *pretty* pattern for a nightcap. 'Lord!' said they, 'what signifies the pattern of a nightcap?'—'Oh! child,' said she, 'but you know, in case of fire.' There were two houses burnt, and a poor maid; an officer jumped out of window, and is much hurt, and two young beauties were conveyed out the same way in their shifts. There have been two more great fires. Alderman Belchier's house at Epsom[6], that belonged to the Prince, is burnt, and Beckford's fine house[7] in the country, with pictures and furniture to a great value. He says, 'Oh! I have an odd fifty thousand pounds in a drawer: I will build it up again: it won't be above a thousand pounds apiece difference to my thirty children.' Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

420. To Richard Bentley.

My dear Sir, Arlington Street, March 6, 1755.

I have to thank you for two letters and a picture. I hope my thanks will have a more prosperous journey than my own letters have had of late. You say you have received none since January 9th. I have written three since that. I take care, in conjunction with the times, to make them harmless enough for the post. Whatever secrets I may have (and you know I have no propensity to mystery) will keep very well till I have the happiness of seeing you, though that date should be farther off than I hope. As I mean my letters should relieve some of your anxious or

[5] Second daughter of eighth Earl of Pembroke; d. unmarried, 1752.
[6] The Durdans. [7] Fonthill, in Wiltshire.

dull minutes, I will tempt no postmasters or secretaries to retard them.

The state of affairs is much altered since my last epistle that persuaded you of the distance of a war. So haughty and so ravenous an answer came from France[1], that my Lord Hertford does not go. As a *little* islander, you may be very easy: Jersey is not prey for such fleets as are likely to encounter in the Channel in April. You must tremble in your *Bigendian* capacity, if you mean to figure as a good citizen. I sympathize with you extremely in the interruption it will give to our correspondence. You, in an inactive little spot, cannot wish more impatiently for every post that has the probability of a letter, than I, in all the turbulence of London, do constantly, never-failingly, for letters from you. Yet by my busy, hurried, amused, irregular way of life, you would not imagine that I had much time to care for my friends. You know how late I used to rise: it is worse and worse: I stay late at debates and committees; for, with all our tranquillity and my indifference, I think I am never out of the House of Commons: from thence, it is the fashion of the winter to go to vast assemblies, which are followed by vast suppers, and those by balls. Last week I was from two at noon till ten at night at the House: I came home, dined, new-dressed myself entirely, went to a ball at Lord Holdernesse's, and stayed till five in the morning. What an abominable young creature! But why may not I be so? Old Haslang[2] dances at sixty-five; my Lady Rochford without stays, and her husband the new Groom of the Stole, dance. In short,

LETTER 420.—[1] The French proposed 'that each nation should destroy all their forts on the south of the Ohio, which would leave them in possession of all the north side of that river; and whereas the Five Nations were allotted to the division of England by the treaty of Utrecht, and the French had built forts amongst them contrary to that treaty, and we agreeably to it, they demanded that we should destroy such forts, while they should be permitted to maintain theirs.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. i. p. 368.)

[2] The Bavarian minister.

when Secretaries of State, cabinet councillors, foreign ministers, dance like the universal ballet in the *Rehearsal*, why should not I—see them? In short, the true definition of me is, that I am a dancing senator—not that I do dance, or do anything by being a senator: but I go to balls, and to the House of Commons—to look on: and you will believe me when I tell you, that I really think the former the more serious occupation of the two; at least the performers are most in earnest. What men say to women is at least as sincere as what they say to their country. If perjury can give the devil a right to the souls of men, he has titles by as many ways as my Lord Huntingdon is descended from Edward III.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

421. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 10, 1755.

Having already wished you joy of your chivalry, I would not send you a formal congratulation on the actual dispatch of your patent: I had nothing new to tell you: forms between you and me would be new indeed.

You have heard of the nomination of my friend and relation, Lord Hertford[1], to the embassy of Paris: you will by this time have learned or perceived that he is not likely to go thither. They have sent demands too haughty to be admitted, and we are preparing a fleet to tell them we think so. In short, the prospect is very warlike. The ministry are so desirous of avoiding it, that they make no preparations on land—will *that* prevent it? Their partisans damn the plantations, and ask if we are to involve ourselves

Letter 421.—[1] Francis Seymour Conway, Earl of Hertford; his mother was sister to Lady Walpole. *Walpole.*

in a war for them? Will that question weigh with planters and West Indians? I do not love to put our trust in a fleet only: however, we do not touch upon the Pretender; the late Rebellion suppressed is a comfortable ingredient, at least, in a new war. You know I call this *the age of abortions*: who knows but the egg of this war may be addled?

Elections, very warm in their progress, very insignificant in their consequence, very tedious in their attendance, employ the Parliament solely. The King wants to go abroad, and consequently to have the Houses prorogued: the Oxfordshire election says *no* to him: the war says *no* to him: the town says we shall sit till June. Balls, masquerades, and diversions don't trouble their heads about the Parliament or the war: the righteous, who hate pleasures, and love prophecies (the most unpleasant things in the world, except their completion), are finding out parallels between London and Nineveh, and other goodly cities of old, who went to operas and ridottos when the French were at their gates,—yet, if Arlington Street were ten times more like to the most fashionable street in Tyre or Sidon, it should not alarm me: I took all my fears out in the Rebellion: I was frightened enough then: I will never have another panic. I would not indeed be so pedantic as to sit in St. James's Market in an armed chair to receive the French, because the Roman consuls received the Gauls in the forum. They shall be in Southwark before I pack up a single miniature.

The Duke of Dorset[2] goes no more to Ireland; Lord Hartington[3] is to be sent thither with the olive branch. Lord Rochford[4] is Groom of the Stole; Lord Poulet[5] has

[2] Lionel Sackville, first Duke of Dorset. *Walpole.*

[3] William, Marquis of Hartington, afterwards fourth Duke of Devonshire. *Walpole.*

[4] William Henry Nassau, Earl of Rochford. *Walpole.*

[5] Second Earl Poulet. *Walpole.*—D. 1764.

resigned the Bedchamber on that preference, and my nephew[6] and Lord Essex are to be Lords of the Bedchamber. It is supposed that the Duke of Rutland[7] will be Master of the Horse, and the Dorset again Lord Steward. But all this will come to you as very antique news, if a whisper that your brother has heard to-day be true, of your having taken a trip to Rome[8]. If you are there when you receive this, pray make my Lady Pomfret's[9] compliments to the statues in the Capitol, and inform them that she has purchased her late lord's collection of statues, and presented them to the University of Oxford. The present Earl, her son, is grown a speaker in the House of Lords, and makes comparisons between Julius Cæsar and the watchmen of Bristol, in the same style as he compared himself to *Cerberus, who, when he had one head cut off, three others sprang up in its room.* I shall go to-morrow to Dr. Mead's[10] sale, and ruin myself in bronzes and vases—but I will not give them to the University of Oxford. Adieu! my dear Sir Knight.

422. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, March 27, 1755.

Your chimney[1] is come, but not to honour: the caryatides are fine and free, but the rest is heavy: Lord Strafford is not at all struck with it, and thinks it old-fashioned: it certainly tastes of Inigo Jones. Your myrtles I have

[6] George Walpole, third Earl of Orford. *Walpole.*

[7] John Manners, Duke of Rutland. *Walpole.*

[8] 'I can't account for the whisper that was spread of my having been at Rome.' (*Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 374.)

[9] Henrietta Louisa, Countess-Dowager of Pomfret, having quarrelled with her eldest son, who was ruined, and forced to sell the furniture of his seat at Easton Neston, bought his statues, which had been part of the Arundelian collection, and had been purchased by his grandfather. *Walpole.*

[10] Dr. Richard Meade, a celebrated virtuoso and physician. *Walpole.*

Letter 422.—[1] A design for a chimney-piece, which, at Mr. Walpole's desire, Mr. Bentley had made for Lord Strafford. *Walpole.*

seen in their pots, and they are magnificent, but I fear very sickly. In return, I send you a library. You will receive, some time or other, or the French for you, the following books: a fourth volume of Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, the worst tome of the four; three volumes of *Worlds*; Fielding's Travels[2], or rather an account how his dropsy was treated and teased by an innkeeper's wife in the Isle of Wight; the new Letters of Madame de Sévigné, and Hume's[3] History of Great Britain; a book which, though more decried than ever book was, and certainly with faults, I cannot help liking much. It is called Jacobite, but in my opinion is only not *George-abite*: where others abuse the Stuarts, he laughs at them: I am sure he does not spare their ministers. Harding[4], who has the history of England at the ends of his Parliament fingers, says, that the *Journals* will contradict most of his facts. If it is so, I am sorry; for his style, which is the best we have in history, and his manner, imitated from Voltaire, are very pleasing. He has showed very clearly that we ought to quarrel originally with Queen Elizabeth's tyranny for most of the errors of Charles the First. As long as he is willing to sacrifice some royal head, I would not much dispute with him which it should be. I incline every day to lenity, as I see more and more that it is being very partial to think worse of some men than of others. If I was a king myself, I dare say I should cease to love a republic. My Lady Rochford desired me t'other day to give her a motto for a ruby ring, which had been given by a handsome woman of quality to a fine man; he gave it to his mistress, she to Lord ——, he to my Lady; who, I think, does not deny that it has not yet finished its travels. I excused myself

[2] The *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*.

[3] David Hume (1711–1776). The first volume of his *History* was published at the end of 1754.

[4] Nicholas Hardinge (1699–1758), clerk to the House of Commons.

for some time, on the difficulty of reducing such a history to a poesy—at last I proposed this:

This was given by woman to man, and by man to woman.

Are you most impatient to hear of a French war, or the event of the Mitchell[5] election? If the former is uppermost in your thoughts, I can tell you, you are very unfashionable. The Whigs and Tories in Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem, never forgot national points with more zeal, to attend to private faction, than we have lately. After triumphs repeated in the committee, Lord Sandwich and Mr. Fox were beaten largely on the report. It was a most extraordinary day! The Tories, who could not trust one another for two hours, had their last consult at the Horn Tavern just before the report, and all but nine or ten voted in a body (with the Duke of Newcastle) against agreeing to it: then Sir John Philipps, one of them, moved for a void election, but was deserted by most of his clan. We now begin to turn our hands to foreign war. In the Rebellion, the ministry was so unsettled that nobody seemed to care who was king. Power is now so established, that I must do the engrossers the justice to say, that they seem to be determined that *their own King* shall continue so. Our fleet is great and well manned; we are raising men and money, and messages have been sent to both Houses from St. James's, which have been answered by very zealous *cards*. In the mean time, sturdy mandates are arrived from France; however, with a codicil of moderation, and power to Mirepoix still to treat. He was told briskly—'Your terms must come speedily; the fleets will sail very quickly; war cannot then be avoided.'

I have passed five entire days lately at Dr. Mead's sale,

[5] St. Michael's, in Cornwall. One of the members unseated on petition was Robert (afterwards Lord) Clive.

where, however, I bought very little: as extravagantly as he paid for everything, his name has even resold them with interest. Lord Rockingham gave two hundred and thirty guineas for the Antinous—the dearest bust that, I believe, was ever sold; yet the nose and chin were repaired, and very ill. Lord Exeter[6] bought the Homer for one hundred and thirty. I must tell you a piece of fortune: I supped the first night of the sale at Bedford House, and found my Lord Gower[7] dealing at silver pharaoh to the women. 'Oh!' said I laughing, 'I laid out six-and-twenty pounds this morning, I will try if I can win it back,' and threw a shilling upon a card: in five minutes I won a five-hundred leva, which was twenty-five pounds eleven shillings. I have formerly won a thousand leva, and another five hundred leva. With such luck, shall not I be able to win you back again?

Last Wednesday I gave a feast in form to the Harrises. There was the Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Hertford, Mr. Conway, and Lady Ailesbury; in short, all the Conways in the world, my Lord Orford, and the Churchills. We dined in the drawing-room below stairs, amidst the eagle, Vespasian, &c. You never saw so Roman a banquet: but with all my virtù, the bridegroom seemed the most venerable piece of antiquity. Good night! The books go to Southampton on Monday.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

423. To Richard Bentley.

Strawberry Hill, April 13, 1755.

If I did not think that you would expect to hear often from me at so critical a season, I should certainly not write

[6] Brownlow Cecil (1725–1793), ninth Earl of Exeter.

[7] Granville Leveson-Gower, second Earl Gower; created Marquis of Stafford, 1786.

to you to-night: I am here alone, out of spirits, and not well. In short, I have depended too much upon my constitution being like

Grass, that escapes the scythe by being low;

and having nothing of the oak in the sturdiness of my stature, I imagined that my mortality would remain pliant as long as I pleased. But I have taken so little care of myself this winter, and kept such bad hours, that I have brought a slow fever upon my nights, and am worn to a skeleton: Bethel has plump cheeks to mine. However, as it would be unpleasant to die just at the beginning of a war, I am taking exercise and air, and much sleep, and intend to see Troy taken. The prospect thickens: there are certainly above twelve thousand men at the Isle of Rhé; some say twenty thousand. An express was yesterday dispatched to Ireland, where it is supposed the storm will burst; but unless our fleet can disappoint the embarkation, I don't see what service the notification can do: we have quite disgarnished that kingdom of troops; and if they once land, ten thousand men may walk from one end of the island to the other. It begins to be thought that the King will not go abroad: that he cannot, everybody has long thought. You will be entertained with a prophecy which my Lord Chesterfield has found in the 35th chapter of Ezekiel, which clearly promises us victory over the French, and expressly relates to this war, as it mentions the two countries (Nova Scotia and Acadia) which are the point in dispute. You will have no difficulty in allowing that *mounseer* is typical enough of France: except Cyrus, who is the only heathen prince mentioned by his right name, and that before he had any name, I know no power so expressly described.

'2. Son of man, set thy face against *Mount Seir*, and prophesy against it.

3. And say unto it, Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, *O Mount Seir*, I am against thee; and I will stretch out mine hand against thee, and I will make thee most desolate.

4. I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate, &c.

10. Because thou hast said, These two nations and these two countries shall be mine, and we will possess it, &c.'

I am disposed to put great trust in this prediction; for I know few things more in our favour. You will ask me naturally, what is to become of you? Are you to be left to all the chance of war, the uncertainty of packets, the difficulty of remittance, the increase of prices?—My dear Sir, do you take me for a prime minister, who acquaints the *states* that they are in damned danger, when it is about a day too late? Or shall I order my *chancellor* to assure you, that this is numerically the very day on which it is fit to give such notification, and that a day sooner or a day later would be improper?

But not to trifle politically with you, your redemption is nearer than you think for, though not complete: the terms a little depend upon yourself. You must send me an account, strictly and upon your honour, what your debts are: as there is no possibility for the present but of compounding them, I put my friendship upon it, that you answer me sincerely. Should you, upon the hopes of facilitating your return, not deal ingenuously with me, which I will not suspect, it would occasion what I hope will never happen. Some overtures are going to be made to Miss ——, to ward off impediments from her. In short, though I cannot explain any of the means, your fortune wears another face; and if you send me immediately, upon your honour, a faithful account of what I ask, no time will be lost to labour your return, which I wish so much, and

of which I have said so little lately, as I have had better hopes of it. Don't joke with me upon this head, as you sometimes do: be explicit, be open in the most unbounded manner, and deal like a man of sense with a heart that deserves you should have no disguises to it. You know me and my style: when I engage earnestly as I do in this business, I can't bear not to be treated in my own way.

Sir Charles Williams is made ambassador to Russia; which concludes all I know. But at such a period two days may produce much, and I shall not send away my letter till I am in town on Tuesday. Good night!

Thursday, 17th.

All the officers on the Irish establishment are ordered over thither immediately: Lord Hartington has offered to go directly[1], and sets out with Mr. Conway this day se'nnight. The journey to Hanover is positive: what if there should be a crossing-over and figuring-in of kings? I know who don't think all this very serious; so that, if you have a mind to be in great spirits, you may quote Lord Hertford. He went to visit the Duchess of Bedford t'other morning, just after Lord Anson had been there and told her his opinion. She asked Lord Hertford, 'What news?' He knew none. 'Don't you hear there will be certainly war?' 'No, Madam: I saw Mr. Nugent yesterday, and he did not tell me anything of it.' She replied, 'I have just seen a man who must know, and who thinks it unavoidable.' 'Nay, Madam, perhaps it may: *I don't think a little war would do us any harm.*' Just as if he had said, losing a little blood in spring is very wholesome; or that a little hissing would not do the Mingotti any harm!

I went t'other morning to see the sale of Mr. Pelham's

Letter 423.—[1] As viceroy. *Walpole.*—Conway accompanied Lord Hartington as his secretary.

plate, with George Selwyn—'Lord!' says he, 'how many toads have been eaten off those plates!' Adieu! I flatter myself that this will be a comfortable letter to you: but I must repeat, that I expect a very serious answer, and very sober resolutions. If I treat you like a child, consider you have been so. I know I am in the right—more delicacy would appear kinder, without being so kind. As I wish and intend to restore and establish your happiness, I shall go thoroughly to work. You don't want an apothecary, but a surgeon—but I shall give you over at once, if you are either froward or relapse. Yours till then,

HOR. WALPOLE.

424. To Sir Horace Mann.

MY DEAR SIR, Arlington Street, April 22, 1755.

Your brother and Mr. Chute have just left me in the design of writing to you; that is, I promised your brother I would, if I could make out a letter. I have waited these ten days, expecting to be able to send you a war at least, if not an invasion. For so long, we have been persuaded that an attempt would be made on Ireland; we have fetched almost all the troops from thence; and *herefore* we have just now ordered all the officers thither, and the new Lord Lieutenant is going, to see if he has any government left; the *old Lord Lieutenant of England* goes on Sunday, to see whether he has any Electorate left. Your brother says, he hears to-day that the French fleet are sailed for America[1]: I doubt it; and that the New Englanders have been forming a secret expedition, and by this time have taken Cape Breton again, or something very considerable. I remember when the former account came of that conquest, I was stopped in

LETTER 424.—[1] The French fleet had sailed previous to April 29. Boscawen's squadron left Plymouth on April 27.

my chariot, and told, '*Cape Breton* is taken.' I thought the person said, '*Great Britain* is taken.' 'Oh!' said I, 'I am not at all surprised at that; drive on, coachman.' If you should hear that the Pretender and the *Pretendee* have crossed over and figured in, shall you be much more surprised?

Mr. Chute and I have been motto-hunting[2] for you, but we have had no sport. The sentence that puns the best upon your name, and suits the best with your nature, is too old, too common, and belongs already to the Talbots, *Humani nihil alienum.* The motto that punning upon your name suits best with your public character, is the most heterogeneous to your private, *Homo Homini Lupus*—forgive my puns, I hate them; but it shows you how I have been puzzled, and how little I have succeeded.

If I could pity Stosch[3], it would be for the edict by which Richcourt[4] incorporates his collection—but when he is too worthless to be pitied living, can one feel for a hardship that is not to happen to him till he is dead? How ready I should be to quarrel with the Count for such a law, if I was driving to Louis[5], at the Palazzo Vecchio!

Adieu! my dear child; I am sensible that this is a very scrap of a letter; but unless the Kings of England and France will take more care to supply our correspondence, and not be so dilatory, is it my fault that I am so concise? Sure, if they knew how much postage they lost, by not supplying us with materials for letters, they would not mind flinging away eight or ten thousand men every fortnight.

[2] It was necessary for him to have a motto to his arms, as a Knight of the Bath. *Walpole.*—So in MS., but it was Mann's baronetcy which made a motto necessary. He became K.B. in 1768.

[3] Baron Stosch, a great virtuoso and antiquary, settled at Florence. *Walpole.*

[4] Count Richcourt, Prime Minister at Florence. *Walpole.*

[5] Louis Siriez, a French goldsmith at Florence, who sold curiosities, and lodged in the old palace at Florence. *Walpole.*

425. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, April 24, 1755.

I don't doubt but you will conclude that this letter, written so soon after my last, comes to notify a great sea-victory or defeat; or that the French are landed in Ireland, and have taken and fortified Cork; that they have been joined by all the wild Irish, who have proclaimed the Pretender, and are charmed with the prospect of being governed by a true descendant of the Mac-na-O's; or that the King of Prussia, like an unnatural nephew, has seized his uncle and Schutz in a post-chaise, and obliged them to hear the rehearsal of a French opera of his own composing—No such thing! If you will be guessing, you will guess wrong—all I mean to tell you is, that thirteen gold-fish, caparisoned in coats of mail, as rich as if Mademoiselle Scudéri had invented their armour, embarked last Friday on a secret expedition; which, as Mr. Weekes[1] and the wisest politicians of Twickenham concluded, was designed against the island of Jersey—but to their consummate mortification, Captain Chevalier is detained by a law-suit, and the poor Chinese adventurers are now frying under deck below bridge.—In short, if your governor is to have any gold-fish, you must come and manage their transport yourself. Did you receive my last letter? If you did, you will not think it impossible that you should preside at such an embarkation.

The war is quite gone out of fashion, and seems adjourned to America: though I am disappointed, I am not surprised. You know my despair about this eventless age! How pleasant to have lived in times when one could have been sure every week of being able to write such a paragraph as

Letter 425. — [1] A carpenter at Twickenham, employed by Mr. Walpole. *Walpole.*—Probably the same person as the Mr. Wicks mentioned in letter of July 9, 1754.

this! 'We hear that the *Christians* who were on their voyage for the recovery of the Holy Land, have been massacred in Cyprus by the natives, who were provoked at a rape and murder committed in a church by some young noblemen belonging to the Nuncio——;' or—'Private letters from Rome attribute the death of his Holiness to poison, which they pretend was given to him in the sacrament by the Cardinal of St. Cecilia, whose mistress he had debauched. The same letters add, that this Cardinal stands the fairest for succeeding to the Papal tiara; though a natural son of the late Pope is supported by the whole interest of Arragon and Naples.' Well! since neither the Pope nor the most Christian King will play the devil, I must condescend to tell you flippancies of less dignity. There is a young Frenchman here, called Monsieur Hérault. Lady Caroline Petersham[2] carried him and his governor to sup with her and Miss Ashe at a tavern t'other night. I have long said that the French were relapsed into barbarity, and quite ignorant of the world.—You shall judge: in the first place, the young man was bashful: in the next, the governor, so ignorant as not to have heard of women of fashion carrying men to a tavern, thought it incumbent upon him *to do the honours* for his pupil, who was as modest and as much in a state of nature as the ladies themselves, and hazarded some familiarities with Lady Caroline. The consequence was, that the next morning she sent a card to both, to desire they would not come to her ball that evening, to which she had invited them, and to beg the favour of them never to come into her house again. Adieu! I am prodigal of my letters, as I hope not to write you any more.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[2] This name was originally filled in by Wright (ed. 1840) as 'Harrington.' When this letter was written, however, the first Earl of Harrington

426. To Richard Bentley.

My dear Sir, Arlington Street, May 6, 1755.

Do you get my letters? or do I write only for the entertainment of the clerks of the post office? I have not heard from you this month! It will be very unlucky if my last to you has miscarried, as it required an answer, of importance to you, and very necessary to my satisfaction.

I told you of Lord Poulet's intended motion. He then repented, and wrote to my Lady Yarmouth and Mr. Fox to mediate his pardon. Not contented with his reception, he determined to renew his intention. Sir Cordell Firebrace[1] took it up, and intended to move the same address in the Commons, but was prevented by a sudden adjournment. However, the last day but one of the session, Lord Poulet read his motion, which was a speech. My Lord Chesterfield (who of all men living seemed to have no business to defend the Duke of Newcastle after much the same sort of ill-usage) said the motion was improper, and moved to adjourn. T'other Earl said, 'Then pray, my Lords, what is to become of my motion?' The House burst out a-laughing: he divided it, but was single. He then advertised his papers as lost. Legge, in his punning style, said, 'My Lord Poulet has had a stroke of an apoplexy; he has lost both his speech and motion.' It is now printed; but not having succeeded in prose, he is turned poet—you may guess how good!

The Duke[2] is at the head of the Regency—you may guess if we are afraid! Both fleets are sailed. The night the King went there was a magnificent ball and supper at Bedford House. The Duke was there: he was playing

was still alive, and his daughter-in-law was, in consequence, Lady Caroline Petersham.

Letter 426.—[1] Sir Cordell Firebrace, third Baronet (d. 1759), M.P. for Suffolk.

[2] William, Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

at hazard with a great heap of gold before him: somebody said he looked like the prodigal son and the fatted calf both. In the dessert was a model of Walton[3] Bridge in glass. Yesterday I gave a great breakfast at Strawberry Hill to the Bedford court. There were the Duke and Duchess, Lord Tavistock[4] and Lady Caroline[5], my Lord and Lady Gower[6], Lady Caroline Egerton[7], Lady Betty Waldegrave, Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Pitt, Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary, Mr. Bap. Leveson[8], and Colonel Sebright. The first thing I asked Harry was, 'Does the sun shine?' It did; and Strawberry was all gold, and all green. I am not apt to think people really like it, that is, understand it; but I think the flattery of yesterday was sincere; I judge by the notice the Duchess took of your drawings. Oh! how you will think the shades of Strawberry extended! Do you observe the tone of satisfaction with which I say this, as thinking it near? Mrs. Pitt brought her French horns: we placed them in the corner of the wood, and it was delightful. Poyang has great custom: I have lately given Count Perron some gold-fish, which he has carried in his post-chaise to Turin: he has already carried some before. The Russian minister has asked me for some too, but I doubt their succeeding there: unless, according to the universality of

[3] So in all the printed editions; but more probably Wilton Bridge—the famous Palladian bridge designed by the ninth Earl of Pembroke.

[4] Francis Russell (1739–1767), Marquis of Tavistock, eldest son of fourth Duke of Bedford. His early death (due to a fall out hunting) caused intense grief to his parents; his wife (*née* Lady Elizabeth Keppel) never recovered from the shock, but died little more than a year later.

[5] Lady Caroline Russell (d. 1811), daughter of fourth Duke of Bedford; m. (1762) George Spencer, fourth Duke of Marlborough. She was bridesmaid to Queen Charlotte. She appears in Reynolds' group of the Marlborough family, and was twice painted by him as a young woman.

[6] Lady Louisa Egerton (d. 1761), eldest daughter of first Duke of Bridgewater; m. (1748) Granville Leveson-Gower, Viscount Trentham, who succeeded as Earl Gower in 1754.

[7] Second daughter of first Duke of Bridgewater; she died unmarried.

[8] Hon. Baptist Leveson-Gower (d. 1782), fourth son of first Baron Gower; M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyme, 1727–54; Lord of Trade, 1745.

my system, everything is to be found out at last, and practised everywhere.

I have got a new book that will divert you, called *Anecdotes Littéraires*: it is a collection of stories and *bons mots* of all the French writers; but so many of their *bons mots* are impertinences, follies, and vanities, that I have blotted out the title, and written *Misères des Sçavants*. It is a triumph for the ignorant. Gray says (very justly) that learning never should be encouraged, it only draws out fools from their obscurity: and you know I have always thought a running footman as meritorious a being as a learned man. Why is there more merit in having travelled one's eyes over so many reams of papers, than in having carried one's legs over so many acres of ground? Adieu, my dear Sir! Pray don't be taken prisoner to France, just when you are expected at Strawberry! Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

427. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 13, 1755.

It is very satisfactory to me to hear that Miss Montagu was pleased with the day she passed at Strawberry Hill; but does not it silently reproach you, who will never see it but in winter? Does she not assure you that there are leaves, and flowers, and verdure? And why will you not believe, that with those additions it might look pretty, and might make you some small amends for a day or two purloined from Greatworth? I wish you would visit it when in its beauty, and while it is mine! You will not, I flatter myself, like it so well when it belongs to the *Intendant* of Twickenham, when a cockle-shell walk is made 'cross the lawn, and everything without doors is made regular, and everything *riant* and modern; for this must

be its fate! Whether its next master is already on board the Brest fleet, I don't pretend to say; but I scarce think it worth my while to dispose of it by my will, as I have some apprehensions of living to see it granted away *de par le Roy*. My Lady Hervey dined there yesterday with the Rochfords; I told her, that as she is just going to France, I was unwilling to let her see it, for if she should like it, she would desire Mademoiselle, with whom she lives, to beg it for her. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

428. To Richard Bentley.

Strawberry Hill, June 10, 1755.

Mr. Müntz is arrived [1]. I am sorry I can by no means give any commendation to the hasty step you took about him. Ten guineas were a great deal too much to advance to him, and must raise expectations in him that will not at all answer. You have entered into no written engagement with him, nor even sent me his receipt for the money. My good Sir, is this the sample you give me of the prudence and providence you have learned? I don't love to enter into the particulars of my own affairs; I will only tell you in one word, that they require great management. My endeavours are all employed to serve you; don't, I beg, give me reasons to apprehend that they will be thrown away. It is much in obscurity, whether I shall be able to accomplish your re-establishment; but I shall go on with great discouragement, if I cannot promise myself that you will be a very different person after your return. I shall never have it in my power to do twice what I am

Letter 428.—[1] Upon Mr. Bentley's recommendation, Mr. Walpole had invited Mr. Müntz from Jersey, and he lived for some time at Strawberry Hill. *Berry.*

now doing for you; and I choose to say the worst beforehand, rather than to reprove you for indolence and thoughtlessness hereafter, when it may be too late. Excuse my being so serious, but I find it is necessary.

You are not displeased with me, I know, even when I pout: you see I am not quite in good-humour with you, and I don't disguise it; but I have done scolding you for this time. Indeed, I might as well continue it; for I have nothing else to talk of but Strawberry, and on that subject you must be well wearied. I believe she alluded to my disposition to *pout*, rather than meant to compliment me, when my Lady Townshend said to somebody t'other day, who told her how well Mrs. Leneve was, and in spirits, 'Oh! she must be in spirits: why, she lives with Mr. Walpole, who is spirit of hartshorn!'

Princess Emily has been here:—'Liked it?'—'Oh no!'—I don't wonder; I never liked St. James's. She was so inquisitive and so curious in prying into the very offices and servants' rooms, that her Captain Bateman [2] was sensible of it, and begged Catherine [3] not to mention it. He addressed himself well, if he hoped to meet with taciturnity! Catherine immediately ran down to the pond, and whispered to all the reeds, 'Lord! that a princess should be such a gossip!' In short, Strawberry Hill is the puppet-show of the times.

I have lately bought two more portraits of personages in Grammont, Harry Jermyn [4] and Chiffinch [5]: my Arlington Street is so full of portraits, that I shall scarce find room for Mr. Müntz's works.

[2] Captain Hon. William Bateman, R.N. (d. 1783), second son of first Viscount Bateman.

[3] The housekeeper.

[4] Henry Jermyn (d. 1708), cr. Baron Dover, 1685; cr. Earl of Dover by James II (after his abdication), 1689.

[5] William Chiffinch (d. 1668), Closet Keeper to Charles II.

Wednesday, 11th.

I was prevented from finishing my letter yesterday, by what do you think? By no less magnificent a circumstance than a deluge. We have had an extraordinary drought, no grass, no leaves, no flowers; not a white rose for the festival of yesterday[6]! About four arrived such a flood, that we could not see out of the windows: the whole lawn was a lake, though situated on so high an Ararat: presently it broke through the leads, drowned the pretty blue bedchamber, passed through ceilings and floors into the little parlour, terrified Harry, and opened all Catherine's water-gates and *speech-gates*. I had but just time to collect two dogs, a couple of sheep, a pair of bantams, and a brace of gold-fish; for, in the haste of my zeal to imitate my ancestor Noah, I forgot that fish would not easily be drowned. In short, if you chance to spy a little ark with pinnacles sailing towards Jersey, open the skylight, and you will find some of your acquaintance. You never saw such desolation! A pigeon brings word that Mabland has fared still worse: it never came into my head before, that a rainbow-office for insuring against water might be very necessary. This is a true account of the late deluge.

Witness our hands,
HORACE NOAH.
CATHERINE NOAH, her × mark.
HENRY SHEM.
LOUIS JAPHET.
PETER HAM, &c.

I was going to seal my letter, and thought I should scarce have anything more important to tell you than the history of the flood, when a most extraordinary piece of news indeed arrived—nothing less than a new gunpowder

[6] The Pretender's birthday. *Walpole.*

plot—last Monday was to be the fatal day. There was a ball at Kew—Vanneschi and his son, directors of the Opera, two English lords, and two Scotch lords, are in confinement at Justice Fielding's[7]. This is exactly all I know of the matter; and this weighty intelligence is brought by the waterman from my housemaid in Arlington Street, who sent Harry word that the town is in an uproar; and to confirm it, the waterman says he heard the same thing at Hungerford Stairs. I took the liberty to represent to Harry, that the ball at Kew was this day se'nnight for the Prince's birthday; that, as the Duke was at it, I imagined the Scotch lords would rather have chosen that day for the execution of their tragedy; that I believed Vanneschi's son was a child; and that peers are generally confined at the Tower, not at Justice Fielding's; besides that, we are much nearer to Kew than Hungerford Stairs are: but Harry, who has not at all recovered the deluge, is extremely disposed to think Vanneschi very like Guy Fawkes: and is so persuaded that so dreadful a story could *not* be invented, that I have been forced to believe it too: and in the course of our reasoning and guessing, I told him, that though I could not fix upon all four, I was persuaded that the late Lord Lovat who was beheaded must be one of the Scotch peers, and Lord Anson's son, who is not begot, one of the English. I was afraid he would think I treated so serious a business too ludicrously, if I had hinted at the scene of distressed friendship that would be occasioned by Lord Hardwicke's examining his intimate Vanneschi. Adieu! my dear Sir. Mr. Fox and Lady Caroline, and Lord and Lady Kildare, are to dine here to-day; and if they tell Harry or me any more of the plot, you shall know it.

[7] John Fielding, half-brother of the novelist, whom he had succeeded as magistrate.

Wednesday night.

Well, now for the plot: thus much is true. A laundry-maid of the Duchess of Marlborough, passing by the Cocoa Tree [8], saw two gentlemen go in there, one of whom dropped a letter; it was directed *To you.* She opened it. It was very obscure, talked of designs at Kew miscarried, of new methods to be taken; and as this way of correspondence had been repeated too often, another must be followed; and it told *you* that the next letter to him should be in a bandbox at such a house in the Haymarket. The Duchess concluded it related to a gang of street-robbers, and sent it to Fielding. He sent it to the house named, and did find a box and a letter, which, though obscure, had treason enough in it. It talked of a design at Kew miscarried; that the Opera was now the only place, and consequently the scheme must be deferred till next season, especially as *a certain person* [9] is abroad. For the other great person, they are sure of him at any time. There was some indirect mention, too, of gunpowder. Vanneschi and others have been apprehended; but a conclusion was made, that it was a malicious design against the Lord High Treasurer of the Opera and his administration, and so they have been dismissed. Macnamara [10], I suppose you Jerseyans know, is returned with his fleet to Brest, leaving the transports sailing to America. Lord Thanet and Mr. Stanley [11] are just gone to Paris, I believe to inquire after the war.

The weather has been very bad for showing Strawberry to the Kildares; we have not been able to stir out of doors; but to make me amends, I have discovered that Lady

[8] A Tory club in St. James' Street.

[9] The King.

[10] The French admiral. *Walpole.*

[11] Hans Stanley, son of George Stanley, of Paultons, near Romsey; M.P. for Southampton; Lord of the Admiralty, 1757–65; Chargé d'Affaires at Paris, 1761; Governor of the Isle of Wight, 1764; Ambassador at St. Petersburg, 1766; Cofferer of the Household, 1766–74, 1776–80. He committed suicide at Althorp in 1780.

Kildare is a true Sévignist. You know what pleasure I have in any increase of our sect; I thought she grew handsomer than ever as she talked with devotion of *Notre Dame des Rochers*. Adieu! my dear Sir,

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Tell me if you receive this; for in these gunpowder times, to be sure, the clerks of the post office are peculiarly alert.

429. To Sir Horace Mann.

MY DEAR SIR, Strawberry Hill, June 15, 1755.

I have received your two letters relating to the Countess[1], and wish you joy, since she will establish herself at Florence, that you are so well with her; but I could not help smiling at the goodness of your heart and your zeal for us: the moment she spared us, you gave *tête baissée* into all her histories against Mr. Shirley[2]: his friends say, that there was a little sleight of hand in her securing the absolute possession of her own fortune; it was very prudent, at least, if not quite sentimental. . . .[3] You should be at least as little the dupe of her affection for her son[4]; the only proof of fondness she has ever given for him, has been expressing great concern at his wanting taste for Greek and Latin. Indeed, he has not much encouraged maternal yearnings in her: I should have thought him shocked at the chronicle of her life if he ever felt any impressions. But to speak freely to you, my dear Sir, he is the most

LETTER 429.—[1] Margaret Rolle, widow of Robert Walpole, second Earl of Orford; she lived for the greatest part of her life in Italy, and died there in 1781. *Walpole.*

[2] Sewallis Shirley, son of an Earl of Ferrers, second husband of Lady Orford, from whom she was parted, as she had been from her first. *Walpole.*

[3] Passage omitted.

[4] George, third Earl of Orford. *Walpole.*

particular young man I ever saw. No man ever felt such a disposition to love another as mine to him: I flattered myself that he would restore some lustre to our house; at least, not let it totally sink; but I am forced to give him up, and all my Walpole-views. I will describe him to you, if I can, but don't let it pass your lips. His figure is charming; he has more of the easy, genuine air of a man of quality than ever you saw: though he has a little hesitation in his speech, his address and manner are the most engaging imaginable: he has a good breeding and attention when he is with you that is even flattering; you think he not only means to please, but designs to do everything that shall please you; he promises, offers everything one can wish—but this is all; the instant he leaves you, you, all the world, are nothing to him—he would not give himself the least trouble in the world to give anybody the greatest satisfaction; yet this is mere indolence of mind, not of body—his whole pleasure is outrageous exercise. Everything he promises to please you, is to cheat the present moment and hush any complaint—I mean of words; letters he never answers, not of business, not of his own business: engagements of no sort he ever keeps. He is the most selfish man in the world, without being the least interested: he loves nobody but himself, yet neglects every view of fortune and ambition. He has not only always slighted his mother, but was scarce decent to his rich old grandmother [5], when she had not a year to live, and courted him to receive her favours. You will ask me what passions he has—none but of parade: he drinks without inclination, has women, not without inclination, but without having them, for he brags as much as an old man; games without attention; is immeasurably obstinate, yet, like obstinate

[5] Mrs. Rolle, mother of Lady Orford, was married to John Harris, of Hayne, Esq., and had inherited a large fortune from her brother, Mr. Tuckfield. *Walpole.*

people, governed as a child. In short, it is impossible not to love him when one sees him: impossible to esteem him when one thinks on him!

Mr. Chute has found you a very pretty motto; it alludes to the goats in your arms, and not a little to you: *per ardua stabilis.* All your friends approve it, and it is actually engraving.

You are not at all more in the dark about the war than we are even here: Macnamara has been returned some time to Brest with his fleet, having left the transports to be swallowed up by Boscawen, as we do not doubt but they will be. Great armaments continue to be making in all the ports of England and France, and, as we expect next month accounts of great attempts made by our colonies, we think war unavoidable, notwithstanding both nations are averse to it. The French have certainly overshot themselves; we took it upon a higher style than they expected, or than has been our custom. The spirit and expedition with which we have equipped so magnificent a navy has surprised them, and does exceeding honour to my Lord Anson[6], who has breathed new life into our affairs. The minister[7] himself has retained little or none of his brother's and of his own pusillanimity; and as the Duke[8] is got into the Regency, you may imagine our land-spirit will not be unquickened neither.

This is our situation; actual news there are none. All we hear from France is, that a new madness reigns there, as strong as that of *Pantins* was. This is *la fureur des cabriolets*; *Anglicè*, one-horse chairs, a mode introduced by Mr. Child[9]: they not only universally go in them, but wear them; that is, everything is to be *en cabriolet*; the men

[6] First Lord of the Admiralty.

[7] Thomas Holles Pelham, Duke of Newcastle. *Walpole.*

[8] William, Duke of Cumberland, second son of George II. *Walpole.*

[9] Josiah Child, brother of the Earl of Tilney. *Walpole.*

paint them on their waistcoats, and have them embroidered for clocks to their stockings; and the women, who have gone all the winter without anything on their heads, are now muffled up in great caps, with round sides, in the form of, and scarce less than the wheels of chaises. Adieu! my dear Sir.

430. To Richard Bentley.

Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1755.

You vex me exceedingly. I beg, if it is not too late, that you would not send me these two new quarries of granite; I had rather pay the original price and leave them where they are, than be encumbered with them. My house is already a stone-cutter's shop, nor do I know what to do with what I have got. But this is not what vexes me, but your desiring me to traffic with Carter, and showing me that you are still open to any visionary project! Do you think I can turn broker and factor, and I don't know what? And at your time of life, do you expect to make a fortune by becoming a granite-merchant? There must be great demand for a commodity that costs a guinea a foot, and a month an inch to polish! you send me no drawings, for which you know I should thank you infinitely, and are hunting for everything that I would thank you for letting alone. In short, my dear Sir, I am determined never to be a projector, nor to deal with projects. If you will still pursue them, I must beg you will not only not employ me in them, but not even let me know that you employ anybody else. If you will not be content with my plain, rational way of serving you, I can do no better, nor can I joke upon it. I can combat any difficulties for your service but those of your own raising. Not to talk any more crossly, and to prevent, if I can, for the future, any more of these expostulations, I must tell you plainly, that

with regard to my own circumstances, I generally drive to a penny, and have no money to spare for visions. I do and am doing all I can for you; and let me desire you once for all, not to send me any more persons or things without asking my consent, and staying till you receive it. I cannot help adding to the chapter of complaint. . . .[1]

These, my dear Sir, are the imprudent difficulties you draw me into, and which almost discourage me from proceeding in your business. If you anticipate your revenue, even while in Jersey, and build castles in the air before you have repassed the sea, can I expect that you will be a better economist either of your fortune or your prudence here? I beg you will preserve this letter, ungracious as it is, because I hope it will serve to prevent my writing any more such.——

Now to Mr. Müntz:—Hitherto he answers all you promised and vowed for him: he is very modest, humble, and reasonable; and has seen so much, and knows so much, of countries and languages that I am not likely to be soon tired of him. His drawings are very pretty: he has done two views of Strawberry that please me extremely; his landscape and trees are much better than I expected. His next work is to be a large picture from your Mabland for Mr. Chute, who is much content with him: he goes to the Vine in a fortnight or three weeks. We came from thence the day before yesterday. I have drawn up an *inventionary* of all I propose he should do there; the computation goes a little beyond five thousand pounds; but he does not go half so fast as my impatience demands: he is so reasonable, and will think of dying, and of the gout, and of twenty disagreeable things that one must do and have, that he takes no joy in planting and future views, but distresses all my

Letter 430.—[1] So in the fifth volume of the 4to (1798) ed. of Walpole's *Works*, in which this letter was first printed.

rapidity of schemes. Last week we were at my sister's, at Chaffont in Buckinghamshire, to see what we could make of it; but it wants so much of everything, and would require so much more than an inventionary of five thousand pounds, that we decided nothing, except that Mr. Chute has designed the prettiest house in the world for them. We went to see the objects of the neighbourhood, Bulstrode[2] and Latimers. The former is a melancholy monument of Dutch magnificence: however, there is a brave gallery of old pictures, and a chapel with two fine windows of modern painted glass. The ceiling was formerly decorated with the assumption, or rather *presumption*, of Chancellor Jefferies, to whom it belonged; but a very judicious fire hurried him somewhere else. Latimers belongs to Mrs. Cavendish. I have lived there formerly with Mr. Conway, but it is much improved since: yet the river stops short at an hundred yards just under your eye, and the house has undergone Batty Langley[3] discipline: half the ornaments are of his bastard Gothic, and half of Hallet's[4] mongrel Chinese. I want to write over the doors of most modern edifices, 'Repaired and beautified; Langley and Hallet, churchwardens.' The great dining-room is hung with the paper of my staircase, but not shaded properly like mine. I was much more charmed lately at a visit I made to the Cardigans at Blackheath. Would you believe that I had never been in Greenwich Park? I never had, and am transported! Even the glories of Richmond and Twickenham hide their diminished rays. Yet nothing is equal to the fashion of this village; Mr. Müntz says we have more coaches than there are in half France. Mrs. Pritchard has bought Ragman's Castle, for which my Lord Litchfield

[2] Near Gerrard's Cross, in Buckinghamshire; the seat of the Duke of Portland.

[3] Batty Langley (1696–1751), architect and writer on architecture.

[4] William Hallet, cabinetmaker.

could not agree. We shall be as celebrated as Baiæ or Tivoli; and, if we have not such sonorous names as they boast, we have very famous people: Clive and Pritchard, actresses; Scott[5] and Hudson[6], painters; my Lady Suffolk, famous in her time; Mr. H——, the impudent lawyer, that Tom Hervey wrote against; Whitehead[7], the poet—and Cambridge[8], the everything. Adieu! my dear Sir—I know not one syllable of news. Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

431. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 16, 1755.

OUR correspondence will revive: the war is begun. I cannot refer you to the *Gazette*, for it is so prudent and so afraid that Europe should say we began first (and unless the *Gazette* tells, how should Europe know?), that it tells nothing at all. The case was: Captain Howe[1] and Captain Andrews lay in a great fog that lasted near fifty hours within speech of three French ships and within sight of nine more. The commandant[2] asked if it was war or peace? Howe replied he must wait for his admiral's signal, but advised the Frenchman to prepare for war. Immediately Boscawen[3] gave the signal, and Howe attacked.

[5] Samuel Scott (d. 1772), marine painter.

[6] Thomas Hudson (1701–1779), portrait painter. He was for a time the master of Reynolds. His house was near Pope's villa.

[7] Paul Whitehead lived on Twickenham Common.

[8] Richard Owen Cambridge (1717–1802), author of the *Scribleriad*, and other poetical pieces, and a contributor to the *World*. His house (where he received most of the celebrities of his day) was near Richmond Bridge.

LETTER 431. — [1] Richard, afterwards Viscount, Howe. *Walpole.*—B. 1726; third son of second Viscount Howe; succeeded his brother, 1758; cr. Viscount Howe (in England), 1782; cr. Earl Howe, 1788. Lord of the Admiralty, 1763–65; Treasurer of the Navy, 1765–70; Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, 1770; First Lord of the Admiralty, Jan.–April, 1783, Dec. 1783–88; Commander-in-Chief in the Channel, 1793 (and, as such, victorious on the 'Glorious First of June,' 1794); d. 1799.

[2] The Chevalier Hocquart.

[3] Edward Boscawen, brother of

The French, who lost one hundred and thirty men to our thirteen, soon struck; we took one large ship, one inconsiderable, and seven thousand pounds: the third ship escaped in the fog[4]. Boscawen detained the express ten days in hopes of more success; but the rest of our *new* enemies are all got safe into the river of Louisbourg. This is a great disappointment! We expect a declaration of war with the first fair wind. Make the most of your friendship with Count Lorenzi[5], while you may.

I have received the cargo of letters and give you many thanks; but have not yet seen Mr. Brand; having been in the country while he was in town.

Your brother has received and sent you a dozen double prints of my eagle, which I have had engraved. I could not expect that any drawing could give a full idea of the noble spirit of the head, or of the masterly tumble of the feathers: but I think upon the whole the plates are not ill done. Let me beg Dr. Cocchi[6] to accept one of each plate; the rest, my dear Sir, you will give away as you please.

Mr. Chute is such an idle wretch, that you will not wonder I am his secretary for a commission. At the Vine is the most heavenly chapel[7] in the world; it only wants a few pictures to give it a true Catholic air—we are so conscious of the goodness of our Protestantism, that we do not care how things look. If you can pick us up a tolerable Last Supper, or can have one copied tolerably and very

Hugh, second Viscount Falmouth. *Walpole.*

[4] This action took place off Cape Race on June 10. Howe commanded the *Dunkirk*, and Andrews the *Defiance*, both of 60 guns. The captured French ships were the *Alcide* (64 guns) and the *Lys* (22 guns). The *Dauphin Royal* escaped.

[5] A Florentine, but minister of France to the Great Duke. *Walpole.*

[6] A physician and author at Florence. *Walpole.*

[7] At Mr. Chute's seat of the Vine, in Hampshire, is a chapel built by Lord Sandys of the Vine, Lord Chamberlain to Henry VIII. In the painted glass windows, which were taken at Boulogne in that reign, are portraits of Francis I, his queen, and sister. *Walpole.*

cheap, we will say many a mass for the repose of your headaches. The dimensions are, three feet eleven inches and three-quarters wide, by two feet eight inches and a half high. Take notice of two essential ingredients; it must be cheap, and the colouring must be very light, for it will hang directly under the window.

I beg you will nurse yourself up to great strength; consider what German generals and English commodores you are again going to have to govern! On my side, not a Pretender shall land, nor a rebellion be committed, but you shall have timely notice. Adieu!

432. To Richard Bentley.

Strawberry Hill, July 17, 1755.

To be sure, war is a dreadful calamity, &c.! But then it is a very comfortable commodity for writing letters and writing history; and as one did not contribute to make it, why there is no harm in being a little amused with looking on; and if one can but keep the Pretender on t'other side Derby, and keep Arlington Street and Strawberry Hill from being carried to Paris, I know nobody that would do more to promote peace, or that will bear the want of it, with a better grace than myself. If I don't send you an actual declaration of war in this letter, at least you perceive I am the harbinger of it. An account arrived yesterday morning that Boscawen had missed the French fleet, who are got into Cape Breton; but two of his captains attacked three of their squadron and have taken two, with scarce any loss. This is the third time one of the French captains has been taken by Boscawen.

Mr. Conway is arrived from Ireland, where the triumphant party are what parties in that situation generally are, unreasonable and presumptuous. They will come into no

terms without a stipulation that the Primate[1] shall not be in the Regency. This is a bitter pill to digest, but must not it be swallowed? Have we heads to manage a French war and an Irish civil war too?

There are little domestic news. If you insist upon some, why, I believe I could persuade somebody or other to hang themselves; but that is scarce an article uncommon enough to send 'cross the sea. For example, the rich ——, whose brother died of the smallpox a year ago, and left him four hundred thousand pounds, had a fit of the gout last week, and shot himself. I only begin to be afraid that it should grow as necessary to shoot one's self here, as it is to go into the army in France. Sir Robert Browne has lost his last daughter, to whom he could have given eight thousand pounds a year. When I tell these riches and madnesses to Mr. Müntz, he stares so, that I sometimes fear he thinks I mean to impose on him. It is cruel to a person who collects the follies of the age for the information of posterity to have one's veracity doubted; it is the truth of them that makes them worth notice. Charles Townshend marries the great Dowager Dalkeith[2]: his parts and presumption are prodigious. He wanted nothing but independence to let him loose: I propose great entertainment from him; and now, perhaps, the times will admit it. There may be such things again as parties—odd evolutions happen. The ballad I am going to transcribe for you is a very good comment on so commonplace a text. My Lord Bath, who was brought hither by my Lady Hervey's and Billy Bristow's reports of the charms of the place, has made the following stanzas, to the old tune which you remember of Rowe's ballad on Dodington's Mrs. Strawbridge:—

LETTER 432.—[1] Dr. Stone. *Walpole.*

[2] Caroline Campbell, Countess of Dalkeith; cr. Baroness Greenwich, 1767.

I.

Some talk of Gunnersbury[3],
For Sion some declare;
And some say that with Chiswick House
No villa can compare;
But all the beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
Say, that Strawberry Hill, that Strawberry
Doth bear away the bell.

II.

Though Surrey boast its Oatlands,
And Claremont[4] kept so gim;
And though they talk of Southcote's,
It 's but a dainty whim;
For ask the gallant Bristow,
Who does in taste excel,
If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry
Don't bear away the bell.

Can there be an odder revolution of things, than that the printer of the *Craftsman* should live in a house of mine, and that the author of the *Craftsman* should write a panegyric on a house of mine?

I dined yesterday at Wanstead[5]: many years have passed since I saw it. The disposition of the house and the prospect are better than I expected, and very fine: the garden, which they tell you cost as much as the house, that is, 100,000*l.* (don't tell Mr. Müntz), is wretched; the furniture fine, but totally without taste: such continences and incontinences of Scipio and Alexander, by I don't know whom! such flame-coloured gods and goddesses, by Kent! such family-pieces, by—I believe the late Earl[6] himself, for they are as ugly as the children that he really begot! The

[3] The seat of Henry Furnese.

[4] The seat of Miss Pelham, near Esher.

[5] Wanstead House, near Walthamstow.

[6] Richard Child, afterwards Tilney (1680–1750), first Earl Tilney.

whole great apartment is of oak, finely carved, unpainted, and has a charming effect. The present Earl[7] is the most generous creature in the world: in the first chamber I entered he offered me four marble tables that lay in cases about the room: I compounded, after forty refusals of everything I commended, to bring away only a haunch of venison: I believe he has not had so cheap a visit a good while. I commend myself, as I ought; for, to be sure, there were twenty ebony chairs, and a couch, and a table, and a glass, that would have tried the virtue of a philosopher of double my size! After dinner we dragged a gold-fish pond for my Lady Fitzroy and Lord S. I could not help telling my Lord Tilney, that they would certainly burn the poor fish for the gold, like old lace. There arrived a Marquis St. Simon, from Paris, who understands English, and who has seen your book of designs for Gray's odes: he was much pleased at meeting me, to whom the individual cat belonged, and you may judge whether I was pleased with him. Adieu! my dear Sir. Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

433. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 17, 1755.

Having done with building and planting, I have taken to farming; the first fruits of my proficience in that science I offer to you, and have taken the liberty to send you a couple of cheeses. If you will give yourself the trouble to inquire at Brackley for the coach, which set out this morning, you will receive a box and a roll of paper. The latter does not contain a cheese, only a receipt for making them. We have taken so little of the French fleet, that I fear none of it will come to my share, or I would have

[7] John Tilney (1712–1784), second Earl Tilney.

sent you part of the spoils. I have nothing more to send you, but a new ballad, which my Lord Bath has made on this place; you remember the old burden of it, and the last lines allude to Billy Bristow's having fallen in love with it.

I.

Some talk of Gunnersbury,
For Sion some declare;
And some say that with Chiswick House
No villa can compare;
But all the beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
Say, that Strawberry Hill, that Strawberry
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II.

Though Surrey boast its Oatlands,
And Claremont kept so gim;
And though they talk of Southcote's,
It's but a dainty whim;
For ask the gallant Bristow,
Who does in taste excel,
If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry
Don't bear away the bell.

I am a little pleased to send you this, to show you, that in summer we are a little pretty, though you will never look at us but in our ugliness. My best compliments to Miss Montagu; and my service to whatever baronet breakfasts with you on negus.—Have you heard that poor Lady Browne is so unfortunate as to have lost her last daughter? and that Mrs. Barret is so lucky as to have lost her mother-in-law[1], and is Baroness Dacre of the South? I met the great Cû t'other day, and he asked me if I ever heard from you; that he never did; I told him that I did not neither; did not I say true?

Yours ever,

H. W.

Letter 433.—[1] Anne Lennard, Baroness Dacre; d. June 26, 1755.

434. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 26, 1755.

Who would not turn farmer, when their very first essay turns to so good account? Seriously, I am quite pleased with the success of my mystery, and infinitely obliged to you for the kind things you say about my picture. You must thank Mrs. Whetenhall, too, for her prepossession about my cheeses; I fear a real manufacture of milk at Strawberry Hill would not have answered quite so well as our old commodities of paint and copper-plates.

I am happy for the recovery of Miss Montagu, and the tranquillity you must feel after so terrible a season of apprehensions. Make my compliments to her, and if you can be honest on so tender a topic, tell her, that she will always be in danger, while you shut her up in Northamptonshire, and that with her delicate constitution she ought to live nearer friends and help; that I know no spot so healthy or convenient for both as the county of Twicks.

Charles Townshend is to be married next month: as the lady[1] had a very *bad* husband before, she has chosen prudently, and has settled herself in a family of the best sort of people in the world, who will think of nothing but making her happy. I don't know even whether the bridegroom won't be afraid of getting her any more children, lest it would prejudice those she has already! they are a wonderful set of people for good-natured considerations!

You know, to be sure, that Mr. Humberston[2] is dead, and your neighbouring Brackley likely to return under the dominion of its old masters. Lady Dysart[3] is dead too, . . .[4]

Letter 434.—[1] The Countess of Dalkeith.

[2] Thomas Humberston, M.P. for Brackley.

[3] Grace Carteret, wife of fourth Earl of Dysart, and daughter of Earl Granville.

[4] Passage omitted.

Mr. Chute is at the Vine. Your poor Cliquetis[5] is still a banished man. I have a scheme for bringing him back, but can get Mrs. Tisiphone into no kind of terms; and without tying her up from running him into new debts, it is in vain to recover him.

I believe the declaration of war has been stopped at the Custom House, for one hears nothing of it. You see I am very paragraphical, and in reality have nothing to say; so good night! Yours ever,

H. W.

435. To Richard Bentley.

Strawberry Hill, August 4, 1755, between 11 and 12 at night.

I came from London to-day, and am just come from supping at Mrs. Clive's, to write to you by the fire-side. We have been exceedingly troubled for some time with St. Swithin's diabetes, and have not a dry thread in any walk about us. I am not apt to complain of this malady, nor do I: it keeps us green at present, and will make our shades very thick, against we are fourscore, and fit to enjoy them. I brought with me your two letters of July 30 and August 1; a sight I have not seen a long time!—But, my dear Sir, you have been hurt at my late letters. Do let me say thus much in excuse for myself. You know how much I value, and what real and great satisfaction I have in your drawings. Instead of pleasing me with so little trouble to yourself, do you think it was no mortification to receive everything but your drawings? to find you full of projects, and, I will not say, with some imprudences?—But I have done on this subject—my friendship will always be the same for you; it will only act with more or less cheerfulness, as you use your common sense, or your disposition to

[5] Richard Bentley.

chimerical schemes and carelessness. To give you all the present satisfaction in my power, I will tell you . . .[1]

I think your good-nature means to reproach me with having dropped any hint of finding amusement in contemplating a war. When one would not do anything to promote it, when one would do anything to put a period to it, when one is too insignificant to contribute to either, I must own I see no blame in thinking an active age more agreeable to live in, than a soporific one.—But, my dear Sir, I must adopt *your* patriotism—Is not it laudable to be revived with the revival of British glory? Can I be an indifferent spectator of the triumphs of my country? Can I help feeling a tattoo at my heart, when the Duke of Newcastle makes as great a figure in history as Burleigh or Godolphin—nay, as Queen Bess herself?—She gained no battles in person; she was only the actuating genius. You seem to have heard of a proclamation of war, of which we have not heard; and not to have come to the knowledge of taking of Beau Séjour[2] by Colonel Monckton[3]. In short, the French and we seem to have crossed over and figured in, in politics. Mirepoix complained grievously that the Duke of Newcastle had overreached him—but he is to be forgiven in so good a cause! It is the first person he ever deceived!—I am preparing a new folio for heads of the heroes that are to bloom in mezzotinto from this war. At present my chief study is West Indian history. You would not think me very ill-natured if you knew all I feel at the cruelty and villainy of European settlers: but this very morning I found that part of the purchase of Maryland

LETTER 435.—[1] So in 4to (1798) ed. of Walpole's *Works*, in which this letter was first printed.

[2] Fort Beau Séjour on the Bay of Fundy, taken on June 16, 1755.

[3] Hon. Robert Monckton (1726–1782), second son of first Viscount Galway; entered the army, 1741; was present at the battle of Dettingen; second in command of the expedition against Quebec, 1759; commanded at capture of Martinique, 1762 Lieutenant-General, 1770.

from the savage proprietors (for *we* do not massacre, *we* are such good Christians as only to cheat) was a quantity of vermilion and a parcel of Jews'-harps!

Indeed, if I pleased, I might have another study; it is my fault if I am not a commentator and a corrector of the press. The Marquis de St. Simon, whom I mentioned to you, at a very first visit proposed to me to look over a translation he had made of *The Tale of a Tub*: the proposal was soon followed by a folio, and a letter of three sides, to press me seriously to revise it. You shall judge of my scholar's competence. He translates 'L'Estrange[4], Dryden, and others,' *l'étrange Dryden*, &c. Then in the description of the tailor as an idol, and his goose as the symbol; he says in a note, that the *goose* means the dove, and is a concealed satire on the Holy Ghost. It put me in mind of the Dane, who talking of orders to a Frenchman, said, 'Notre St. Esprit est un éléphant.'

Don't think, because I prefer your drawings to everything in the world, that I am such a churl as to refuse Mrs. Bentley's partridges: I shall thank her very much for them. You must excuse me, if I am vain enough to be so convinced of my own taste, that all the neglect that has been thrown upon your designs cannot make me think I have overvalued them. I must think that the States of Jersey who execute your town-house, have much more judgement than all our connoisseurs. When I every day see Greek, and Roman, and Italian, and Chinese, and Gothic architecture embroidered and inlaid upon one another, or called by each other's names, I can't help thinking that the grace and simplicity and truth of your taste, in whichever you undertake, is real taste. I go farther: I wish you would know in what you excel, and not be hunting after twenty things unworthy your genius. If flattery is my turn, believe this to be so.

[4] Sir Roger L'Estrange, Knight (1616–1704), journalist and fabulist.

Mr. Müntz is at the Vine, and has been some time. I want to know more of this history of the German: I do assure you, that I like both his painting and behaviour; but if any history of any kind is to accompany him, I shall be most willing to part with him. However I may divert myself as a spectator of broils, believe me I am thoroughly sick of having anything to do in any. Those in a neighbouring island are likely to subside—and, contrary to custom, the *priest* himself to be the *sacrifice.*

I have contracted a sort of intimacy with Garrick, who is my neighbour[5]. He affects to study my taste: I lay it all upon you—he admires you. He is building a grateful temple to Shakespeare: I offered him this motto: 'Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo tuum est!' Don't be surprised if you should hear of me as a gentleman coming upon the stage next winter for my diversion.—The truth is, I make the most of this acquaintance to protect my poor neighbour at *Cliveden*—you understand the conundrum, *Clive's den.*

Adieu, my dear Sir! Need I repeat assurances? If I need, believe that nothing that can tend to your recovery has been or shall be neglected by me. You may trust me to the utmost of my power—beyond that, what can I do? Once more, adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

436. To Richard Bentley.

My dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, August 15, 1755.

Though I wrote to you so lately, and have certainly nothing new to tell you, I can't help scribbling a line to you to-night, as I am going to Mr. Rigby's for a week or ten days, and must thank you first for the three pictures. One

[5] At Hampton.

of them charms me, the Mount Orgueil, which is absolutely fine; the sea, and shadow upon it, are masterly. The other two I don't, at least won't, take for finished. If you please, Elizabeth Castle shall be Mr. Müntz's performance: indeed I see nothing of you in it. I do reconnoitre you in the Hercules and Nessus; but in both, your colours are dirty, carelessly dirty: in your distant hills you are improved, and not hard. The figures are too large—I don't mean in the Elizabeth Castle, for there they are neat; but the centaur, though he dies as well as Garrick can, is outrageous. Hercules and Deianira are by no means so: he is sentimental, and she most improperly sorrowful. However, I am pleased enough to beg you would continue. As soon as Mr. Müntz returns from the Vine, you shall have a supply of colours. In the mean time why give up the good old trade of drawing? Have you no Indian ink, no soot-water, no snuff, no coat of onion, no juice of anything? If you love me, draw: you would if you knew the real pleasure you can give me. I have been studying all your drawings; and next to architecture and trees, I determine that you succeed in nothing better than animals. Now (as the newspapers say) the late ingenious Mr. Seymour[1] is dead, I would recommend horses and greyhounds to you. I should think you capable of a landscape or two with delicious bits of architecture. I have known you execute the light of a torch or lanthorn so well, that if it was called Schalken[2], a housekeeper at Hampton Court or Windsor, or a Catherine at Strawberry Hill, would show it, and say it cost ten thousand pounds. Nay, if I could believe that you would ever execute any more designs I proposed to you, I would give you a hint for a picture that struck me t'other day in Péréfixe's[3] *Life of Henry IV.* He says, the king was often

Letter 436.—[1] James Seymour (1702–1752), animal painter.

[2] Godfrey Schalken (1643–1706), famous for painting effects of artificial light.

[3] Hardouin de Beaumont de Péré-

seen lying upon a common straw-bed among the soldiers, with a piece of brown bread in one hand, and a bit of charcoal in t'other, to draw an encampment, or town that he was besieging. If this is not character and a picture, I don't know what is.

I dined to-day at Garrick's: there were the Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Rochford, Lady Holdernesse, the crooked Mostyn, and Dabreu the Spanish minister; two regents, of which one is Lord Chamberlain, the other Groom of the Stole; and the wife of a Secretary of State. This is being *sur un assez bon ton* for a player! Don't you want to ask me how I like him? Do want, and I will tell you.—I like her exceedingly; her behaviour is all sense, and all sweetness too. I don't know how, he does not improve so fast upon me: there is a great deal of parts, and vivacity, and variety, but there is a great deal too of mimicry and burlesque. I am very ungrateful, for he flatters me abundantly; but unluckily I know it. I was accustomed to it enough when my father was first minister: on his fall I lost it all at once: and since that I have lived with Mr. Chute, who is all vehemence; with Mr. Fox, who is all disputation; with Sir Charles Williams, who has no time from flattering himself; with Gray, who does not hate to find fault with me; with Mr. Conway, who is all sincerity; and with you and Mr. Rigby, who have always laughed at me in a good-natured way. I don't know how, but I think I like all this as well—I beg his pardon, Mr. Raftor [4] does flatter me; but I should be a cormorant for praise, if I could swallow it whole as he gives it me.

Sir William Yonge [5], who has been extinct so long, is at last dead; and the war, which began with such a flirt of

fixe (1605–1670), Archbishop of Paris and tutor of Louis XIV.

[4] James Raftor, brother of Mrs. Clive.

[5] Sir William Yonge, fourth Baronet, sometime M.P. for Honiton and Secretary at War.

vivacity, is I think gone to sleep. General Braddock has not yet sent over to claim the surname of Americanus. But why should I take pains to show you in how many ways I know nothing?—Why; I can tell it you in one word—why, Mr. Cambridge knows nothing!—I wish you good night! Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

437. To GROSVENOR BEDFORD.

DEAR SIR, Mistley, August 21, 1755.

I hear by an express that Mr. Swinburn died last night. I can't defer a minute to give myself the pleasure of offering you to succeed him[1], not only according to my promise, but according to my inclination. You know, I believe, that I had some strong suspicions that the poor man who is gone, did not do me all the justice he might have done. In putting my affairs into the hands of a friend, those suspicions will be entirely removed; and I think it almost unnecessary to tell you, that within this month I was offered first five hundred pounds, and then whatever I would ask, for the reversion of Mr. Swinburn's place. No offer certainly would have made me break my promise to you; but without pretending to that merit, I must own that I am persuaded my interest will be much more promoted in your hands than it could be by any one I might have accepted for the place. I shall be in town on Tuesday night, and hope to see you in Arlington Street on Wednesday morning, till when I beg nobody but Mrs. Bedford, to whom I desire my compliments, may know a word of this business. I am, dear Sir,

Ever yours,

HORACE WALPOLE.

LETTER 437.—[1] As Horace Walpole's Deputy in the Exchequer.

438. To Sir Horace Mann.

Mistley[1], August 21, 1755.

I shall laugh at you for taking so seriously what I said to you about my Lady Orford. Do you think, my dear Sir, that at this time I can want to learn your zeal for us? or can you imagine that I did not approve for your own sake your keeping fair terms with the Countess? If I do not much forget, I even recommended it to you—but let us talk no more of her; she has engrossed more paragraphs in our letters than she deserves.

I promised you a brisk war: we have done our part, but can I help it, if the French will not declare it?—if they are backward, and cautious, and timorous; if they are afraid of provoking too far so great a power as England, who threatens the liberties of Europe?—I laugh, but how not to laugh at such a world as this? Do you remember the language of last war? What were our apprehensions? Nay, at the conclusion of the peace, nothing was laid down for a maxim but the impossibility of our engaging in another war: that our national debt was at its *ne plus ultra*, and that on the very next discussion France must swallow us up! Now we are all insolent, alert, and triumphant: nay, the French talk of nothing but guarding against our piracies, and travel Europe to give the alarm against such an overbearing power as we are. On their coasts they are alarmed—I mean the common people; I scarce believe that they who know anything, are in real dread of invasion from us! Whatever be the reason, they don't declare war: some think they wait for the arrival of their Martinico fleet.—You will ask why we should not attack that too? They tell one, that if we began hostilities in

Letter 438.—[1] Seat of Richard Rigby, Esq., in Essex. *Walpole.*

Europe, Spain would join the French. Some believe that the latter are not ready: certain it is, Mirepoix[2] gave them no notice nor suspicion of our flippancy; and he is rather under a cloud—indeed this has much undeceived me in one point: I took him for the *ostensible* minister; but little thought that they had not some secret agent of better head, some priest, some Scotch or Irish Papist—or perhaps some English Protestant, to give them better intelligence.

But don't you begin to be impatient for the events of all our West Indian expeditions? The Duke[3], who is now the soul of the Regency, and who on all hands is allowed to make a great figure there, is much dissatisfied at the slowness of General Braddock, who does not march as if he was at all impatient to be scalped. It is said for him, that he has had bad guides, that the roads are exceedingly difficult, and that it was necessary to drag as much artillery as he does. This is not the first time, as witness in Hawley, that the Duke has found that brutality did not necessarily consummate a general. I love to give you an idea of our characters as they rise upon the stage of history. Braddock is a very Iroquois in disposition. He had a sister, who having gamed away all her little fortune at Bath, hanged herself with a truly English deliberation, leaving only a note upon the table with those lines 'To die is landing on some silent shore[4],' &c. When Braddock was told of it, he only said, 'Poor Fanny! I always thought she would play till she would be forced *to tuck herself up!*[5]' But a more ridiculous story of him, and which is recorded in heroics by Fielding in his *Covent-Garden Tragedy*, was an amorous discussion he had formerly with a Mrs. Upton,

[2] Marquis de Mirepoix, Ambassador from France. *Walpole.*

[3] Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

[4] Garth, *The Dispensary*, Canto iii. 225.

[5] Miss Fanny Braddock hanged herself at Bath on Sept. 8, 1731. (See *Gent. Mag.* 1731, p. 397, also Goldsmith's *Life of Beau Nash*, where she is referred to as 'Miss Sylvia S——'.)

who kept him. He had gone the greatest lengths with her pin-money, and was still craving. One day that he was very pressing, she pulled out her purse and showed him that she had but twelve or fourteen shillings left; he twitched it from her, 'Let me see that.' Tied up at the other end he found five guineas; he took them, tossed the empty purse in her face, saying, 'Damn you for a bitch! Did you mean to cheat me?' and never went near her more:—now you are acquainted with General Braddock.

We have some royal negotiations proceeding in Germany, which are not likely to give quite so much satisfaction to the Parliament of next winter, as our French triumphs give to the City, where nothing is so popular as the Duke of Newcastle. There is a certain Hessian treaty, said to be eighteen years long, which is arrived—at the Treasury, Legge[6] refused peremptorily to sign it—you did not expect patriotism from thence? It will not make *him* popular; there is not a mob in England now capable of being the dupe of patriotism; the late body of that denomination have really so discredited it, that a minister must go great lengths indeed before the people would dread him half so much as a patriot! On the contrary, I believe nothing would make any man so popular, or conciliate so much affection to his ministry, as to assure the people that he never had nor ever would pretend to love his country. Legge has been frowned upon by the Duke of Newcastle ever since he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer by him, and would have been turned out long ago if Sir George Lee[7] would have accepted the post.

I am sorry that just when Tuscany is at war with Algiers, your countrymen should lie under the odour of piracy too; it will give Richcourt opportunities of saying

[6] Henry Bilson Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer. *Walpole.*

[7] Sir George Lee, a civilian, attached to the late Prince of Wales. *Walpole.*

very severe things to you!—Barbarossa our Dey is not returned yet—we fear he is going to set his grandson[8] up in a seraglio; as we have not, among other Mahometan customs, copied the use of the bowstring for repressing the luxuriancy of the royal branches, we shall be quite overrun with young Sultans! Adieu!

439. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, August 28, 1755.

My last letter to you could not be got out of England, before I might have added a melancholy supplement. Accounts of a total defeat[1] of Braddock and his forces are arrived from America; the purport is, that the General having arrived within a few miles of Fort du Quesne (I hope you are perfect in your American geography?), sent an advanced party, under Lord Gage's[2] brother[3]: they were fired upon, invisibly, as they entered a wood; Braddock heard guns, and sent another party to support the former; but the first fell back in confusion on the second, and the second on the main body. The whole was in disorder, and it is said, the General himself, though exceedingly brave, did not retain all the *sang-froid* that was necessary. The common soldiers in general fled; the officers stood heroically and were massacred: our Indians were not surprised, and behaved gallantly. The General had five horses shot under him, no bad symptom of his spirit, and at last was brought off by two Americans, no English daring, though Captain Orme[4], his aide-de-camp, who is

[8] The King had a mind to marry the Prince of Wales to a Princess of Brunswick. *Walpole.*

Letter 439.—[1] On July 9, 1755.

[2] William Hall Gage (1718–1791), second Viscount Gage; Paymaster of the Pensions, 1766.

[3] Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. Thomas Gage (1721–1787), second son of first Viscount Gage; Commander-in-Chief in North America, 1763–72; 1775; Governor of Massachusetts, 1774; General, 1782.

[4] He married the sister of George,

wounded too, and has made some noise here by an affair of gallantry, offered sixty guineas to have him conveyed away. We have lost twenty-six officers, besides many wounded, and ten pieces of artillery. Braddock lived four days, in great torment. What makes the rout more shameful is, that instead of a great pursuit, and a barbarous massacre by the Indians, which is always to be feared in these rencontres, not a black or white soul followed our troops, but we had leisure two days afterwards to fetch off our dead. In short, our American laurels are strangely blighted! We intended to be in great alarms for Carolina and Virginia, but the small number of our enemies had reduced this affair to a panic. We pretend to be comforted on the French deserting Fort St. John [5], and on the hopes we have from two other expeditions which are on foot in that part of the world—but it is a great drawback on English heroism! I pity you who represent the very flower of British courage ingrafted on a Brunswick stock!

I have already given you some account of Braddock; I may complete the poor man's history in a few more words: he once had a duel with Colonel Gumley, Lady Bath's [6] brother, who had been his great friend: as they were going to engage, Gumley, who had good-humour and wit (Braddock had the latter), said, 'Braddock, you are a poor dog! here take my purse; if you kill me you will be forced to run away, and then you will not have a shilling to support you.' Braddock refused the purse, insisted on the duel, was disarmed, and would not even ask his life. However, with all his brutality, he has lately been governor of Gibraltar, where he made himself adored, and where scarce any governor was endured before. Adieu! Pray don't let any detachment from Pannoni's [7] be sent against us—we should run away!

Lord Townshend, without the consent of her family. *Walpole.*

[5] On Lake Champlain.

[6] Elizabeth Gumley, wife of William Pultney, Earl of Bath. *Walpole.*

[7] Pannoni's coffee-house of the

440. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, August 28, 1755.

Our piratic laurels, with which the French have so much reproached us, have been exceedingly pruned! Braddock is defeated and killed, by a handful of Indians and by the baseness of his own troops, who sacrificed him and his gallant officers. Indeed, there is some suspicion that cowardice was not the motive, but resentment at having been draughted from Irish regiments. Were such a desertion universal, could one but commend it? Could one blame men who should refuse to be knocked on the head for sixpence a day, and for the advantage and dignity of a few ambitious? But in this case one pities the brave young officers, who cannot so easily disfranchise themselves from the prejudices of glory! Our disappointment is greater than our loss: six-and-twenty officers are killed, who, I suppose, have not left a vast many fatherless and *widowless*, as an old woman told me to-day with great tribulation. The ministry have a much more serious affair on their hands—Lord L.[1] and Lord A.[2] have had a dreadful quarrel! *Coquus teterrima belli causa!* When Lord Mountford shot himself, Lord L. said, 'Well, I am very sorry for poor Mountford! but it is the part of a wise man to make the best of every misfortune—I shall now have the best cook in England.' This was uttered before Lord A. Joras[3], who is a man of extreme punctilio, as cooks and officers ought to be, would not be hired till he knew whether this Lord Mountford[4] would retain him. When it was decided that he would

Florentine nobility, not famous for their courage of late. *Walpole.*

Letter 440.—[1] Lord Lincoln.

[2] Probably Lord Anson, although Walpole farther on, doubtless by a slip, calls him an earl.

[3] The name of the cook in question. *Walpole.*

[4] Thomas Bromley (1733–1799), second Baron Mountford or Montford.

not, Lord L. proposed to hire Joras. Lord A. had already engaged him. Such a breach of friendship was soon followed by an expostulation (there was jealousy of the Duke of Newcastle's favour already under the coals): in short, the nephew earl called the favourite earl such gross names, that it was well they were ministers! otherwise, as Mincing[5] says, 'I vow, I believe they must have fit.' The public, that is half a dozen toad-eaters, have great hopes that the present unfavourable posture of affairs in America will tend to cement this breach, and that *we* shall all unite hand and heart against the common enemy.

I returned the night before last from my peregrination. It is very unlucky for me that no crown of martyrdom is entailed on zeal for antiquities; I should be a rubric martyr of the first class. After visiting the new salt-water baths at Harwich (which, next to horse-racing, grows the most fashionable resource for people *who want to get out of town, and who love the country and retirement!*), I went to see Orford Castle[6], and Lord Hertford's at Sudborn. The one is a ruin, and the other ought to be so. Returning in a one-horse chair over a wild vast heath, I went out of the road to see the remains of Buttley Abbey; which however I could not see: for, as the keys of Orford Castle were at Sudborn, so the keys of Buttley were at Orford! By this time it was night; we lost our way, were in excessive rain for above two hours, and only found our way to be overturned into the mire the next morning going into Ipswich. Since that I went to see an old house[7] built by Secretary Naunton[8]. His descendant, who is a strange retired creature, was unwilling to let us see it; but we did, and little in it worth seeing. The house never was fine, and is now

[5] The lady's-maid in Congreve's *Way of the World.*

[6] Orford, Sudborne, and Butley are close together in Suffolk.

[7] At Letheringham, near Wickham Market.

[8] Sir Robert Naunton, Master of the Court of Wards. He wrote anecdotes of Queen Elizabeth and her favourites. *Walpole.*

out of repair; has a bed with ivory pillars and loose rings, presented to the secretary by some German prince or German artist; and a small gallery of indifferent portraits, among which there are scarce any worth notice but of the Earl of Northumberland[9] (Anna Bullen's lover), and of Sir Antony Wingfield, who having his hand tucked into his girdle, the housekeeper told us, had had his fingers cut off by Harry VIII. But Harry VIII was not a man *pour s'arrêter à ces minuties-là!* While we waited for leave to see the house, I strolled into the churchyard, and was struck with a little door open into the chancel, through the arch of which I discovered cross-legged knights and painted tombs! In short, there are no less than eight considerable monuments, very perfect, of Wingfields, Nauntons, and a Sir John Boynet and his wife, as old as Richard the Second's time. But what charmed me still more, were two figures of Secretary Naunton's father and mother in the window in painted glass, near two feet high, and by far the finest painting on glass I ever saw. His figure, in a puffed doublet, breeches and bonnet, and cloak of scarlet and yellow, is absolutely perfect: her shoulder is damaged. This church, which is scarce bigger than a large chapel, is very ruinous, though containing such treasures! Besides these, there are brasses on the pavement, with a succession of all the wonderful head-dresses which our *plain virtuous* grandmothers invented to tempt our rude and simple ancestors.—I don't know what our nobles might be, but I am sure the milliners three or four hundred years ago must have been more accomplished in the arts, as Prynne calls them, of crisping, curling, frizzling, and frouncing, than all the tirewomen of Babylon, modern Paris, or modern Pall Mall. Dame Winifred Boynet, whom I mentioned above, is accoutred with the coiffure called

[9] Henry Percy (circ. 1502–1537), sixth Earl of Northumberland.

piked horns, which, if there were any signs in Lothbury and Eastcheap, must have brushed them about strangely, as their ladyships rode behind their gentlemen ushers! Adieu! Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

441. To Richard Bentley.

My dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, September 18, 1755.

After an expectation of six weeks, I have received a letter from you, dated August 23d. Indeed I did not impute any neglect to you; I knew it arose from the war; but Mr. S—— tells me the packets will now be more regular. —Mr. S—— tells me;—What, has he been in town, or at Strawberry?—No; but I have been at Southampton: I was at the Vine; and on the arrival of a few fine days, the first we have had this summer, after a deluge, Mr. Chute persuaded me to take a jaunt to Winchester and Netley Abbey, with the latter of which he is very justly enchanted.

I was disappointed in Winchester: it is a paltry town, and small: King Charles the Second's house[1] is the worst thing I ever saw of Sir Christopher Wren, a mixture of a town-hall and an hospital; not to mention the bad choice of the situation in such a country; it is all *ups* that should be *downs*. I talk to you as supposing that you never have been at Winchester, though I suspect you have, for the entrance of the cathedral is the very idea of that of Mabland. I like the smugness of the cathedral, and the profusion of the most beautiful Gothic tombs. That of Cardinal Beaufort is in a style more free and of more taste than anything I have seen of the kind. His figure confirms me in my opinion that I have struck out the true history of the

Letter 441.—[1] The palace begun from Wren's design, but left unfinished on the King's death.

picture I bought of Robinson: and which I take for the marriage of Henry VI. Besides the monuments of the Saxon kings, of Lucius, William Rufus, his brother, &c., there are those of six such great or considerable men as Beaufort, William of Wickham, him of Wainfleet, the Bishops Fox and Gardiner, and my Lord Treasurer Portland[2].—How much power and ambition under half a dozen stones! I own, I grow to look on tombs as lasting mansions, instead of observing them for curious pieces of architecture!—Going into Southampton, I passed Bevismount, where my Lord Peterborough

Hung his trophies o'er his garden gate[3];

but General Mordaunt was there, and we could not see it. We walked long by moonlight on the terrace along the beach—Guess, if we talked of and wished for you! The town is crowded; sea-baths are established there too. But how shall I describe Netley to you? I can only by telling you, that it is the spot in the world for which Mr. Chute and I wish. The ruins are vast, and retain fragments of beautiful fretted roofs pendent in the air, with all variety of Gothic patterns of windows wrapped round and round with ivy—many trees are sprouted up amongst the walls, and only want to be increased with cypresses! A hill rises above the Abbey, encircled with wood: the fort, in which we would build a tower for habitation, remains with two small platforms. This little castle is buried from the Abbey in a wood, in the very centre, on the edge of the hill: on each side breaks in the view of the Southampton sea, deep blue, glistening with silver and vessels; on one

[2] Richard Weston (1577–1635), first Earl of Portland; Lord Treasurer, 1628–35.

[3] 'Our Generals now, retired to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates.'
—Pope, *Sat.* iii. 3.
These lines were supposed to allude to a gate at Bevismount.

side terminated by Southampton, on the other by Calshot Castle ; and the Isle of Wight rising above the opposite hills. In short, they are not the ruins of Netley, but of Paradise. —Oh ! the purple abbots [4], what a spot had they chosen to slumber in ! The scene is so beautifully tranquil, yet so lively, that they seem only to have *retired into* the world.

I know nothing of the war, but that we catch little French ships like crawfish. They have taken one of ours with Governor Lyttelton [5] going to South Carolina. He is a very worthy young man, but so stiffened with Sir George's old fustian, that I am persuaded he is at this minute in the citadel of Nantes comparing himself to Regulus.

Gray has lately been here. He has begun an ode, which, if he finishes equally, will, I think, inspirit all your drawing again. It is founded on an old tradition of Edward I putting to death the Welsh bards. Nothing but you, or Salvator Rosa, and Nicolò Poussin, can paint up to the expressive horror and dignity of it. Don't think I mean to flatter you ; all I would say is, that now the two latter are dead, you must of necessity be Gray's painter. In order to keep your talent alive, I shall next week send you flake white, brushes, oil, and the enclosed directions from Mr. Müntz, who is still at the Vine, and whom, for want of you, we labour hard to form. I shall put up in the parcel two or three prints of my eagle, which, as you never would draw it, is very moderately performed ; and yet the drawing was much better than the engraving. I shall send you a trifling snuff-box, only as a sample of the new manufacture at Battersea, which is done with copper-plates.

4 'Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines.'
—*Dunciad*, iv. 302.

5 William Henry Lyttelton (1724–1808), sixth son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, fourth Baronet ; cr. (1776) Baron Westcote of Ballymore, Co. Longford ; cr. Aug. 13, 1794, Baron Lyttelton of Frankley, Worcestershire ; Governor of South Carolina, 1755 – 60 ; Governor of Jamaica, 1760–66 ; Envoy to Lisbon, 1766–71 ; Lord of the Treasury, 1777–82.

Mr. Chute is at the Vine, where I cannot say any works go on in proportion to my impatience. I have left him an *inventionary* of all I want to have done there; but I believe it may be bound up with the century of projects of that foolish Marquis of Worcester, who printed a catalogue of titles of things, which he gave no directions to execute, nor I believe could. Adieu! Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

442. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

MY DEAR SIR, Arlington Street, Sept. 20, [1755].

I have been roving about Hampshire with Mr. Chute, and did not receive your kind note till yesterday, or I should certainly not have deferred a moment to thank you for it, and to express my great concern for Miss Montagu's bad health. You do me justice when you reckon on my feeling most sincerely for you—but let me ask why you will not bring her to town? She might not only have more variety of assistance, but it would be some relief to you: it must be dreadful, with your tenderness and feeling, to have nobody to share and divert your uneasiness!

I did not, till on the road the day before yesterday, hear the catastrophe of poor Sir John Bland, with the execrable villainy, or, what our ancestors would have called, the *humours* of Taaffe. I am extremely sorry for Bland! he was very good-natured and generous, and well-bred; but never was such infatuation; I can call it by no term but *flirting* away his fortune and his life; he seemed to have no passion for play, while he did it, nor sensibility when it ruined him; but I fear he had both! What judgements the good people in the city (I mean the *good* in their own style, *monied*), will construe upon White's, when two of the most remarkable members have dispatched themselves in nine months!

I shall be most sincerely glad to receive another letter to tell me that Miss Montagu mends: you have both my most hearty wishes! Yours ever,

H. W.

443. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Dear Harry, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 23, 1755.

Never make me excuses for a letter that tells me so many agreeable things as your last; that you are got well to Dublin[1]; that you are all well, and that you have accommodated all your politics to your satisfaction—and I may be allowed to say, greatly to your credit. What could you tell me that would please me so much?

When I have indulged a little my joy for your success and honour, it is natural to consider the circumstances you have told me; and you will easily excuse me if I am not quite as much satisfied with the conduct of your late antagonists, as I am with yours. You have tranquillized a nation, have repaired your master's honour, and secured the peace of your administration!—but what shall one say to the Speaker, Mr. Malone[2], and the others? Don't they confess that they have gone the greatest lengths, and risked the safety of their country on a mere personal pique? If they did not contend for profit, like our Patriots (and you don't tell me that they have made any lucrative stipulations), yet it is plain that their ambition had been wounded, and that they resented their power being crossed. But I, who am a Whig to the backbone, indeed in the strictest sense of the word, feel hurt in a tenderer point, and which you, who are a minister, must not allow me: I am offended at their agreeing to an address that avows

Letter 443.—[1] Mr. Conway was now Secretary of State to the Marquis of Hartington, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. *Walpole.*

[2] Anthony Malone (1700–1776), Irish politician and lawyer, uncle of the better-known Edmond Malone.

such deference for prerogative, and that is to protest so deeply against having intended to attack it. However rebel this may sound at court, my Gothic spirit is hurt; I do not love such loyal expressions from a Parliament. I do not so much consider myself writing to Dublin Castle, as from Strawberry Castle, where you know how I love to enjoy my liberty. I give myself the airs, in my nutshell, of an old baron, and am tempted almost to say with an old Earl of Norfolk, who was a very free speaker at least, if he was not an excellent poet,

> When I am in my castle of Bungey,
> Situate upon the river Waveney,
> I ne care for the King of Cockney.

I have been roving about Hampshire, have been at Winchester and Southampton and twenty places, and have been but one day in London—consequently know as little news as if I had been shut up in Bungey Castle. Rumours there are of great bickerings and uneasiness; but I don't believe there will be any bloodshed of places, except Legge's [3], which nobody seems willing to take—I mean as a sinecure. His Majesty of Cockney is returned exceedingly well, but grown a little out of humour at finding that we are not so much pleased with all the Russians and Hessians that he has hired to recover the Ohio [4]. We are an ungrateful people!

Make a great many compliments for me to my Lady Ailesbury. I own I am in pain about Missy [5]. As my lady is a little coquette herself, and loves crowds and admiration and a court life, it will be very difficult for her to keep a strict eye upon Missy. The Irish are very forward and bold:—I say no more; but it would hurt you both

[3] Henry Bilson Legge, second son of William, Earl of Dartmouth; he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. *Walpole.*

[4] During his absence the King had negotiated treaties with Hesse and Russia, by which, in the event of war, troops were to be provided for the defence of Hanover.

[5] Anne Seymour Conway, only child of Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury, then an infant. *Walpole.*

extremely to have her marry herself idly; and I think my Lord Chancellor has not extended his matrimonial foresight to Ireland. However, I have much confidence in Mrs. Elizabeth Jones[6]: I am sure, when they were here, she would never let Missy whisper with a boy that was old enough to speak.

Adieu! As the winter advances, and plots thicken, I will write you letters that shall have a little more in them than this. In the mean time I am going to the Bath, not for my health, you know I never am ill, but for my amusement. I never was there, and at present there are several of my acquaintance. The French Academy has chosen my Lord Chesterfield, and he has written them a letter of thanks, that is the finest composition in the world; indeed, I was told so by those who have not seen it; but they would have told me so if they had seen it, whether it was the finest or the worst; suffices it to be his!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

444. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Sept. 29, 1755.

It is not I that am perjured for not writing to you oftener, as I promised; the war is forsworn. We do all we can; we take, from men-of-war and Domingo-men, down to colliers and cock-boats, and from California into the very Bay of Calais. The French have taken but one ship from us, the *Blandford*, and that they have restored—but I don't like this drowsy civil lion; it will put out a talon and give us a cursed scratch before we are aware. Monsieur de Seychelles[1], who grows into power, is labouring at their

[6] Miss Conway's nurse. *Walpole.*

Letter 444 — [1] Jean Moreau de Sechelles or Seychelles (1690–1760); Controller of the Finances, 1754–56.

finances and marine: they have struck off their *sous-fermiers*, and by a reform in what they call the King's pleasures, have already saved 1,200,000*l.* sterling a year. Don't go and imagine that 1,200,000*l.* was all sunk in the gulf of Madame Pompadour, or even in suppers and hunting; under the word the King's pleasures, they really comprehended his civil list; and in that light I don't know why our civil list might not be called *another King's pleasures*[2] too, though it is not all entirely squandered. In short, the single article of coffee for the Mesdames[3] amounted to 3,000*l.* sterling a year—to what must their rouge have amounted?—but it is high time to tell you of other wars, than the old story of France and England. You must know, not in your ministerial capacity, for I suppose that is directed by such old geographers as Sanson[4] and De Lisle[5], who imagined that Herenhausen was a town in Germany, but according to the latest discoveries, there is such a county in England as Hanover, which lying very much exposed to the incursions of the French and Prussians (the latter are certain hussars in the French army), it has been thought necessary to hire Russians, and Hessians, and all the troops that lie nearest to the aforesaid weak part of Great Britain called Hanover, in order to cover this frontier from any invasion. The expedience of this measure was obvious; yet many people who could not get over the prejudice of education, or who having got over those prejudices have for certain reasons returned to them, these Ptolemaic geographers will not be persuaded that there is any such county in England as Hanover, and not finding it in their old maps, or having burnt their new ones in a passion—(Mr. Legge, indeed, tore his at the very

[2] Alluding to the King's love of money. *Walpole.*

[3] Louis XV's daughters.

[4] Nicolas Sanson (d. 1667).

[5] Guillaume Delisle (1675–1726).

Treasury board the day that the warrant for the Hessian subsidy came hither)—they determined that England had no occasion for these mercenaries. Besides Legge, the Duke of Devonshire, the Speaker[6], Sir George Lee, and one Mr. William Pitt, a man formerly remarkable for disputing the new geography, declared strongly against the system of treaties. Copernicus no sooner returned from Germany, than the Duke of Newcastle, who had taken the alarm, frightened him out of his wits. In short, they found that they should have no professor to defend the new system in Parliament. Everybody was tried—when everybody had refused, and the Duke of Newcastle was ready to throw up the cards, he determined to try Fox[7], who, by the mediation of Lord Granville, has accepted the seals, is to be Secretary of State, is to have the conduct of the House of Commons, and is, I think, very soon to be first minister—or, what one has known happen to some who of very late years have joined to support a tottering administration, is to be ruined. Indeed, he seems sensible of the alternative, professes no cordiality to Duke Trinculo, who is viceroy over him, but is 'listing Bedfords, and whoever will 'list with him, as fast as he can. One who has been his predecessor in suffering by such an alliance, my Lord Chesterfield, told him, 'Well, the Duke of Newcastle has turned out everybody else, and now he has turned out himself.' Sir Thomas Robinson is to return to the Great Wardrobe, with an additional pension on Ireland of 2,000*l.* a year. This is turning a cipher into figures indeed! Lord Barrington is to be Secretary at War. This change, however, is not to take place till after the Parliament is met, which is not till the 13th of next month, because Mr. Fox is to preside at the Cock-pit the night before the House opens.

[6] Arthur Onslow. *Walpole.*

[7] Henry Fox, brother of the Earl of Ilchester, and afterwards created Lord Holland. *Walpole.*

How Mr. Legge will take this deposition is not known. He has determined not to resign, but to be turned out; I should think this would satisfy his scruples, even if he had made a vow against resigning.

As England grows turbulent again, Ireland grows calm again. Mr. Conway, who has gone thither secretary to Lord Hartington, has with great prudence and skill pacified that kingdom: you may imagine that I am not a little happy at his acquiring renown. The Primate[8] is to be the peace-offering.

If there were any private news, as there are none, I could not possibly to-day step out of my high historical pantoufles to tell it you. Adieu! You know I don't dislike to see the Kings and Queens and *Knaves* of this world shuffled backwards and forwards; consequently I look on, very well amused, and very indifferent whatever is trumps!

445. To John Chute.

Arlington Street, Sept. 29, 1755.

I should not answer your letter *so soon, as you write so often,* if I had not something particular to tell you. Mr. Fox is to be Secretary of State. The history of this event, in short, is this: George Elector of Hanover, and Thomas King of England, have been exceedingly alarmed. By some misapprehension, the Russian and Hessian treaties, the greatest blessings that were ever calculated for this country, have been totally, and almost universally disapproved. Mr. Legge grew *conscientious* about them; the Speaker, constitutional; Mr. Pitt, patriot; Sir George Lee, scrupulous; Lord Egmont, uncertain; the Duke of Devonshire, something that he meant for some of these; and my uncle, I suppose, *frugal*—how you know. Let a Parliament be ever so ready to vote

[8] Dr. Stone, Archbishop of Armagh.

for anything, yet if everybody in both Houses is against a thing, why the Parliament itself can't carry a point against both Houses. This made such a dilemma, that, after trying everybody else, and being ready to fling up themselves, King Thomas and his Chancellor offered Mr. Fox the honour of defending and saving them. He, who is all Christian charity, and forgiving everybody but himself and those who dissuaded him, for not taking the seals before, consented to undertake the cause of the treaties, and is to have the management of the House of Commons as long as he can keep it. In the mean time, to give his new friends all the assistance he can, he is endeavouring to bring the Bedfords to court; and if any other person in the world hates King Thomas, why Mr. Fox is very willing to bring them to court too. In the mean time, Mr. Pitt is scouring his old Hanoverian trumpet and Mr. Legge is to accompany him with his hurdy-gurdy.

Mr. Mann did not tell me a word of his intending you a visit. The reason the Dacres have not been with you is, they have been at court; and as at present there are as many royal hands to kiss as a Japanese idol has, it takes some time to slobber through the whole ceremony.

I have some thoughts of going to Bath for a week; though I don't know whether my love for my country, while my country is in a quandary, may not detain me hereabouts. When Mr. Müntz has done, you will be so good as to packet him up, and send him to Strawberry. I rather wish you would bring him yourself; I am impatient for the drawing you announced to me. A commission has passed the seals, I mean of secrecy (for I don't know whether they must not be stole), to get you some swans; and as in this age one ought not to despair of anything where robbery is concerned, I have some hopes of succeeding. If you should want any French ships for your water,

there are great numbers to be had cheap, and small enough! Adieu!

446. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Sept. 30, 1755.

Solomon says somewhere or other, I think it is in Castelvetro's, or Castelnuovo's edition—is there not such a one?—that the infatuation of a nation for a foolish minister is like that of a lover for an ugly woman: when once he opens his eyes, he wonders what the devil bewitched him. This is the text to the present sermon in politics, which I shall not divide under three heads, but tell you at once, that no minister was ever nearer the precipice than ours has been. I did tell you, I believe, that Legge had refused to sign the warrant for the Hessian subsidy: in short, he heartily resented the quick coldness that followed his exaltation, waited for an opportunity of revenge, found this; and, to be sure, no vengeance ever took speedier strides. All the world revolted against subsidiary treaties; nobody was left to defend them but Murray, and he did not care to venture. Offers of graciousness, of cabinet councillor, of Chancellor of the Exchequer, were made to right and left. Dr. Lee was conscientious: Mr. Pitt might be brought, in compliment to his Majesty, to digest one—but a system of subsidies—impossible! In short, the very first ministership was offered to be made over to my Lord Granville. He begged to be excused—he was not fit for it. Well, you laugh—all this is fact. At last we were forced to strike sail to Mr. Fox: he is named for Secretary of State, with not only the lead, but the power of the House of Commons. You ask, in the room of which secretary? What signifies of which? Why, I think, of Sir Thomas Robinson, who returns to his Wardrobe; and Lord Barrington comes into the War Office. This is the present state of things in this grave reasonable island:

the union hug like two cats over a string; the rest are arming for opposition. But I will not promise any more warlike winters; I remember how soon the campaign of the last was addled.

In Ireland, Mr. Conway has pacified all things: the Irish are to get as drunk as ever to the glorious and immortal memory of King George, and the prerogative is to be exalted as high as ever, by being obliged to give up the Primate. There! I think I have told you volumes: yet I know you will not be content, you will want to know something of the war, and of America; but, I assure you, it is not the *bon ton* to talk of either this week. We think not of the former, and of the latter we should think to very little purpose, for we have not heard a syllable more; Braddock's defeat still remains in the situation of the longest battle that ever was fought with nobody. Content your English spirit with knowing that there are very near three thousand French prisoners in England, taken out of several ships.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

447. To George Montagu.

My dear Sir, Arlington Street, Oct. 7, 1755.

Nobody living feels more for you than I do: nobody knows better either the goodness and tenderness of your heart, or the real value of the person you have lost[1]. I cannot flatter myself that anything I could say would comfort you under an affliction so well founded; but I should have set out, and endeavoured to share your concern, if Mrs. Trevor had not told me that you was going into Cheshire. I will only say, that if you think change of place can contribute at all to divert your melancholy, you know

Letter 447.—[1] Miss Harriet Montagu, sister of George Montagu.

where you would be most welcome; and whenever you will come to Strawberry Hill, you will, at least, if you do not find a comforter, find a most sincere friend that pities your distress, and would do anything upon earth to alleviate your misfortune. If you can listen yet to any advice, let me recommend to you to give up all thoughts of Great-worth; you will never be able to support life there any more: let me look out for some little box for you in my neighbourhood. You can live nowhere where you will be more beloved; and you will there always have it in your power to enjoy company or solitude, as you like. I have long wished to get you so far back into the world, and now it is become absolutely necessary for your health and peace. I will say no more, lest too long a letter should be either troublesome or make you think it necessary to answer; but don't, till you find it more agreeable to vent your grief this way than in any other. I am, my good Sir,

With hearty concern and affection,

Yours most sincerely,

Hor. Walpole.

448. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Oct. 19, 1755.

Do you love royal quarrels? You may be served—I know you don't love an invasion—nay, that even passes my taste; *it will make too much party.* In short, the Lady Dowager Prudence[1] begins to step a little over the threshold of that discretion which she has always hitherto so sanctimoniously observed. She is suspected of strange whims; so strange, as neither to like more German subsidies or more German matches. A strong faction, professedly against the treaties, openly against Mr. Fox, and covertly under the banners of

Letter 448.—[1] The Princess of Wales.

the aforesaid *Lady Prudence*, arm from all quarters against the opening of the session. Her Ladyship's eldest boy declares violently against being *bewolfenbuttled*[2]—a word which I do not pretend to understand, as it is not in Mr. Johnson's new *Dictionary*[3]. There! now I have been as enigmatic as ever I have accused you of being; and hoping you will not be able to expound my German hieroglyphics, I proceed to tell you in plain English that we are going to be invaded. I have within this day or two seen grandees of ten, twenty, and thirty thousand pounds a year, who are in a mortal fright; consequently, it would be impertinent in much less folk to tremble, and accordingly they don't. At court there is no doubt but an attempt will be made before Christmas. I find valour is like virtue: impregnable as they boast themselves, it is discovered that on the first attack both lie strangely open! They are raising more men, camps are to be formed in Kent and Sussex, the Duke of Newcastle is frightened out of his wits, which, though he has lost so often, you know he always recovers, and as fresh as ever. Lord Egmont despairs of the commonwealth; and I am going to fortify my castle of Strawberry, according to an old charter I should have had for embattling and making a deep ditch. But here am I laughing when I really ought to cry, both with my public eye and my private one. I have told you what I think ought to sluice my public eye; and your private eye too will moisten, when I tell you that poor Miss Harriet Montagu is dead. She died about a fortnight ago; but having nothing else to tell you, I would not

[2] The King wished the Prince to marry a Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, whose 'cheerful, modest, and sensible behaviour' had charmed him in Germany. The Princess of Wales, considering that the influence of a clever and attractive wife would weaken her own power with her son, so misrepresented the character of the Princess, and the King's motives, that the Prince declined to entertain the idea of the marriage. (See Waldegrave, *Memoirs*, p. 39.)

[3] The *Dictionary* was published on April 15, 1755.

send a letter so far with only such melancholy news—and so, you will say, I stayed till I could tell still more bad news. The truth is, I have for some time had two letters of yours to answer: it is three weeks since I wrote to you, and one begins to doubt whether one shall ever be to write again. I will hope all my best hopes; for I have no sort of intention at this time of day of finishing either as a martyr or a hero. I rather intend to live and record both those professions, if need be; and I have no inclination to scuttle barefoot after a Duke of Wolfenbuttle's army, as Philip de Comines says he saw their Graces of Exeter and Somerset trudge after the Duke of Burgundy's[4]. The invasion, though not much in fashion yet, begins, like Moses's rod, to swallow other news, both political and *suicidical*. Our politics I have sketched out to you, and can only add, that Mr. Fox's ministry does not as yet promise to be of long duration. When it was first thought that he had got the better of the Duke of Newcastle, Charles Townshend said admirably, that he was sure the Duchess, like the old Cavaliers, would make a vow not to shave her beard till the Restoration.

I can't recollect the least morsel of a fess or chevron of the Boynets: they did not happen to enter into any extinct genealogy for whose welfare I interest myself. I sent your letter to Mr. Chute, who is still under his own vine: Mr. Müntz is still with him, recovering of a violent fever. Adieu! If memoirs don't grow too memorable, I think this season will produce a large crop. Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

[4] Henry Holland (1430–1473), second Duke of Exeter, and Henry Beaufort (1436–1464), second Duke of Somerset. They were attainted after the battle of Towton, and fled to France. Commines says, 'J'ay veu un Duc de Cestre aller à pied sans chausses, après le train dudit duc [de Bourgogne], pourchassant sa vie de maison en maison sans se nommer. . . . Ceulx de Sombreset et autres, y estoient.' (*Mémoires*, Livre III. ch. iv.)

P.S. I believe I scarce ever mentioned to you last winter the follies of the Opera: the impertinences of a great singer were too old and too common a topic. I must mention them now, when they rise to any improvement in the character of national folly. The Mingotti, a noble figure, a great mistress of music, and a most incomparable actress, surpassed anything I ever saw for the extravagance of her humours. She never sung above one night in three, from a fever upon her temper: and never would act at all when Ricciarelli, the first man, was to be in dialogue with her. Her fevers grew so high, that the audience caught them, and hissed her more than once: she herself once turned and hissed again—Tit pro tat geminat τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβομένη. —Well, among the treaties which a Secretary of State has negotiated this summer, he has contracted for a *succedaneum* to the Mingotti. In short, there is a woman hired to sing when the other shall be out of humour!

Here is a *World*[5] by Lord Chesterfield: the first part is very pretty, till it runs into witticism. I have marked the passages I particularly like.

You will not draw Henry IV at a siege for me: pray don't draw Louis XV[6].

449. To John Chute.

Arlington Street, Oct. 20, 1755.

You know, my dear Sir, that I do not love to have you taken unprepared: the last visit I announced to you was of the Lord Dacre of the South and of the Lady Baroness, his spouse: the next company you may expect will be composed of the Prince of Soubise[1] and twelve thousand

[5] Number 146, of the fifth volume. *Walpole.*

[6] Alluding to the subject Mr. Walpole had proposed to him for a picture (in the letter of August 15) and to the then expected invasion of England by Louis XV. *Walpole.*

Letter 449.—[1] Charles de Rohan

French; though, as winter is coming on, they will scarce stay in the country, but hasten to London. I need not protest to you I believe, that I am serious, and that an invasion before Christmas will certainly be attempted; you will believe me at the first word. It is a little hard, however! they need not envy us General Braddock's laurels; they were not in such quantity!

Parliamentary and subsidiary politics are in great ferment. I could tell you much if I saw you; but I will not while you stay there—yet, as I am a true friend and not to be changed by prosperity, I can't neglect offering you my services when I am *censé* to be well with a minister. It is so long since I was, and I believe so little a while that I shall be so (to be sure, I mean that he will be minister), that I must *faire valoir* my interest, while I have any—in short, shall I get you one of these new independent companies?—Hush! don't tell Mr. Müntz how powerful I am: his warlike spirit will want to coincide with my ministerial one; and it would be very inconvenient to the Lords Castlecomers[2] to have him knocked on the head before he had finished all the strawberries and vines that we lust after.

I had a note from Gray, who is still at Stoke; and he desires I would tell you that he has continued pretty well. Do come. Adieu!

Lottery tickets rise: subsidiary treaties under par—I don't say, no price. Lord Robert Bertie, with a company of the Guards, has thrown himself into Dover Castle; don't they sound very war-full?

(1715–1787), Prince de Soubise; Maréchal de France, 1758. His favour with Louis XV and Madame de Pompadour procured him a command in Germany in 1757 (when he was defeated at Rosbach), and a place in the ministry in 1759.

[2] Horace Walpole explains this 'Strawberry proverb' in his letter to Miss Berry of Aug. 20, 1789:—'There was an old Lady Castlecomer, who had an only son, and he had a tutor called Roberts, who happened to break his leg. A visitant lamented the accident to her Ladyship. The old Rock replied, "Yes, indeed, it is very inconvenient to my Lord Castlecomer!"'

450. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 27, 1755.

When the newspapers swarm with our military preparations at home, with encampments, fire-ships, floating castles at the mouths of the great rivers, &c., in short, when we expect an invasion, you would chide, or be disposed to chide me, if I were quite silent—and yet, what can I tell you more than that an invasion is threatened? that sixteen thousand men are about Dunkirk, and that they are assembling great quantities of flat-bottomed boats! Perhaps they will attempt some landing; they are certainly full of resentment; they broke the peace, took our forts and built others on our boundaries; we did not bear it patiently; we retook two forts, attacked or have been going to attack others, and have taken vast numbers of their ships: this is the state of the provocation—what is more provoking, for once we have not sent twenty or thirty thousand men to Flanders on whom they might vent their revenge. Well! then they must come here, and perhaps invite the Pretender to be of the party; not in a very popular light for him, to be brought by the French in revenge of a national war. You will ask me, if we are alarmed? the people not at all so: a minister or two, who are subject to alarms, are—and that is no bad circumstance. We are as much an island as ever, and I think a much less exposed one than we have been for many years. Our fleet is vast; our army at home, and ready, and two-thirds stronger than when we were threatened in 1744; the season has been the wettest that ever has been known, consequently the roads not very invadable: and there is the additional little circumstance of the late rebellion defeated; I believe I may reckon too, Marshal Saxe dead[1].

Letter 450.—[1] Saxe died on Nov. 30, 1750.

You see our situation is not desperate: in short, we escaped in '44, and when the rebels were at Derby in '45; we must have bad luck indeed, if we fall now!

Our Parliament meets in a fortnight; if no French come, our campaign there will be warm; nay, and uncommon, the opposition will be chiefly composed of men in place. You know we always refine; it used to be an imputation on our senators, that they opposed to get places. They now oppose to get better places! We are a comical nation (I speak with all due regard to our gravity!)—it were a pity we should be destroyed, if it were only for the sake of posterity; we shall not be half so droll, if we were either a province to France, or under an absolute prince of our own.

I am sorry you are losing my Lord Cork[2]; you must balance the loss with that of Miss Pitt[3], who is a dangerous inmate. You ask me if I have seen Lord Northumberland's Triumph of Bacchus[4]; I have not: you know I never approved the thought of those copies, and I have adjourned my curiosity till the gallery is thrown open with the first masquerade. Adieu! my dear Sir.

451. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Oct. 31, 1755.

As the invasion is not ready, we are forced to take up with a victory. An account came yesterday, that General

[2] Earl of Cork and Orrery, author of a translation of Pliny's Letters, Life of Swift, &c.

[3] Elizabeth Pitt, sister of the famous Lord Chatham. She had been Maid of Honour to Augusta, Princess of Wales; then lived openly with Lord Talbot as his mistress; went to Italy, turned Catholic, and married; came back, wrote against her brother, and a trifling pamphlet recommending magazines of corn, and called herself Clara Villiers Pitt. *Walpole.*

[4] Hugh, Earl and afterwards Duke of Northumberland, bespoke at a great price five copies of capital pictures in Italy, by Mentz, Pompeo Battoni, &c., for his gallery at Northumberland House, in the Strand. *Walpole.*

Letter 451.—Cunningham, by an oversight, dates this letter March 21, 1755, and gives Mann as the addressee.

Johnson[1] had defeated the French near the lake St. Sacrement[2], had killed one thousand, and taken the lieutenant-general who commanded them prisoner; his name is Dieskau[3], a Saxon, an esteemed *élève* of Marshal Saxe. By the printed account, which I enclose, Johnson showed great generalship and bravery. As the whole business was done by irregulars, it does not lessen the faults of Braddock, and the panic of his troops. If I were so disposed, I could conceive that there are heroes in the world who are not quite pleased with this extra-martinette success[4]—but we won't blame those Alexanders, till they have beaten the French in Kent! You know it will be time enough to abuse them, when they have done all the service they can! The other enclosed paper is another *World*[5], by my Lord Chesterfield; not so pretty, I think, as the last; yet it has merit. While England and France are at war, and Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt going to war, his lordship is coolly amusing himself at picquet at Bath with a Moravian baron, who would be in prison, if his creditors did not occasionally release him to play with and cheat my Lord Chesterfield, as the only chance they have for recovering their money!

We expect the Parliament to be thronged, and great animosities. I will not send you one of the eggs that are laid; for so many political ones have been addled of late

[1] Major-General William Johnson (1715–1774). On this occasion he received the thanks of Parliament, and the sum of £5,000, and was created a Baronet. As a reward for subsequent services he received a large grant of land in Canada. He also held various offices which brought him into contact with the Indians, with whom he had great influence. In 1772 he published (in the Transactions of the Philosophical Society) a treatise on the *Languages, Customs, and Manners of the Indian Six Nations.*

[2] Renamed by Johnson Lake George.

[3] Lieutenant-General Baron Ludwig August von Dieskau (1701–1767), formerly a cavalry commander under Saxe. He was sent as a prisoner to England, where he remained some time. He never recovered from the wounds received on this occasion.

[4] Alluding to the Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

[5] Number 148, of the fifth volume. *Walpole.*

years, that I believe all the state game-cocks in the world are impotent.

I did not doubt but that you would be struck with the death of poor Bland[6]. I, t'other night, at White's, found a very remarkable entry in our very—very remarkable wager-book: 'Lord Mountford bets Sir John Bland twenty guineas that Nash[7] outlives Cibber!' How odd that these two old creatures, selected for their antiquities, should live to see both their wagerers put an end to their own lives! Cibber is within a few days of eighty-four, still hearty, and clear, and well. I told him I was glad to see him look so well: ''Faith,' said he, 'it is very well that I look at all!'— I shall thank you for the Ormer shells and roots; and shall desire your permission to finish my letter already. As the Parliament is to meet so soon, you are likely to be overpowered with my dispatches.—I have been thinning my wood of trees, and planting them out more into the field: I am fitting up the old kitchen for a china-room: I am building a bedchamber for myself over the old blue-room, in which I intend to die, though not yet; and some trifles of this kind, which I do not specify to you, because I intend to reserve a little to be quite new to you. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

452. To George Montagu.

My dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Nov. 8, 1755.

You oblige me extremely by giving me this commission; and though I am exceedingly unlike Solomon in everything else, I will at least resemble him in remembering you to the Hiram from whom I obtained my cedars of Libanus. He is

[6] Sir John Bland, seventh Baronet.
[7] Richard Nash (1674–1762), known as 'Beau Nash.'

by men called Christopher Gray, nurseryman at Fulham. I mention cedars first, because they are the most beautiful of the evergreen race, and because they are the dearest; half a guinea apiece in baskets. The arbutus are scarce, and a crown apiece, but they are very beautiful. The lignum vitæ I would not recommend to you; they stink abominably if you touch them, and never make a handsome tree: the Chinese arbor vitæ is very beautiful. I have a small nursery myself, scarce bigger than *one of those pleasant gardens* which Solomon describes, and which if his *fair one* meant *the church*, I suppose must have meant the *churchyard*. Well, out of this little *parsley-bed* of mine, I can furnish you with a few plants, particularly three Chinese arbor vitæs, a dozen of the New England or Lord Weymouth's pine[1], which is that beautiful tree that we have so much admired at the Duke of Argyle's for its clean straight stem, the lightness of its hairy green, and for being feathered quite to the ground: they should stand in a moist soil, and care must be taken every year to clear away all plants and trees around them, that they may have free air and room to expand themselves. Besides these I shall send you twelve stone or Italian pines, twelve pinasters, twelve black spruce firs, two Caroline cherries, thirty evergreen cytisus, a pretty shrub that grows very fast, and may be cut down as you please, fifty Spanish brooms, and six acacias, the genteelest tree of all, but you must take care to plant them in a first row, and where they will be well sheltered, for the least wind tears and breaks them to pieces. All these are ready, whenever you will give me directions how and where to send them. They are exceedingly small, as I have but

LETTER 452. — [1] *Pinus strobus*, otherwise known as the White Pine, introduced into England about 1705, and largely planted at Longleat by Thomas Thynne (circ. 1640–1714), first Viscount Weymouth, President of the Board of Trade and Foreign Plantations, 1702–7. (See *Notes and Queries*, Dec. 17, 1898.)

lately taken to propagate myself; but then they will travel more safely, will be more sure of living, and will grow faster than larger. Other sorts of evergreens that you must have, are silver and Scotch firs; Virginia cedars, which should stand forwards and have nothing touch them; and above all cypresses, which, I think, are my chief passion; there is nothing so picturesque, where they stand two or three in a clump, upon a little hillock, or rising above low shrubs, and particularly near buildings. There is another bit of picture of which I am fond, and that is, a larch or a spruce fir planted behind a weeping willow, and shooting upwards as the willow depends. I think for courts about a house, or winter gardens, almond trees mixed with evergreens, particularly with Scotch firs, have a pretty effect, before anything else comes out; whereas almond trees, being generally planted among other trees, and being in bloom before other trees have leaves, have no ground to show the beauty of their blossoms. Gray at Fulham sells cypresses in pots at half a crown apiece; you turn them out of the pot with all their mould, and they never fail. I think this is all you mean; if you have any more garden-questions or commissions, you know you command my little knowledge.

I am grieved that you have still any complaints left. Dissipation, in my opinion, will be the best receipt, and I don't speak merely for my own sake, when I tell you how much I wish to have you keep your resolution of coming to town before Christmas. I am still more pleased with the promise you make to Strawberry, which you have never seen in its green coat since it cut its teeth. I am here all alone, and shall stay till Tuesday, the day after the Birthday. On Thursday begins our warfare, and, if we may believe signs and tokens, our winter will be warlike: I mean at home; I have not much faith in the invasion. Her

Royal Highness and His Royal Highness, whose nicknames are Pitt and Fox, are likely to come to an open rupture. His Grace of Newcastle, who, I think, has gone under every nickname, waits I believe to see to which he will cling.

There have been two *Worlds* by my Lord Chesterfield lately, very pretty, the rest very indifferent.

I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Whetenhall, and am with great wishes for your health and tranquillity,

Yours most sincerely,

H. W.

453. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Nov. 15, 1755.

I promised you histories, and there are many people that take care I should have it in my power to keep my word. To begin in order, I should tell you, that there were 289 members at the Cockpit meeting, the greatest number ever known there: but Mr. Pitt, who is too great a general to regard numbers, especially when there was a probability of no great harmony between the commanders, did not, however, postpone giving battle. The engagement was not more decisive than long: we sat till within a quarter of five in the morning; an uninterrupted serious debate from before two. Lord Hillsborough moved the Address, and very injudiciously supposed an opposition. Martin, Legge's secretary, moved to omit in the Address the indirect approbation of the treaties, and the direct assurances of protection to Hanover. These questions were at length divided; and against Pitt's inclination, the last, which was the least unpopular, was first decided by a majority of 311 against 105. Many then went away; and on the next division the numbers were 290 to 89. These are the general outlines. The detail of the speeches, which were very long, and some

extremely fine, it would be impossible to give you in any compass. On the side of the opposition (which I must tell you by the way, though it set out decently, seems extremely resolved) the speakers (I name them in their order) were: the third Colebrook[1], Martin[2], Northey[3], Sir Richard Lyttelton, Dodington, George Grenville, Sir F. Dashwood, Beckford, Sir G. Lee, Legge, Potter, Dr. Hay[4], George Townshend, Lord Egmont, Pitt, and Admiral Vernon: on the other side were, Lord Hillsborough, O'Brien, young Stanhope[5], Hamilton, Alstone[6], Ellis[7], Lord Barrington, Sir G. Lyttelton[8], Nugent, Murray, Sir T. Robinson, my uncle, and Mr. Fox. As short as I can, I will give you an account of them. Sir Richard, Beckford, Potter, G. Townshend, the Admiral of course, Martin, Stanhope, and Ellis, were very bad: Dodington was well, but very *acceding*: Dr. Hay by no means answers his reputation; it was easy, but not striking. Lord Egmont was doubling, absurd, and obscure. Sir G. Lee and Lord Barrington were much disliked; I don't think, so deservedly. Poor Alstone was mad, and spoke ten times to order. Sir George, our friend, was

Letter 453.—[1] George Colebroke (d. 1809), M.P. for Arundel; succeeded his brother as second Baronet in 1761; Chairman of the East India Company, 1769.

[2] Samuel Martin, M.P. for Camelford, and subsequently Secretary to the Treasury. In 1763 he fought a duel with Wilkes, and in the same year he procured the reversion of one of Horace Walpole's offices. His solicitude during Walpole's illnesses caused the latter considerable amusement.

[3] William Northey, M.P. for Calne; Groom of the Bedchamber to George III.

[4] Dr. George Hay (1715–1778), knighted in 1773; M.P. for Stockbridge, and Chancellor of the diocese of Worcester. Lord of the Admiralty, 1756–65; Dean of the Arches, Judge of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, and Chancellor of the diocese of London, 1764; Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, 1773.

[5] Philip Stanhope (1732 – 1768), natural son of fourth Earl of Chesterfield, who addressed to him the famous *Letters*; M.P. for Liskeard. Resident at Hamburg, 1756; Envoy to Ratisbon, 1763; Minister at Dresden, 1764. The speech mentioned above was his first and only effort in the House of Commons.

[6] Thomas Alstone, succeeded his father as fifth Baronet, 1759; M.P. for Bedfordshire; d. 1774.

[7] Welbore Ellis, afterwards Lord Mendip.

[8] Sir George Lyttelton. *Walpole.*

dull and timid. Legge was the latter. Nugent roared, and Sir Thomas rumbled. My uncle did justice to himself, and was as wretched and dirty as his whole behaviour for his coronet has been. Mr. Fox was extremely fatigued, and did little. Geo. Grenville's was very fine and much beyond himself, and very pathetic. The Attorney-General[9] in the same style, and very artful, was still finer. Then there was a young Mr. Hamilton[10] who spoke for the first time, and was at once perfection: his speech was set, and full of antithesis, but those antitheses were full of argument: indeed his speech was the most argumentative of the whole day; and he broke through the regularity of his own composition, answered other people, and fell into his own track again with the greatest ease. His figure is advantageous, his voice strong and clear, his manner spirited, and the whole with the ease of an established speaker. You will ask, what could be beyond this? Nothing, but what was beyond what ever was, and that was Pitt! He spoke at past one, for an hour and thirty-five minutes: there was more humour, wit, vivacity, finer language, more boldness, in short, more astonishing perfections, than even you, who are used to him, can conceive. He was not abusive, yet very attacking on all sides: he ridiculed my Lord Hillsborough, crushed poor Sir George, terrified the Attorney, lashed my Lord Granville, painted my Lord of Newcastle, attacked Mr. Fox, and even hinted up to the Duke[11]. A few of the Scotch were in the minority, and most of the Princess's people, not all: all the Duke of Bedford's in the majority.

[9] William Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield. *Walpole.*

[10] William Gerard Hamilton (1729–1796), M.P. for Petersfield. Lord of Trade, 1756–61; Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1761–64; Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, 1763. His brilliant speech on this occasion caused him to be known as 'Single-speech Hamilton,' although he spoke on subsequent occasions both in the English and Irish Parliaments.

[11] The Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

He himself spoke in the other House for the Address (though professing incertainty about the treaties[12] themselves), against my Lord Temple and Lord Halifax, without a division. My Lord Talbot was neuter; he and I were of a party: my opinion was strongly with the opposition; I could not vote for the treaties; I would not vote against Mr. Fox. It is ridiculous perhaps, at the end of such a debate, to give an account of my own silence; and as it is of very little consequence what I did, so it is very unlike me to justify myself. You know how much I hate *professions* of integrity; and my pride is generally too great to care what the generality of people say of me: but your heart is good enough to make me wish you should think well of mine.

You will want to know what is to be the fate of the ministry in opposition: but that I can't tell you. I don't believe they have determined what to do, more than oppose, nor that it is determined what to do with them. Though it is clear that it is very humiliating to leave them in place, you may conceive several reasons why it is not eligible to dismiss them. *You* know where you are, how easy it is to buy an opposition who have not places; but tell us what to do with an opposition that has places? If you say, Turn them out; I answer, That is not the way to quiet any opposition, or a ministry so constituted as ours at present. Adieu! Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

454. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Nov. 16, 1755.

Never was poor invulnerable immortality so soon brought to shame! Alack! I have had the gout! I would fain

[12] Treaties of subsidy with the Landgrave of Hesse and the Empress of Russia for the defence of Hanover. *Walpole.*

have persuaded myself that it was a sprain; and, then, that it was only the gout come to look for Mr. Chute at Strawberry Hill: but none of my evasions will do! I was, certainly, lame for two days; and though I repelled it—first, by getting wet-shod, and then by spirits of camphire; and though I have since tamed it more rationally by leaving off the little wine I drank, I still know where to look for it whenever I have an occasion for a political illness.—Come, my constitution is not very much broken, when, in four days after such a mortifying attack, I could sit in the House of Commons, full as possible, from two at noon till past five in the morning, as we did but last Thursday. The new opposition attacked the Address.—Who are the new opposition?—Why, the old opposition: Pitt and the Grenvilles; indeed, with Legge instead of Sir George Lyttelton. Judge how entertaining it was to me to hear Lyttelton answer Grenville, and Pitt Lyttelton! The debate, long and uninterrupted as it was, was a great deal of it extremely fine: the numbers did not answer to the merit: the new friends, the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox, had 311 to 105. The *bon mot* in fashion is, that the staff was very good, but they wanted private men. Pitt surpassed himself, and then I need not tell you that he surpassed Cicero and Demosthenes. What a figure would they, with their formal, laboured, cabinet orations, make *vis-à-vis* his manly vivacity and dashing eloquence at one o'clock in the morning, after sitting in that heat for eleven hours! He spoke above an hour and a half, with scarce a bad sentence: the most admired part was a comparison he drew of the two parts of the new administration, to the conflux of the Rhône and the Saône; 'the latter a gentle, feeble, languid stream, languid but not deep; the other a boisterous and overbearing torrent; but they join at last; and long may they continue united,

to the comfort of each other, and to the glory, honour, and happiness of this nation!' I hope you are not mean-spirited enough to dread an invasion, when the senatorial contests are reviving in the temple of Concord.—*But will it make a party?* Yes, truly; I never saw so promising a prospect. Would not it be cruel, at such a period to be laid up?

I have only had a note from you to promise me a letter; but it is not arrived:—but the partridges are, and well; and I thank you.

England seems *returning*: for those who are not in Parliament, there are nightly riots at Drury Lane, where there is an anti-Gallican party against some French dancers. The young men of quality have protected them till last night, when, being Opera night, the galleries were victorious.

Montagu writes me many kind things for you: he is in Cheshire, but comes to town this winter. Adieu! I have so much to say, that I have time to say but very little.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. George Selwyn hearing much talk of a sea-war or a continent, said, 'I am for a sea-war and a *continent* admiral.'

455. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 16, 1755.

I have received a letter from you of Oct. 25th, full of expectation of the invasion I announced to you—but we have got two new parties erected, and if you imagine that the invasion is attended to, any more than as it is played off by both those parties, you know little of England. The Parliament met three days ago: we have been so un-English lately as to have no parties at all, have now got what never was seen before, an opposition in administration. Mr. Pitt,

Mr. Legge, and their adherents, no great number, have declared open and unrelenting war with the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox; and on the Address, which hinted approbation of the late treaties, and promised direct support of Hanover, we sat till five the next morning. If eloquence could convince, Mr. Pitt would have had more than 105 against 311; but it is long since the arts of persuasion were artful enough to persuade—rhetoric was invented before places and commissions! The expectation of the world is suspended, to see whether these gentlemen will resign or be dismissed: perhaps neither; perhaps they may continue in place and opposition; perhaps they may continue in place and not oppose. Bossuet wrote *L'Histoire des Variations de l'Église*—I think I could make as entertaining a history, though not so well written, *des Variations de l'État*: I mean of changes and counter-changes of party. The Duke of Newcastle thought himself undone, beat up all quarters for support, and finds himself stronger than ever. Mr. Fox was thought so unpopular, that his support was thought as dangerous as want of defence; everything bows to him. The Tories hate both him and Pitt so much, that they sit still to see them worry one another; they don't seem to have yet found out that while there are parts and ambition, they will be obliged to follow and to hate by turns every man who has both.

I don't at all understand my Lady Orford's politics; but that is no wonder, when I am sure she does not understand ours. Nobody knows what to make of the French inactivity: if they intend some great stroke, the very delay and forbearance tells us to prepare for it, and a surprise prepared for loses much of its value. For my own part, I have not prophetic sagacity enough to foresee what will be even the probable event either of our warlike or domestic politics. I desired your brother to write you an account

of General Johnson's[1] victory; the only great circumstance in our favour that has happened yet. The greatest mystery of all is the conduct of Admiral Boscawen; since he left England, though they write private letters to their friends, he and all his officers have not sent a single line to the Admiralty; after great pain and uncertainty about him, a notion prevailed yesterday, how well founded I know not, that without any orders he is gone to attack Louisbourgh—considering all I have mentioned, he ought to be very sure of success. Adieu! my dear Sir, I have told you the heads of all I know, and have not time to be more particular.

P.S. I am glad to be able to contradict an untruth, before I send it away: Admiral Boscawen and his fleet are arrived, and have brought along with them a French man-of-war of seventy-four guns.

456. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 25, 1755.

I have been so hurried since I came to town, and so enclosed in the House of Commons, that I have not been able to write a line sooner. I now write, to notify that your plants will set out according to your direction next Monday, and are ordered to be left at Namptwich.

I differ with the doctors about planting evergreens in spring; if it happens to be wet weather, it may be better than exposing them to a first winter; but the cold dry winds that generally prevail in spring, are ten times more pernicious. In my own opinion, the end of September is the best season, for then they shoot before the hard weather comes. But the plants I send you are so very small, that they are equally secure in any season, and would bear

Letter 455.—[1] Afterwards Sir William Johnson, an American. *Walpole.*

removing in the middle of summer; a handful of dung will clothe them all for the whole winter.

There is a most dreadful account of an earthquake in Lisbon[1], but several people will not believe it. There have been lately such earthquakes and waterquakes, and rocks rent, and other strange phenomena, that one would think the world exceedingly out of repair. I am not prophet enough to believe that such convulsions relate solely to the struggles between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, or even portend any between the Georges and James's. You have already heard, I suppose, that Pitt, Legge, and Geo. Grenville are dismissed[2], and that Sir George Lyttelton is Chancellor of the Exchequer. My Lord Temple says that Sir George Lyttelton said he would quit his place when they did, and that he has kept his word! The world expects your cousin[3] to resign, but I believe all efforts are used to retain him. *Joan, the Fair Maid of Saxe-Gotha*[4] did not speak to Mr. Fox or Sir George when they kissed her hand last Sunday. No more places are vacated or filled up yet.

It is an age since I have heard from Mr. Bentley; the war or the weather have interrupted all communication. Adieu! let me know, at your leisure, when one is likely to see you.

Yours ever,

H. W.

457. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 4, 1755.

Long before you receive this, my dear Sir, you will have learned general, if not particular accounts of the dreadful

Letter 456.—[1] On Nov. 1, 1755.

[2] They were respectively Paymaster-General, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Treasurer of the Navy.

[3] The Earl of Halifax, President of the Board of Trade.

[4] The Princess of Wales, widow of the heir-apparent, as Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent, was widow of the Black Prince.

desolation at Lisbon: the particulars indeed are not yet come hither; all we have heard hitherto is from France, and from Sir Benjamin Keene at Madrid. The catastrophe is greater than ever happened even in your neighbourhood, Naples. Our share is very considerable, and by some reckoned at four millions. We are dispatching a ship with a present of an hundred thousand pounds in provisions and necessaries, for they want everything. There have been Kings of Spain who would have profited of such a calamity; but the present monarch has only acted as if he had a title to Portugal, by showing himself a father to that people [1].

We are settled, politically, into a regular opposition. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Legge, and George Grenville have received their dismissions, and oppose regularly. Sir George Lyttelton, who last year broke with that connection, is made Chancellor of the Exchequer. As the subsidies are not yet voted, and as the opposition, though weak in numbers, are very strong in speakers, no other places will be given away till Christmas, that the re-elections may be made in the holidays.

There are flying reports that General Johnson, our only hero at present, has taken Crown Point, but the report is entirely unconfirmed by any good authority. The invasion that I announced to you is very equivocal; there is some suspicion that it was only called in as an ally to the subsidiary treaties: many that come from France say that on their coasts they are dreading an invasion from us. Nothing is certain but their forbearance and good-breeding—the meaning of that is very uncertain.

Shall I send away a letter with only these three paragraphs? I must, if I write at all. There are no private

LETTER 457. —[1] The Spanish monarch did not long preserve that spirit of justice. *Walpole.*

news at all; the earthquake, the opposition, and the war, are the only topics; each of those topics will be very fruitful, and you shall hear of their offspring—at present, good night!

458. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Dec. 17, 1755.

After an immense interval, I have at last received a long letter from you, of a very old date (November 5th), which amply indemnifies my patience; nay, almost makes me amends for your blindness; for I think, unless you had totally lost your eyes, you would not refuse me a pleasure so easy to yourself as now and then sending me a drawing. I can't call it laziness; one may be too idle to amuse one's self, but sure one is never so fond of idleness as to prefer it to the power of obliging a person one loves! And yet I own your letter has made me amends, the wit of your pen recompenses the stupidity of your pencil; the *cæstus* you have taken up supplies a little the *artem* you have relinquished. I could quote twenty passages that have charmed me; the picture of Lady Prudence and her family; your idol that gave you hail when you prayed for sunshine; misfortune the teacher of superstition; unmarried people being the fashion in heaven; the *Spectator-hacked* phrases; Mr. Spence's blindness to Pope's mortality; and, above all, the criticism on the Queen in *Hamlet* is most delightful. There never was so good a ridicule of all the formal commentators on Shakspeare, nor so artful a banter on him himself for so improperly making her Majesty deal in *double-entendres* at a funeral. In short, I never heard as much wit, except in a speech with which Mr. Pitt concluded the debate t'other day on the treaties. His antagonists endeavoured to disarm him, but as fast as they deprive him of one weapon, he finds a better; I never suspected him of

such an universal armoury—I knew he had a Gorgon's head, composed of bayonets and pistols, but little thought that he could tickle to death with a feather. On the first debate on these famous treaties, last Wednesday, Hume Campbell, whom the Duke of Newcastle had retained as the most abusive counsel he could find against Pitt (and hereafter perhaps against Fox), attacked the former for *eternal invectives*. Oh! since the last philippic of Billingsgate memory you never heard such an invective as Pitt returned—Hume Campbell was annihilated! Pitt, like an angry wasp, seems to have left his sting in the wound, and has since assumed a style of delicate ridicule and repartee. But think how charming a ridicule must that be that lasts and rises, flash after flash, for an hour and a half! Some day or other, perhaps you will see some of the glittering splinters that I gathered up. I have written under his print these lines, which are not only full as just as the original, but have not the tautology of *loftiness* and *majesty*:

> Three orators in distant ages born,
> Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
> The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
> The next in language, but in both the last:
> The power of Nature could no farther go;
> To make a third, she join'd the former two.

Indeed, we have wanted such an entertainment to enliven and make the fatigue supportable. We sat on Wednesday till ten at night; on Friday till past three in the morning; on Monday till between nine and ten. We have profusion of orators, and many very great, which is surprising so soon after the leaden age of the late Right Honourable Henry Saturnus[1]! The majorities are as great as in Saturnus's *golden* age.

LETTER 458.—[1] Mr. Pelham. *Walpole.*

Our changes are begun; but not being made at once, our very changes change. Lord Duplin and Lord Darlington are made joint Paymasters: George Selwyn says, that no act ever showed so much the Duke of Newcastle's absolute power as his being able to make Lord Darlington *a paymaster*. That so often *repatrioted* and *reprostituted* prostitute Dodington is again to be Treasurer of the Navy; and he again drags out Harry Furnese into the Treasury. The Duke of Leeds is to be Cofferer, and Lord Sandwich emerges so far as to be Chief Justice in Eyre[2]. The other parts by the comedians; I don't repeat their names, because perhaps the fellow that to-day is designed to act Guildenstern, may to-morrow be destined to play *half* the part of the second grave-digger. However, they are all to kiss hands on Saturday. Mr. Pitt told me to-day that he should not go to Bath till next week. 'I fancy,' said I, 'you scarce stay to kiss hands.'

With regard to the invasion, which you are so glad to be allowed to fear, I must tell you that it is quite gone out of fashion again, and I really believe was dressed up for a vehicle (as the apothecaries call it) to make us swallow the treaties. All along the coast of France they are much more afraid of an invasion than we are.

As obliging as you are in sending me plants, I am determined to thank you for nothing but drawings. I am not to be bribed to silence, when you really disoblige me. Mr. Müntz has ordered more cloths for you. I even shall send you books unwillingly; and, indeed, why should I? As you are stone-blind, what can you do with them? The few I shall send you, for there are scarce any new, will be a pretty dialogue by Crébillon; a strange imperfect poem[3],

[2] Lord Sandys, not Lord Sandwich, became Chief Justice in Eyre; see p. 381.

[3] *La Pucelle*, published without the author's knowledge towards the end of 1755.

written by Voltaire when he was very young, which with some charming strokes has a great deal of humour *manquée* and of impiety *estropiée*; and an historical romance, by him too, of the last war, in which is so outrageous a lying anecdote of old Marlborough, as would have convinced her, that when poets write history they stick as little to truth in prose as in verse[4]. Adieu! Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

459. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1755.

I AM very much pleased that you are content with what are to be trees a thousand years hence; though they were the best my Libanus afforded, I was afraid you would think I had sent you a bundle of picktooths, instead of pines and firs; may you live to chat under their shade! I am still more pleased to hear that you are to be happy in some good fortune to the Colonel; he deserves it, but, alas! what a claim is that! Whatever makes him happy, makes you so, and consequently me.

A regular opposition, composed of immense abilities, has entertained us for this month. George Grenville, Legge, a Dr. Hay, a Mr. Elliot[1], have shone; Charles Townshend has lightened; Pitt has rode in the whirlwind, and directed the storm with abilities beyond the common reach of the genie of a tempest. As soon as that storm has a little spent its fury, the dew of preferments begins to fall and fatten the land. Moses and Aaron differ indeed a little in which

[4] She left five hundred pounds each to Glover and Mallet as payment for writing her husband's Life, none of which was to be in verse.

LETTER 459. — [1] Gilbert Elliot (1722–1777), M.P. for Selkirkshire, son of Sir Gilbert Elliot, second Baronet, of Minto, whom he succeeded in 1766; Lord of the Admiralty, 1756; Treasurer of the Chambers, 1762; Keeper of the Signet in Scotland, 1767; Treasurer of the Navy, 1770. He subsequently left Pitt and the Grenvilles, and attached himself to Lord Bute. Latterly he became the confidante and adviser of George III.

shall dispense the manna, and both struggle for their separate tribes. Earl Gower is Privy Seal, the Lords Darlington and Duplin joint Paymasters, Lord Gage Paymaster of the Pensions, Mr. O'Brien in the Treasury. That old rag of a dishclout ministry, Harry Furnese, is to be the other lord. Lord Bateman[2] and Dick Edgecumbe are the new admirals; Rigby, Soame Jennings[3], and Talbot[4], the Welsh judge, to your amazement and mine (for it seems as odd as if my Lord Chancellor were to turn Groom of the Chambers to my Lady Fitzroy), Lords of Trade. The Duke of Leeds Cofferer, Lord Sandwich scrambles into Chief Justice in Eyre[5], Ellis and Lord Sandys (*autre* dishclout) divide the half of the Treasury of Ireland, George Selwyn Paymaster of the Board of Works, Arundel is to have a pension in Ireland, and Lord Hilsborough succeeds him as Treasurer of the Chambers, though I thought he was as fond of his white staff as my Lord Hobart will be, who is to have it.—There, if you love new politics!—You understand, to make these vacancies, that Charles Townshend[6] and John Pitt[7] are added to the dismissed and dead.

My Lord Townshend[8] is dying; the young Lord Pembroke[9] marries the charming Lady Betty Spencer. The French are thought to have *passed eldest* as to England, and to intend *to take in* Hanover. I know an old potentate who had rather have the gout in his stomach than in that little toe. Adieu! I have sent your letter; make my compliments, and come to town. Yours ever,

H. W.

[2] John Bateman (d. 1802), second Viscount Bateman.

[3] Soame Jenyns (1704–1787), M.P. for Dunwich. He wrote both in prose and verse. His *Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil* (1757) was severely criticized by Johnson in the *Literary Magazine*

[4] Hon. John Talbot, third son of first Baron Talbot.

[5] See p. 377, note 2.

[6] Lord of the Admiralty.

[7] Lord of Trade, and M.P. for Dorchester.

[8] Third Viscount Townshend; he lived till 1764.

[9] Henry Herbert, tenth Earl of Pembroke.

460. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 21, 1755.

I am glad, my dear Sir, that you have not wasted many alarms on the invasion; it does not seem to have been ever intended by the French. Our ministers, who are not apt to have any intelligence, have now only had bad: they spread the idea; it took for some days, but is vanished. I believe we tremble more really for Hanover; I can't say I do; for while we have that to tremble for, we shall always be to tremble. Great expectations of a peace prevail; as it is not likely to be good, it is not a season for venturing a bad one. The opposition, though not numerous, is now composed of very determined and very great men; more united than the ministry, and at least as able. The resistance to the treaties has been made with immense capacity: Mr. Pitt has shone beyond the greatest horizon of his former lustre. The holidays are arrived, and now the changes are making; but many of the recruits, old deserters, old cashiered, old fagots, add very little credit to the new coalition. The Duke of Newcastle and his coadjutor Mr. Fox squabble twice for agreeing once: as I wish so well to the latter, I lament what he must wade through to real power, if ever he should arrive there. Underneath I shall catalogue the alterations, with an additional letter to each name, to particularize the corps to which each belongs.

		In the room of
Sir George Lyttelton, N.	Chancellor of the Exchequer.	Mr. Legge, dismissed.
Duke of Leeds, N.	Cofferer.	Sir George Lyttelton.
Mr. J. Brudenell, N.	Deputy.	Mr. Clare.
Mr. Dodington, F.	Treasurer of the Navy.	Mr. G. Grenville, dismissed.
Lords Darlington, N. and Duplin, N.	Joint Paymasters.	Mr. Pitt, dismissed.
Duke of Marlborough, F.	Master of the Ordnance.	Long vacant.
Earl Gower, F.	Lord Privy Seal.	Duke of Marlborough.

		In the room of
Lord Gage, N.	Paymaster of the Pensions.	Mr. Compton, dead.
Mr. O'Brien, N. Mr. Henry Furnese.	Lords of the Treasury.	Lord Darlington. Lord Duplin.
Lord Bateman, F. Mr. Edgcumbe, F.	Lords of the Admiralty.	Mr. C. Townshend, dismissed. Mr. Ellis.
Judge Talbot. Mr. S. Jenyns, N. Mr. Rigby, F.	Lords of Trade.	Mr. J. Grenville, resigd. Mr. J. Pitt, dismissed. Mr. Edgcumbe.
Mr. Arundel, N.	Pension on Ireland.	
Lord Hillsborough, F.	Treasurer of the Chambers.	Mr. Arundel.
Lord Hobart, N.	Comptroller of the Household.	Lord Hillsborough.
Mr. George Selwyn, F.	Paymaster of the Board of Works.	Mr. Denzil Onslow.
Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Sandwich, F. Mr. Ellis, F.	who had half before. To divide Vice-Treasurer of Ireland.	Sir W. Yonge, deceased.
Lord Berkeley of Stratton, F.	Treasurer of the Household.	Lord Fitzwalter, dying.
Lord Sandys, N.	Chief Justice in Eyre.	Duke of Leeds.

As numerous as these changes are, they are not so extraordinary as the number of times that each designation has been changed. The four last have not yet kissed hands, so I do not give you them for certain. You will smile at seeing Dodington again revolved to the court, and Lord Sandys and Harry Furnese, two of the most ridiculous objects in the succession to my father's ministry, again dragged out upon the stage: perhaps it may not give you too high an idea of the stability or dignity of the new arrangement; but as the Duke of Newcastle has so often turned in and out all men in England, he *must* employ some of the same dupes over again. In short, I don't know whether all this will make your ministerial gravity smile, but it makes me laugh out. Adieu!

P.S. I must mention the case of my Lord Fitzwalter, which all the faculty say exceeds anything known in their practice: he is past eighty-four, was an old beau, and had scarce ever more sense than he has at present; he has lived

many months upon fourteen barrels of oysters, four-and-twenty bottles of port, and some, I think seven, bottles of brandy per week. What will Dr. Cocchi[1], with his *Vitto Pittagorico*, say to this?

461. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Dec. 30, 1755.

As I know how much you are my friend and take part in my joy, I can't help communicating to you an incident that has given much pleasure. You know how much I love Mr. Mann[1]—well, I won't enter into that, nor into a detail of many hardships that he has suffered lately, which made me still more eager to serve him. As some regiments have been just given away, I cast my eyes about to see if I could not help him to clothing. Among the rest there was one new colonel, whom I could not assume enough to call my friend, but who is much connected with one that is so. As the time pressed, I did not stay to go round about, but addressed myself directly to the person himself—but I was disappointed—the disaster was, that he had left his quarters and was come to town. Though I immediately gave it up in my own mind, knew how incessantly he would be pressed from much more powerful quarters, and concluded he would be engaged, I wrote again—that letter was as useless as the first—and from what reason do you think!—Why this person, in spite of all solicitations, nay, previous to any, had already thought of Mr. Mann, had recollected it would oblige me and my friend in the country, and had actually given his clothing to Mr. Mann, before he received either of my letters. Judge how agreeably I have been surprised,

Letter 460.—[1] A learned physician and author at Florence, who wrote a book with that title recommending abstinence. *Walpole.*

Letter 461.—[1] Galfridus Mann, who was an army clothier.

and how much the manner has added to my obligation! You will be still more pleased when you hear the character of this officer, which I tell you willingly, because I know you country gentlemen are apt to contract prejudices, and to fancy that no virtues grow out of your own shire. Yet by this one sample, you will find them connected with several circumstances that are apt to nip their growth. He is of as good a family as any in England, yet in this whole transaction he has treated me with as much humility as if I was of as good a family, and as if I had obliged him, not he me. In the next place, I have no power to oblige him: then, though he is young, and in the army, he is as good, as temperate, as meek, as if he was a curate on preferment; and yet with all these meek virtues, nobody has distinguished themselves by more personal bravery—and what is still more to his praise, though he has so greatly established his courage, he is as regular in his duty, and submits as patiently to all the tedious exiles and fatigues of it, as if he had no merit at all—but I will say no more, lest you imagine that the present warmth of my gratitude makes me exaggerate—no, you will not, when you know that all I have said relates to your own brother, Colonel Charles Montagu[2]. I did not think he could have added still to my satisfaction, but he has, by giving me hopes of seeing you in town next week—till then, adieu!

Yours as entirely as is consistent with my devotedness to your brother,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. I must not forget to thank you much for your pork.

[2] He had been appointed 'Lieutenant-Colonel of General Bockland's.' (*Gent. Mag.* 1755, p. 572.)

462. To Richard Bentley.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 6, 1756.

I am quite angry with you; you write me letters so entertaining that they make me almost forgive your not drawing: now, you know, next to being disagreeable, there is nothing so shocking as being too agreeable. However, as I am a true philosopher, and can resist anything I like, when it is to obtain anything I like better, I declare, that if you don't coin the vast ingot of colours and cloth that I have sent you, I will burn your letters unopened.

Thank you for all your concern about my gout, but I shall not mind you; it shall appear in my stomach before I attempt to keep it out of it by a fortification of wine: I only drank a little two days after being very much fatigued in the House, and the worthy pioneer began to cry *swear* from my foot the next day. However, though I am determined to feel young still, I grow to take the hints age gives me: I come hither oftener, I leave the town to the young; and though the busy turn that the world has taken draws me back into it, I excuse it to myself, and call it retiring into politics. From hence I must retire, or I shall be drowned; my cellars are four feet under water, the Thames gives itself Rhône airs, and the meadows are more flooded than when you first saw this place and thought it so dreary. We seem to have taken out our earthquake in rain: since the third week in June, there have not been five days together of dry weather. They tell us that at Colnbrook and Staines they are forced to live in the first floor. Mr. Chute is at the Vine, but I don't expect to hear from him: no post but a dove can get from thence. Every post brings new earthquakes; they have felt them in France, Sweden, and Germany: what a convulsion there has been in nature! Sir Isaac Newton,

somewhere in his works, has this beautiful expression, 'The globe will want *manum emendatricem.*'

I have been here this week with only Mr. Müntz; from whence you may conclude I have been employed—memoires[1] thrive apace. He seems to wonder (for he has not a little of your indolence, I am not surprised you took to him) that I am continually occupied every minute of the day, reading, writing, forming plans: in short, you know me. He is an inoffensive, good creature, but had rather ponder over a foreign gazette than a pallet.

I expect to find George Montagu in town to-morrow: his brother has at last got a regiment. Not content with having deserved it, before he got it, by distinguished bravery and indefatigable duty, he persists in meriting it still. He immediately, unasked, gave the chaplainship (which others always sell advantageously) to his brother's parson at Great-worth. I am almost afraid it will make my commendation of this really handsome action look interested, when I add, that he has obliged me in the same way by making Mr. Mann his clothier, before I had time to apply for it. Adieu! I find no news in town.

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

463. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Jan. 22, 1756.

As my Lady Ailesbury is so taken up with turnpike bills, Popish recusants, and Irish politics, and you are the only idle person in the family (for Missy I find is engaged too), I must return to correspond with you. But my letters will

LETTER 462.—[1] His own *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of George II.*

LETTER 463.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

not be quite so lively as they have been: the opposition, like schoolboys, don't know how to settle to their books again after the holidays. We have not had a division; nay, not a debate. Those that like it, are amusing themselves with the Appleby election. Now and then we draggle on a little militia. The recess has not produced even a pamphlet. In short, there are none but great outlines of politics: a memorial in French Billingsgate has been transmitted hither, which has been answered very laconically. More agreeable is the guarantee[1] signed with Prussia: M. Mechell[2] is as fashionable as ever General Wall was. The Duke of Cumberland has kept his bed with a sore leg, but is better. Oh! I forgot, Sir Harry Erskine is dismissed from the army[3], and if you will suffer so low a pun as upon his face, is a rubric martyr for his country: bad as it is, this is the best *bon mot* I have to send you: Ireland, which one did not suspect, is become the staple of wit, and, I find, coins *bons mots* for our greatest men. I might well not send you Mr. Fox's repartee, for I never heard it, nor has anybody here: as you have, pray send it me. Charles Townshend t'other night hearing somebody say, that my Lady Falmouth[4], who had a great many diamonds on, had a very fine stomach, replied, 'By God! my Lord has a better.' You will be entertained with the riot Charles makes in the sober house of Argyll: t'other night, on the Duchess's[5] bawling to my Lady Suffolk, he in the very same tone cried out, 'Large stewing oysters!' When he takes such liberties with his new

[1] 'In January, 1756, the Kings of England and Prussia concluded a convention, by which they reciprocally bound themselves, during the troubles in America, not to suffer foreign troops of any nation whatever to enter or pass through Germany.' (Stanhope, *Hist. of England*, ed 1853, vol. iv. p. 78.)

[2] The Prussian Chargé d'Affaires. *Walpole.*—His name was Michel.

[3] Apparently on account of his opposition to the subsidiary treaties.

[4] Hannah Catherine Maria (d. 1786), daughter of Thomas Smith, of Worplesdon, widow of Richard Russell; m. (1756) Hugh Boscawen, second Viscount Falmouth.

[5] The Dowager Duchess of Argyle, his mother-in-law.

parent, you may judge how little decency he observes with his wife: last week at dinner at Lord Strafford's, on my Lady Dalkeith's mentioning some dish that she loved, he replied before all the servants, 'Yes, my Lady Dalkeith, you love it better than anything but one!' I thread gossiping stories, for want of something better to tell you: my Lady Coventry has been at Woburn; after dinner, the Duchess, my Lady Gower, and six and twenty people at table, the Duke asked my Lady Coventry for her toast—she gave, *The Best.* Rigby said, 'Who says we can't drink my Lady Coventry's health before her face?'

We were to have had a masquerade to-night, but the bishops, who you know have always persisted in God's hating dominoes, have made an earthquake point of it, and postponed it till after the fast.

Your brother has got a sixth infanta[6]; at the christening t'other night, Mr. Trail[7] had got through two prayers before anybody found out that the child was not brought downstairs. You see by my *pauvreté* how little I have to say. Do accept the enclosed *World* in part of payment for the remainder of a letter. I must conclude this with telling you, that though I know her but little, I admire my Lady Kildare as much as you do. She has writ volumes to Lady Caroline Fox in praise of you and your Countess: you are a good soul—I can't say so much for Lady Aylesbury. As to Missy, I am afraid I must resign my claim: I never was very proper to contest with an Hibernian hero; and I don't know how, but I think my merit does not improve. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

[6] Lady Isabel Rachel Conway; m. (1785) George Hatton.

[7] Rev. James Trail (d. 1783), Chaplain to Lord Hertford, and afterwards (1765) Bishop of Down and Connor.

464. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Jan. 24, 1756.

Oh! Sir, I shall take care how I ever ask favours of you again! It was with great reluctance that I brought myself to ask this: you took no notice of my request; and I flattered myself that I was punished for having applied to you so much against my inclination. Just as I grew confirmed in the pride of being mortified, I hear that you have outgone my application, and in the kindest manner in the world have given the young man a pair of colours. It would have been unpleasant enough to be refused; but to obtain more than one asked is the most provoking thing in the world! I was prepared to be very grateful if you had done just what I desired: but I declare I have no thanks ready for a work of supererogation. If there ever was a saint that went to heaven for mere gratitude, which I am persuaded is a much more uncommon qualification than martyrdom, I must draw upon his hoard of merit to acquit myself. You will at least get thus much by this charming manner of obliging me: I look upon myself as doubly obliged; and when it cost me so much to ask one favour, and I find myself in debt for two, I shall scarce run in tick for a third.

What adds to my vexation is, that I wrote to you but the night before last. Unless I could return your kindness with equal grace, it would not be very decent to imitate you by beginning to take no notice of it; and therefore you must away with this letter upon the back of the former.

We had yesterday some history in the House: Beckford produced an accusation in form against Admiral Knowles [1]

Letter 464.—[1] After an examination by the whole House Knowles' conduct was justified.

on his way to an impeachment. Governor Verres was a puny culprit in comparison! Jamaica indeed has not quite so many costly temples and ivory statues, &c., as Sicily had: but what Knowles could not or had not a propensity to commit in rapine and petty larceny, he has made up in tyranny. The papers are granted, and we are all going to turn jurymen. The rest of the day was spent in a kind of avoirdupois war. Our friend Sir George Lyttelton opened the Budget; well enough in general, but was strangely bewildered in the figures; he stumbled over millions, and dwelt pompously upon farthings. Pitt attacked him pretty warmly on mortgaging the sinking fund: Sir George kept up his spirit, and returned the attack on [his] eloquence. It was entertaining enough, but ended in high compliments; and the division was 231 to 56.

Your friend Lady Caroline Petersham, not to let the town quite lapse into politics, has entertained it with a new scene. She was t'other night at the play with her court; viz., Miss Ashe, Lord Barnard, M. St. Simon, and her favourite footman Richard, whom, under pretence of keeping places, she always keeps in her box the whole time to see the play at his ease. Mr. Stanley, Colonel Vernon, and Mr. Vaughan[2] arrived at the very end of the farce, and could find no room, but a row and a half in Lady Caroline's box. Richard denied them entrance very impertinently. Mr. Stanley took him by the hair of his head, dragged him into the passage, and thrashed him. The heroine was outrageous—the heroes not at all so. She sent Richard to Fielding for a warrant. He would not grant it—and so it ended—And so must I, for here is company. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[2] Probably the Hon. Wilmot Vaughan (1728–1800), succeeded his father as fourth Viscount Lisburne, 1766; cr. Earl of Lisburne, 1776.

My letter would have been *much cleverer*, but George Montagu has been chattering by me the whole time, and insists on my making you his compliments.

465. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 25, 1756.

I am troubled to think what anxiety you have undergone! yet your brother Gal[1] assures me that he has never missed writing one week since he began to be ill. Indeed, had I in the least foreseen that his disorder would have lasted a quarter of the time it has, I should have given you an account of it; but the distance between us is so great, that I could not endure to make you begin to be uneasy, when, in all probability, the cause would be removed before my letter reached you. This tenderness for you has deceived me: your brother, as his complaint is of the asthmatic kind, has continued all the time at Richmond. Our attendance in Parliament has been so unrelaxed, the weather has been so bad, and the roads so impracticable by astonishing and continued deluges of rain, that, as I heard from him constantly three or four times a week, and saw your brother James, who went to him every week, I went to see him but twice; and the last time, about a fortnight ago, I thought him extremely mended: he wrote me two very comfortable notes this week of his mending, and this morning Mr. Chute and I went to see him, and to scold him for not having writ oftener to you, which he protests he has done constantly. I cannot flatter you, my dear child, so much as to say I think him mended; his shortness of breath continues to be very uneasy to him, and his long confinement has wasted him a good deal. I fear his case is more consumptive than asthmatic; he begins a course of quicksilver to-morrow for

Letter 465.—[1] Galfridus, twin-brother of Sir Horace Mann. *Walpole.*

the obstruction in his breast. I shall go to him again the day after to-morrow, and pray as fervently as you yourself do, my dear Sir, for his recovery. You have not more obligations to him, nor adore him more than I do. As my tenderness and friendship is so strong for you both, you may depend on hearing from me constantly; but a declining constitution, you know, will not admit of very rapid recovery. Though he is fallen away, he looks well in the face, and his eyes are very lively: the weather is very warm, he wants no advice, and I assure you no solicitude for his health; no man ever was so beloved, and so deservedly! Besides Dr. Baker, the physician of Richmond, who is much esteemed, he has consulted Dr. Pringle [2], who is in the first repute, and who is strongly for the quicksilver. I enter into these particulars, because, when one is anxious, one loves to know the most minute. Nothing is capable of making me so happy, as being able soon to send you a better account.

Our politics wear a serener face than they have done of late: you will have heard that our nephew of Prussia—I was going to say, has asked blessing—begging our dignity's pardon, I fear he has given blessing! In short, he guarantees the empire with us from all foreign troops. It is pleasant to think, that at least we shall be to fight for ourselves. Fight we must, France says; but when she said so last, she knew nothing of our cordiality with the court of Berlin. Monsieur Rouillé [3] very lately wrote to Mr. Fox, by the way of Monsieur Bonac in Holland, to say his master ordered the accompanying Mémoire to be transmitted to his Britannic Majesty in person; it is addressed to nobody, but after professing great disposition to peace, and complaining in harsh terms of our *brigandages* and *pirateries*, it says, that if we

[2] Dr. John Pringle (1707–1782), physician-in-ordinary to the Duke of Cumberland; cr. a Baronet, 1766.

[3] Antoine Louis Rouillé du Coudray (1689–1761), Comte de Jouy; Minister of Marine, 1749–57.

will restore their ships, goods, &c., they shall *then* be ready to treat. We have returned a squab answer retorting the infraction of treaties, professing a desire of peace too, but declare we cannot determine upon restitution *comme préliminaire.* If we do not, the Mémoire says, they shall look upon it *comme déclaration de guerre la plus authentique.* Yet, in my own opinion, they will not declare it; especially since the King of Prussia has been Russianed out of their alliance. They will probably attempt some stroke; I think not succeed in it, and then lie by for an opportunity when they shall be stronger. They can only go to Holland, attempt these islands, or some great *coup* in America. Holland they may swallow when they will; yet, why should they, when we don't attempt to hinder them? and it would be madness if we did. For coming hither, our fleet is superior; say, but equal: our army and preparations greater than ever—if an invasion were still easy, should we be yet to conquer, when we have been so long much more exposed? In America we are much stronger than they, and have still more chances of preventing their performing any action of consequence.

The opposition is nibbling, but is not popular, nor have yet got hold of any clue of consequence. There is not the vivacity that broke forth before the holidays.

I condole with you for Madame Antinori[4], and Madame Grifoni; but I know, my dear child, how much too seriously your mind will be occupied about your dear brother, to think that romantic grief will any longer disquiet you. Pray Heaven! I may send you better and better news. Adieu!

P.S. I forgot to thank you for your history of the war with Lucca in your last but one.

[4] A Florentine lady, whom Sir Horace admired, and who was just dead: she was sister of Madame Grifoni. *Walpole.*

466. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 5, 1756.

I think I can give you a little better account of your brother, who is so dear to both of us; I put myself on a foot with you, for nothing can love him better than I do. I have been a week at Strawberry Hill, in order to watch and see him every day. The Duke's physician, Dr. Pringle, who now attends him, has certainly relieved him much: his cough is in a manner gone, his fever much abated, his breath better. His strength is not yet increased; and his stitches, which they impute to wind, are not removed. But both his physicians swear that his lungs are not touched. His worst symptom is what they cannot, but *I* must and will remove: in short, his wife is killing him, I can scarce say slowly. Her temper is beyond imagination, her avarice monstrous, her madness about what she calls cleanliness to a degree of distraction; if I had not first, and then made your brother Ned interpose in form, she would once or twice a week have the very closet *washed* in which your brother sleeps after dinner. It is certainly very impertinent to interfere in so delicate a case, but your brother's life makes me blind to every consideration: in short, we have made Dr. Pringle declare that the moment the weather is a little warmer, and he can be moved, change of air is absolutely necessary, and I am to take him to Strawberry Hill, where you may imagine he will neither be teased nor neglected: the physicians are strong for his going abroad, but I find that will be a very difficult point to carry even with himself. His affairs are so extensive, that as yet he will not hear of leaving them. Then the exclusion of correspondence by the war with France would be another great objection with him to going thither; and to send him to Naples by

sea, if we could persuade him, would hardly be advisable in the heat of such hostilities. I think by this account you will judge perfectly of your brother's situation: you may depend upon it, it is not desperate, and yet it is what makes me very unhappy. Dr. Pringle says, that in his life he never knew a person for whom so many people were concerned. I go to him again to-morrow.

The war is reckoned inevitable, nay begun, though France does not proceed to a formal declaration, but contents herself with Monsieur Rouillé's conditional declaration. All intercourse is stopped. We, who two months ago were in terrors about a war on the continent, are now more frightened about having it at home. Hessians and Dutch are said to be, and, I believe, are sent for. I have known the time when we were much less prepared and much less alarmed. Lord Ravensworth moved yesterday to send *par préférence* for Hanoverians, but nobody seconded him. The opposition cavil, but are not strong enough to be said to oppose. This is exactly our situation.

I must beg, my dear Sir, that you will do a little for my sake, what I know and hear you have already done from natural goodness. Mr. Dick, the consul at Leghorn, is particularly attached to my old and great friend Lady Harry Beauclerc[1], whom you have often heard me mention; she was Miss Lovelace: it will please me vastly if you will throw in a few civilities more at my request.

Adieu! Pray for your brother: I need not say talk him over and over with Dr. Cocchi, and hope the best of the war.

LETTER 466.—[1] Hon. Martha Lovelace, sister and heiress of Nevil Lovelace, sixth Baron Lovelace of Hurley; m. (1738) Lord Henry Beauclerk (d. 1761), fourth son of first Duke of St. Albans.

467. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Feb. 12, 1756.

I will not write to my Lady Ailesbury to-night, nor pretend to answer the prettiest letter in the world, when I am out of spirits. I am very unhappy about poor Mr. Mann, who I fear is in a deep consumption: the doctors do not give him over, and the symptoms are certainly a little mended this week; but you know how fallacious that distemper is, and how unwise it would be to trust to it! As he is at Richmond, I pass a great deal of my time out of town to be near him, and so may have missed some news; but I will tell you all I know.

The House of Commons is dwindled into a very dialogue between Pitt and Fox—one even begins to want Admiral Vernon again for variety. Sometimes it is a little *piquant*; in which though Pitt has attacked, Fox has generally had the better. These three or four last days we have been solely upon the Pennsylvanian regiment[1], bickering, and but once dividing, 165 to 57. We are got but past the first reading yet. We want the French to put a little vivacity into us. The Duke of Newcastle has expected them every hour: he was terribly alarmed t'other night; on his table he found a mysterious card with only these words, *Charles is very well, and is expected in England every day.* It was plainly some secret friend that advertised him of the Pretender's approaching arrival. He called up all the servants, ransacked the whole house to know who had been in his dressing-room:—at last it came out to be an answer from the Duchess of Queensberry to the Duchess of Newcastle about Lord Charles Douglas[2]. Don't it put you

Letter 467.—[1] A plan for raising four battalions of Swiss and German settlers to serve in North America. [2] Charles Douglas (1726 - 1756),

in mind of my Lord Treasurer Portland in Clarendon, *Remember Cæsar*[3]!

The French have promised letters of *noblesse* to whoever fits out even a little privateer. I could not help a melancholy smile when my Lady Ailesbury talked of coming over soon. I fear major-general *you* will scarce be permitted to return to your plough at Park Place, when we grudge every man that is left at the plough. Between the French and the earthquakes[4], you have no notion how good we are grown; nobody makes a suit of clothes now but of sackcloth turned up with ashes. The fast was kept so devoutly, that Dick Edgecumbe[5], finding a very lean hazard at White's, said with a sigh, 'Lord, how the times are degenerated! Formerly a fast would have brought everybody hither; now it keeps everybody away!' A few nights before, two men walking up the Strand, one said to t'other, 'Look how red the sky is! Well, thank God! there is to be no masquerade!'

My Lord Ashburnham does not keep a fast; he is going to marry one of the plump Crawleys[6]:—they call him the noble lord upon the woolsack.

The Duchess of Norfolk has opened her new house: all the earth was there last Tuesday. You would have thought there had been a comet, everybody was gaping in the air and treading on one another's toes. In short, you never saw such a scene of magnificence and taste. The tapestry, the embroidered bed, the illumination, the glasses, the lightness and novelty of the ornaments, and the ceilings, are delightful. She gives three Tuesdays, would you could

Earl of Drumlanrig, second but only surviving son of third Duke of Queensberry, whom he predeceased.

[3] See Clarendon's *History*, Book I.

[4] The dreadful earthquake which had taken place at Lisbon towards the end of the preceding year. *Walpole.*

[5] Richard Edgcumbe, second Lord Edgcumbe. *Walpole.*

[6] Elizabeth (d. 1781), daughter and co-heir of Ambrose Crawley, Alderman of London; m. (1756) John Ashburnham, second Earl of Ashburnham.

be at one! Somebody asked my Lord Rockingham afterwards at White's what was there? He said, 'Oh! there was all the company afraid of the Duchess, and the Duke afraid of all the company.'—It was not a bad picture.

My Lady Ailesbury flatters me extremely about my *World*, but it has brought me into a peck of troubles. In short, the good-natured town have been pleased to lend me a meaning, and call my Lord Bute[7] *Sir Eustace*[8]. I need not say how ill the story tallies to what they apply it; but I do vow to you, that so far from once entering into my imagination, my only apprehension was, that I should be suspected of flattery for the compliment to the Princess in a former part. It is the more cruel, because you know it is just the thing in the world on which one must not defend one's self. If I might, I can prove that the paper was writ last Easter, long before this history was ever mentioned, and flung by, because I did not like it: I mentioned it one night to my Lady Hervey, which was the occasion of its being printed.

I beg you will tell my Lady Ailesbury, that I am sorry she could not discover any *wit* in Mrs. Hussey's making a septleva. I know I never was so vain of any wit in my life as in winning a thousand leva and two five hundred levas.

You would laugh if you saw in the midst of what trumpery I am writing. Two porters have just brought home my purchases from Mrs. Kennon the midwife's sale: Brobdignag combs, old broken pots, pans, and pipkins, a lantern of scraped oyster-shells, scimitars, Turkish pipes, Chinese

[7] John Stuart (1713–1792), third Earl of Bute; Lord of the Bedchamber to Frederick, Prince of Wales, 1750–51; Groom of the Stole to George III, as Prince of Wales and as King, 1756–60, 1760–61; Secretary of State, 1761–62; K.G., 1762; First Lord of the Treasury (Prime Minister), 1762–63.

[8] Sir Eustace Drawbridgecourt. See *World*, No. 160, 5th vol. *Walpole.* —The real name of Walpole's hero was D'Abrichecourt. (See *Complete Peerage*, vol. iv. p. 351.)

baskets, &c. &c. My servants think my head is turned: I hope not: it is all to be called the personal estate and movables of my great-great-grandmother, and to be reposited at Strawberry. I believe you think my letter as strange a miscellany as my purchases.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. I forgot that I was outbid for Oliver Cromwell's nightcap.

468. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 23, 1756.

I can tell you with as much truth as pleasure that your brother assuredly mends, and that his physician, Dr. Pringle, who is the Duke's, has told his Royal Highness, who expresses great concern, that he now will live. He goes out to take the air every day; that is not very bad: Mr. Chute and I went to see him yesterday, and saw a real and satisfactory alteration. I don't say this to flatter you; on the contrary, I must bid you, my dear child, not be too sanguine, for Dr. Cocchi will tell you that there is nothing more fallacious than a consumptive case; don't mistake me, it is not a consumption, though it is a consumptive disposition. His spirits are evidently better.

You will have heard, before you receive this, that the King of France and Madame Pompadour are gone into devotion. Some say, that D'Argenson, finding how much her inclinations for peace with us fell in with the monarch's humanity (and which indeed is the only rational account one can give of their inactivity), employed the Cardinal de la Rochfoucault[1] and the Confessor to threaten the Most

Letter 468.—[1] Cardinal Frédéric Jérôme de Roye de la Rochefoucauld; d. 1757.

Christian King with an earthquake if he did not communicate at Easter; and that his Majesty accordingly made over his mistress to his wife, by appointing the former *dame du palais*: others, who refine more, pretend that Madame Pompadour, perceiving how much the King's disposition veered to devotion, artfully took the turn of humouring it, desired to be only his soul's concubine, and actually sent to ask pardon of her husband, and to offer to return to him, from which he begged to be excused—the point in dispute is whether she has or has not left off rouge. In our present hostile state we cannot arrive at any certainty on this important question; though our fate seems to depend on it!

We have had nothing in Parliament but most tedious and long debates on a West Indian regiment, to be partly composed of Swiss and Germans settled in Pennsylvania, with some Dutch officers. The opposition neither increase in numbers or eloquence; the want of the former seems to have damped the fire of the latter. The reigning fashion is expectation of an invasion; I can't say I am fashionable; nor do I expect the earthquake, though they say it is *landed* at Dover.

The most curious history that I have to tell you, is a malicious, pretty successful, and yet most clumsy plot executed by the Papists, in which number you will not be surprised at my including some Protestant divines, against the famous Bower, author of the *History of the Popes*. Rumours were spread of his being discovered in correspondence with the Jesuits: some even said the correspondence was treasonable, and that he was actually in the hands of a messenger. I went to Sir George Lyttelton, his great friend, to learn the truth; he told me the story: that Sir Harry Bedingfield[2], whom I know for a most bigoted Papist in Norfolk, pretended to have six letters from Bower

[2] Third Baronet, of Oxburgh, Norfolk; d. 1760.

(signed A. B.) in his hands, addressed to one Father Sheldon, a Jesuit, under another name, in which A. B. affected great contrition and desires of reconciliation to that church, lamenting his living in fornication with a woman, by whom he had a child, and from whom he had got fifteen hundred pounds, which he had put into Sheldon's hands, and which he affirmed he must have again if he broke off the commerce, for that the woman insisted on having either him or her money; and offering all manner of submission to holy church, and to be sent wherever she should please; for *non mea voluntas sed tua fiat*:—the last letter grieved at not being able to get his money, and to be forced to continue in sin, and concluded with telling the Jesuit that something would happen soon which would put an end to their correspondence—this is supposed to allude to his History. The similitude of hands is very great—but you know how little that can weigh! I know that Mr. Conway and my Lady Ailesbury write so alike, that I never receive a letter from either of them that I am not forced to look at the name to see from which it comes; the only difference is that she writes legibly, and he does not. These letters were shown about privately, and with injunctions of secrecy: it seems Hooke, the Roman historian, a convert to Popery, and who governs my Lord Bath and that family, is deep in this plot. At last it got to the ears of Dr. Birch[3], a zealous but simple man, and of Millar the bookseller, angry at Bower for not being his printer—they trumpeted the story all over the town. Lord Pulteney was one who told it me, and added, 'a Popish gentleman and an English clergyman[4] are upon the scent;' he told me Sir H. Bedingfield's name, but would

[3] Thomas Birch, D.D. (1705–1766), historian and biographer; Secretary to the Royal Society, 1752–65. He was an occasional correspondent of Horace Walpole.

[4] John Douglas (1721–1807), Bishop of Carlisle, 1787; Dean of Windsor, 1788; Bishop of Salisbury, 1791. In a pamphlet published on this occasion he proved that the letters were genuine.

not the clergyman's. I replied, 'Then your Lordship must give me leave to say, as I don't know his name, that I suppose our Doctor is as angry as Sir Harry at Bower for having written against the church of Rome.' Sir G. Lyttelton went to Sir Harry, and demanded to see the letters, and asked for copies, which were promised. He soon observed twenty falsehoods and inconsistencies, particularly the mention of a patent for a place, which Sir George obtained for him, but never thought of asking till a year and a half after the date of this letter; to say nothing of the inconsistence of his taking a place as a Protestant, at the same time he was offering to go whithersoever the Jesuits would send him; and the still more glaring improbability of his risking himself again under their power! Sir George desired the woman might be produced—Sir Harry shuffled, and at last said he believed it was a lie of Bower. When he was beaten out of every point, he said, he would put it on this single fact, 'Ask Mr. Bower if he was not reconciled to the church of Rome in the year '44.' The whole foundation proves to be this: Bower, who is a very child in worldly matters, was weak enough, for good interest, to put fifteen hundred pounds into the hands of one Brown, a Jesuit here in London, and from that correspondence they have forged his hand; and finding the minds of men alarmed and foolish about the invasion and the earthquake, they thought the train would take like wildfire. I told Bower, that though this trusting a Jesuit did great honour to his simplicity, yet it certainly did none to his judgement. Sir George begged I would advise them what to do—they were afraid to enter into a controversy, which Hooke might manage. I told him at once that their best way would be to advertize a great reward for discovery of the forgery, and to communicate their intention to Sir H. Bedingfield. Sir George was pleased with the thought—and indeed it

succeeded beyond expectation. Sir Harry sent word that he approved the investigation of truth, be the persons concerned of what profession they would; that he was obliged to go out of town next day for his health, but hoped at his return Sir George would give him leave to cultivate an acquaintance which this *little affair* had renewed. Sir George answered with great propriety and spirit, that he should be very proud of his acquaintance, but must beg leave to differ with him in calling *a little affair* what tended to murder a man's character, but he was glad to see that it was the best way that Rome had of answering Mr. Bower's book. You see, Sir Harry is forced to let the forgery rest on himself, rather than put a Chancellor of the Exchequer upon the scent after priests! He has even hesitated upon giving Bower copies of the letters.

Since I began my letter, we hear that France is determined to try a numerous invasion in several places in England and Ireland, *coûte que coûte*, and knowing how difficult it is. We are well prepared and strong; they have given us time. If it were easy to invade us, we should not have waited for an attack till the year 1756. I hope to give you a good account both of England and your brother. Adieu!

469. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Dear Harry, Arlington Street, March 4, 1756.

I have received so kind and so long a letter from you, and so kind too because so long, that I feel I shall remain much in your debt, at least for length. I won't allow that I am in your debt for warmth of friendship. I have nothing worth telling you; we are hitherto conquered only in threat: for my part, I have so little expectation of an invasion, that I have not buried a single enamel, nor bought

a pane of painted glass the less: of the two panics in fashion, the French and the earthquake, I have not even made my option yet. The opposition get ground as little as either: Mr. Pitt talks by Shrewsbury clock, and is grown almost as little heard as that is at Westminster. We have had full eight days on the Pennsylvanian regiment. The young Hamilton has spoken and shone again; but nothing is luminous compared with Charles Townshend:—he drops down dead in a fit, has a resurrection, thunders in the Capitol, confounds the Treasury bench, laughs at his own party, is laid up the next day, and overwhelms the Duchess [1] and the good women that go to nurse him! His brother's Militia Bill [2] does not come on till next week: in the mean time, he adorns the shutters, walls, and napkins of every tavern in Pall Mall with caricatures of the Duke [3] and Sir George Lyttelton, the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox. Your friend Legge has distinguished himself exceedingly on the supplies and taxes, and retains all the dignity of Chancellor of the Exchequer. I think I never heard so complete a scene of ignorance as yesterday on the new duties! Except Legge, you would not have thought there was a man in the House had learned troy weight: Murray quibbled—at Hume Campbell the House groaned! Pitt and Fox were lamentable; poor Sir George never knew prices from duties, nor drawbacks from premiums! The three taxes proposed were on plate, on bricks and tiles, on cards and dice. The earthquake has made us so good, that the ministry might have burned the latter in Smithfield if they had pleased. The bricks they were forced to give up, and consented graciously to accept 70,000*l.* on ale-houses, instead of 30,000*l.* on bricks. They

Letter 469.—[1] The Duchess of Argyll, his mother-in-law.

[2] A bill for the new modelling of a national militia. It was passed by the Commons in 1756, and by the Lords in 1757.

[3] The Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

had nearly been forced to extend the duty on plate beyond 10*l.*, carrying the restriction by a majority of only two.

An embargo is laid on the shipping, to get sailors. The young court lords were going to raise troops of light horse, but my Lord Gower (I suppose by direction of the Duke) proposed to the King that they should rather employ their personal interest to recruit the army; which scheme takes place, and, as George Townshend said in the House, they are all turning recruiting sergeants. But notwithstanding we so much expect a storm from France, I am told that in France they think much more of their own internal storms than of us. Madame Pompadour wears devotion, whether forced or artful is not certain: the disputes between the King and the Parliament run very high, and the Duke of Orléans and the Prince of Conti have set themselves at the head of the latter. Old Nugent came fuddled to the Opera last week, and jostled an ancient Lord Irwin[4], and then called him fool for being in his way: they were going to fight; but my Lord Talbot, professing that he did not care if they were both hanged, advised them to go back and not expose themselves. You will stare perhaps at my calling Nugent *old*: it is not merely to distinguish him from his son[5]; but he is such a champion and such a lover, that it is impossible not to laugh at him as if he was a Methuselah! He is *en affaire réglée* with the young Lady Essex. At a supper there a few nights ago of two-and-twenty people, they were talking of his going to Cashiobury to direct some alterations: Mrs. Nugent in the softest infantine voice called out, 'My Lady Essex, don't let him do anything out of doors; but you will find him delightful within!'

I think I have nothing else to tell you but a *bon mot* or two; with that sort of news I think I take care to supply

[4] Henry Ingram (circ. 1691–1761), seventh Viscount Irvine.

[5] Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund Craggs-Nugent; d. unmarried, 1771.

George Augustus Selwyn
from a pastel by Hamilton.

you duly. I send you constantly the best that London affords. Dick Edgecumbe has said that his last child was born on *All-gamesters'-day*; Twelfth-night.

This chapter shall conclude with an epigram; the thought was George Selwyn's, who, you know, serves all the epigram-makers in town with wit. It is on Miss Chudleigh crying in the drawing-room on the death of her mother:—

> What filial piety! what mournful grace,
> For a lost parent, sits on Chudleigh's face!
> Fair virgin, weep no more, your anguish smother!
> You in this town can never want a mother.

I have told poor Mr. Mann how kind you are to him: indeed I have been exceedingly frightened and troubled for him, and thought him in immediate danger. He is certainly much mended, though I still fear a consumption for him: he has not been able to move from Richmond this whole winter: I never fail to visit him twice or thrice a week. I heartily pity the fatigue and dullness of your life; nor can I flatter you with pretending to believe it will end soon: I hope you will not be forced to gain as much reputation in the camp as you have in the cabinet!—You see I must finish.

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

470. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 18, 1756.

I AM not surprised to find by your letters of 21st and 28th of February how much you have been alarmed for your brother. You have not felt more than I have: but I have the satisfaction of seeing him mend, while you undergo the terrible suspense of waiting for posts. He has been much pulled back by the operation of his quicksilver,

which flung him into a severe looseness and kind of salivation: it weakened him much and kept him from the air; but it brought off a great load of black stuff from his stomach, and his spirits are exceedingly better. He is to go to the Bath as soon as he is able. Would to Heaven I could prevail for his going to Italy, but he will not listen to it. You may be confident that I do not stop at mere decency in checking his domestic torment—it is terrible; but when I saw him in so much danger, I kept no measures—I went lengths that would be inexcusable in any other situation. No description can paint the madness (and when I call it madness I know I flatter), the preposterous unreasonableness and infernal temper of that little white fiend! His temper, which is equal to yours, bears him up under it. I am with him two or three mornings every week, and think I shall yet preserve him for you. The physicians are positive that his lungs are not touched.

We proceed fiercely in armaments—yet in my own opinion, and I believe the ministry think so too, the great danger is for Port Mahon. Admiral Byng[1] sails directly for the Mediterranean. The Brest fleet that slipped away is thought on its progress to Nova Scotia. The Dutch have excused sending us their troops on the imminence of their own danger. The parliamentary campaign is almost over; you know I persist in believing that we shall not have any other here.

Thank you much for your kindness to Mr. Dick; I will repay you on your brother, though I don't know how to place him to any account but my own. If I could be more anxious than I am about him, it would be, my dear child,

LETTER 470.—[1] Admiral Hon. John Byng (1704-1757), fourth son of first Viscount Torrington; shot on March 14, 1757, on board the *Monarque*, at Portsmouth. He was now dispatched with a squadron for the defence of Minorca.

on what you say to me on yourself; but be comforted, all will yet be well.

Mr. Chute's picture is not yet arrived; when it comes, he shall thank you himself. I must now give you a new commission, and for no less a minister than the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir George Lyttelton desires you will send him for his hall the jesses of the Venus, the dancing Faun, the Apollo Medicis (I think there is a cast of it), the Mercury, and some other female statue, at your choice: he desires besides three pair of Volterra vases, of the size to place on tables, and different patterns. Consign the whole to me, and draw the bill of lading on me.

I have nothing more to tell you but a *naïveté* of my Lady Coventry[2]; the King asked her if she was not sorry that there are no masquerades this year—(for you must know we have sacrificed them to the idol earthquake)—she said, no, she was tired of them; she was surfeited with most sights; there was but one left that she wanted to see—and that was a Coronation! The old man told it himself at supper to his family with a great deal of good-humour. Adieu! my dear child.

471. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, March 25, 1756.

Instead of being sorry, as I certainly ought to be, when your letters are short, I feel quite glad; I rejoice that I am not much in your debt, when I have not wherewithal to pay. Nothing happens worth telling you: we have had some long days in the House, but unentertaining; Mr. Pitt has got the gout in his oratory, I mean in his head, and does not come out: we are sunk quite into argument—but you

[2] The celebrated beauty, Maria Gunning, Countess of Coventry. *Walpole.*

Letter 471.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

know, when anything is as it should be, it is not worth talking of. The plate-tax has made some noise; the ministry carried one question on it but by nine. The Duke of Newcastle, who reserves all his heroism for the war, grew frightened, and would have given up the tax; but Mr. Fox bolstered up his courage and mustered their forces, and by that and softening the tax till it was scarce worth retaining, they carried the next question by an hundred. The day before yesterday the King notified the invasion to both Houses, and his having sent for Hessians. There were some dislikes expressed to the latter; but, in general, fear preponderated so much, that the cry was for Hanoverians too. Lord George Sackville, in a very artful speech, a little maliciously even proposed them and noblemen's regiments; which the Duke had rejected. Lord Ravensworth, in the other House, moved in form for Hanoverians; the Duke of Newcastle desired a few days to consider it, and they are to go upon it in the Lords to-morrow. The militia, which had been dropped for next year, is sprouted up again out of all this, and comes on to-day. But we should not be English, if we were not still more intent on a very trifle: we are. A new road through Paddington has been proposed to avoid the stones: the Duke of Bedford, who is never in town in summer, objects to the dust it will make behind Bedford House, and to some buildings proposed, though, if he was in town, he is too short-sighted to see the prospect. The Duke of Grafton heads the other side—you may imagine how high this is carried! *you* can imagine it—you could compose the difference! *you*, grand corrupter, you who can bribe pomp and patriotism, virtue and a *Speaker*[1], you that have pursued uprightness even to the last foot of land on the globe, and have disarmed Whiggism almost on the banks of its own Boyne—don't you return hither, we shall

[1] The Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. *Walpole.*

have you attempt to debauch even Mr. Onslow, who has preserved his chastity, while all the band of chosen youths, while every Pulteney, Pitt, and Lyttelton have fallen around him. I could not help laughing at the picture of Malone bribed out of his virtue and mobbed into it again!

Now I am in a serious strain, I will finish my letter with the only other serious history I know. My Lady Lincoln has given a prodigious assembly to show the Exchequer House[2]. She sent to the porter to send cards to all she visited: he replied he could easily do that, for his lady visited nobody but Lady Jane Scott[3]. As she has really neglected everybody, many refusals were returned. The Duchess of Bedford was not invited, and made a little opposition supper, which was foolish enough. As the latter had refused to return my Lady Falmouth's visit, my Lady Lincoln singled her out, visited and invited her. The dignity of the assembly was great: Westminster Hall was illuminated for chairs; the passage from it hung with green baize and lamps, and matted. The cloister was the prettiest sight in the world, lighted with lamps and Volterra vases. The great apartment is magnificent. Sir Thomas Robinson, the Long, who you know is always propriety itself, told me how much the house was improved since it was my brother's. The Duchess of Norfolk gives a great ball next week to the Duke: so you see that she does not expect the Pretender, at least this fortnight. Last night, at my Lady Hervey's, Mrs. Dives was expressing great panic about the French: my Lady Rochford, looking down on her fan, said with great softness, 'I don't know: I don't think the French are a sort of people that women need be afraid of.' Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

[2] Her husband was Auditor of the Exchequer.

[3] Eldest daughter of second Duke of Buccleuch; d. unmarried, 1779.

472. To Horatio Walpole[1].

Arlington Street, April 13, 1756.

My Lord Orford having sent me a copy of a paper which it seems you call *a Mutual Entail*, but which in reality is an act to set aside your brother's grandchildren and daughter[2], and finding my name inserted in it (a strong presumption of how little you think there is of substantial on your part of the transaction), I must desire my name may be omitted; and this, without supposing, or pretending to suppose, that I sacrifice the least prospect of interest; but I cannot suffer my name to stand with my consent as accessory to a deed so prejudicial to my nephews and to my sister, and so entirely annulling the will of my father, that great man to whom you and I, Sir, owe all we have, and without whom I fear we had all remained in obscurity!

If this is denied me, I shall immediately execute the strongest act the law can invent or allow (and I don't know what the law cannot invent, and I do know that what it can invent it will allow), to debar myself from ever receiving any benefit from your fortune, if the most improbable of all events should happen, its coming to our line; and as a record of my disapprobation of this compact.

However, Sir, as no interest of my own is concerned, as I plead for those who are nearest and most dear to me, and as I think it so serious a thing lightly and without any reason to set aside the will of the dead—and of what dead! I will, notwithstanding all our differences, still act the part of a relation, and even of a friend towards you, and as such, I most solemnly entreat and recommend to you to be content with all the obligations you received from

Letter 472.—[1] Afterwards Lord Walpole of Wolterton.
[2] Lady Mary Churchill.

my father, and not exclude his grandchildren and his daughter from his estate. At least, I will not be a party to setting aside the disposition which he made of a fortune (acquired by himself) in favour of his own posterity.

I am, Sir, Your humble servant,

Hor. Walpole.

473. To Horatio Walpole.

Arlington Street, April 14, 1756.

I should not think a letter with so little solidity in it as yours required any reply, if I could not answer it by a plain matter of fact, which you seem totally to have forgot, but of which many living witnesses can put you in mind. The reason you constantly gave my father for not accepting the Mutual Entail was, sometimes that you yourself would not pass over your own daughters, sometimes that your wife would not let her estate go from her own daughters. As to that plausible reason, as you think, that this Lord Orford might have cut off the entail, it is easy to observe how you confound terms; you say, your sons could not have cut off your entail; but would not your grandson, as well as your brother's grandson, have such a power? You are forced to destroy the parallel, before you can produce a semblance.

As to Lord Orford's approving what you say to me, it surprises me a little; for in the last conversation I had with him, he owned he was sensible that the compact he had inconsiderately made with you was very prejudicial to himself, for this reason, that, considering the great difference of your ages, if you should die in a year, he would in honour remain tied up not to alter his will, and consequently had given away from himself the propriety of his estate; he thanked me for what I said to him, and his

last words to me were,—'Sir, I will see you again in two days, and by that time I will have dissolved the bargain.'

With regard to your taking upon you to decide what was my father's great object, I am not casuist enough to interpret between the act and the will of the dead. Were I to advise in this case, you had better rest the whole upon the power the law gives you; that, perhaps, will not be disputed. Of the equity and gratitude the world will judge, as they will of your professions, which must be tried by your actions.

I am, &c.
H. W.

474. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, April 16, 1756.

You wrong me very much in thinking I omit writing because I don't hear from you as often as you have a mind I should: you are kinder to me in that respect than I have reason, considering your numerous occupations, to expect: the real and whole truth is, that I have had nothing to tell you; for I could not tire either you or myself with all the details relating to this foolish road bill [1], which has engrossed the whole attention of everybody lately. I have entered into it less than anybody. What will you say when you are told that proxies have been sent for to Scotland? that my Lord Harrington has been dragged into the House of Lords from his coffin, and Lord Arran [2] carried thither to take the oaths, who I believe has not appeared there since the Revolution? In short, it has become quite a trial for

Letter 474.—[1] The Paddington or New Road, which the Duke of Bedford opposed as making a dust behind Bedford House, and from some intended buildings being likely to interrupt his prospect. The Duke of Grafton warmly espoused the other side of the question. *Walpole.*

[2] Charles Butler (d. 1758), Earl of Arran, Chancellor of Oxford University, 1715–1758.

power; and though the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford have lent their names and their vehemence, you will guess what has been the engine behind the curtain.

The French are so obliging as to wait till we have done with these important squabbles: the House of Commons takes care too not to draw off the attention of the nation. The Militia Bill has passed through that solitude, but I hear will be stopped in the House of Lords. I have lived lately in a round of great disagreeable suppers, which you know are always called for my Lady Yarmouth, as if the poor woman loved nothing but cramming: I suppose it will so much become the etiquette, that in the next reign there will be nothing but suppers for my Lord Bute. I am now come hither to keep *my* Newmarket, but the weather is cold and damp: it is uncertain whether the Duke makes that campaign, or against the French. As the road bill extinguished the violence about the two operas of next year, and they made the invasion forgot, and the invasion the earthquake, I foresee—and I go almost upon as sure grounds as prophets that take care to let the event precede the prediction—I foresee that the Hanoverians will swallow up all: they have already a general named, who ranks before any one of ours; and there are to be two Hanoverian *aide-de-camps*!

You will hear by this post of the death of Sir William Lowther[3], whose vast succession falls to Sir James, and makes him Crœsus: he may hire the Dukes of Bedford and Marlborough for led captains. I am sorry for this young man, though I did not know him; but it is hard to be cut off so young and so rich: old rich men seldom deserve to live, but he did a thousand generous acts. You will be diverted with a speech of Lord Shelburne, one of those second-rate fortunes who have not above five-and-thirty

[3] Sir William Lowther, third Baronet, of Marske, Yorkshire.

thousand pounds a year. He says everybody may attain some one point if they give all their attention to it; for his part, he knows he has no great capacity, he could not make a figure by his parts; he shall content himself with being one of the richest men in England! I literally saw him t'other day buying pictures for two-and-twenty shillings, that I would not hang in my garret; while I, who certainly have not made riches my sole point of view, was throwing away guineas, and piquing myself for old tombstones against your father-in-law the General[4]. I hope Lady Ailesbury will forgive my zeal for Strawberry against Combe Bank[5]. Are you ever to see your Strawberry Hill again? Lord Duncannon flatters us that we shall see you in May. If I did not hope it, I would send you the only two new fashionable pieces; a comic elegy[6] by Richard Owen Cambridge, and a wonderful book by a more wonderful author, Greville[7]. It is called *Maxims and Characters*: several of the former are pretty: all the latter so absurd, that one in particular, which at the beginning you take for the character of a man, turns out to be the character of a post-chaise.

You never tell me now any of Missy's *bons mots*. I hope she has not resided in Ireland till they are degenerated into bulls! Adieu! Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

475. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, April 18, 1756.

I WISH I could send you accounts of your brother's amendment in proportion to your impatience, and to my

[4] General John Campbell, who, upon the death of Archibald, Duke of Argyll, succeeded to that title. *Walpole.*—He succeeded as fourth Duke in 1761, and died in 1770.

[5] General Campbell's seat in Kent.

[6] *An Elegy written in an empty Bath Assembly-Room.*

[7] Fulke Greville, Esq. *Walpole.*

own: he does mend certainly, but it is slowly: he takes the air every day, and they talk of his riding, though I don't think him strong enough yet to sit a horse; when he has rid a little he is to go to the Bath. I wish it much; for though he is at Richmond, there is no keeping him from doing too much business. Dr. Cocchi has showed his usual sagacity; the case is pronounced entirely asthmatic. As they have acquitted him of a consumption, I feel easy, though the complaint he has is so uneasy to himself. You must not be discouraged by my accounts; for I see your brother so very often, that it is not possible for me to discern the progress of alteration in him.

You will not believe how little we have thought of the French lately! We are engaged in a civil war—not between St. James's and Leicester House, but between the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford, about a new turnpike road on the back of the town: as you may imagine, it grows politics; and if it is not compromised during the recess, the French may march deep into the kingdom before *they* become greater politics.

We think them not ready for Minorca, and that we shall be prepared to receive them there[1]. The Hessians are expected immediately; and soon after them, the Hanoverians; and soon after them, many jealousies and uneasinesses.

These are all the politics I can tell you; and I have as little else to tell you. Poor Lady Drumlanrig[2], whose lord perished so unfortunately about a year and a half ago, is dead of a consumption from that shock; and Sir William Lowther, one of the two heirs of old Sir James[3], died two days ago of a fever. He was not above six-and-twenty, master of above twenty thousand pounds a year; sixteen

LETTER 475.—[1] The French fleet appeared off Minorca on April 18, Byng not until May 19.

[2] Daughter of the Earl of Hopton. Her lord shot himself. *Walpole.*

[3] Sir James Lowther, fourth Baronet, of Whitehaven; d. 1755.

of which comes to young Sir James, who was equally rich: think what a fortune is here assembled—will any Florentine believe this when reduced to sequins or scudi?

I receive such packets of thanks from Lady Harry Beauclerc, transmitted to her from Mr. Dick, that you must bear to have some of them returned to you. I know you enough to believe that you will be still better pleased with new trouble than with my gratitude, therefore I will immediately flounce into more recommendation; but while I do recommend, I must send a bill of discount at the same time: in short, I have been pressed to mention a Sir Robert Davers to you; but as I have never seen him, I will not desire much more than your usual civility for him; sure, he may be content with that! I remember Sir William Maynard [4], and am cautious.

Since I began this, I receive yours of April 2nd, full of uneasiness for your brother's quicksilver and its effects. I did not mention it to you, because, though it put him back, his physicians were persuaded that he would not suffer, and he has not. As to reasoning with them, my dear child, it is impossible: I am more ignorant in physic than a child of six years old; if it were not for reverence for Dr. Cocchi, and out of gratitude to Dr. Pringle, who has been of such service to your brother, I should say, I am as ignorant as a physician. I am really so sensible of the good your brother has received from this doctor, that I myself am arrived so far towards being ill, that I now know, if I was to be ill, who should be my physician. The weather has been so wet and cold that your brother has received very little benefit from it: he talked to me again this morning of riding, but I don't yet think him able; if you had seen him as I saw him the day I wrote my first letter to you,

[4] Whom Mr. W. recommended to Sir H. Mann, to whom Sir William, who was a Jacobite, behaved very impertinently. *Walpole.*

you would be as happy as I am now; without that, I fear you would be shocked to see how he is emaciated; but his eyes, his spirits, his attention, give me great hopes, though I absolutely think it a tedious asthmatic case. Adieu! my dear child; be in better spirits, and don't expect either sudden amendment or worse change.

476. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, April 20, 1756.

Your steward called on me just as I was going to keep my Newmarket at Strawberry Hill; he promised to leave me the direction to the statuary[1], but as I have not heard from him, I wish you would send it me.

The cold and the wet have driven me back to London, empty London! where we are more afraid of the deluge than the invasion. The French are said to be sailed for Minorca, which I hold to be a good omen of their not coming hither, for if they took England, Port Mahon, I should think, would scarcely hold out.

Pray don't die, like a country body, because it is the fashion for gentlefolks to die in London: it is the *bon ton* now to die; one can't show one's face without being a death's head. Mrs. Bethel and I are come strangely into fashion; but true critics in mode object to our having under jaws, and maintain that we are not dead *comme il faut*. The young Lady Exeter[2] died almost suddenly, and has handsomely confirmed her father's will, by leaving her money to her lord only for his life, and then to Th. Townshend[3]. Sir William Lowther has made a charming will,

Letter 476.—[1] Montagu was about to erect a monument to the memory of his sister, Miss Harriet Montagu.

[2] Letitia, daughter and heir of Hon. Horatio Townshend; m. (1748) Brownlow Cecil, ninth Earl of Exeter; d. April 17, 1756.

[3] Hon. Thomas Townshend (1701–1780), second son of second Viscount Townshend by his first wife; M.P. for Cambridge University; Teller of the Exchequer, 1727–80.

and been as generous at his death as he was in his short life; he has left thirteen legacies of five thousand pound each to friends, of which you know by sight, Reynolds[4], Mrs. Brudenel's son[5], and young Turner. He has given seventeen hundred pound a year, that is, I suppose, seventeen hundred pound, to old Mrs. Lowther[6].—What an odd circumstance! a woman passing an hundred years to receive a legacy from a man of twenty-seven! After her it goes to Lord George Cavendish[7]. Six hundred pound per year he gives to another Mrs. Lowther, to be divided afterwards between Lord Frederick[8] and Lord John[9]. Lord Charles[10], his uncle, is residuary legatee. But what do you think of young Sir James Lowther, who, not of age, becomes master of one or two and forty thousand pounds a year. England will become a Heptarchy, the property of six or seven people! The Duke of Bedford is fallen to be not above the fourth rich man in the island.

Poor Lord Digby is likely to escape happily at last, after being cut for the stone, and bearing the preparation and execution with such heroism, that waking with the noise of the surgeons, he asked if that was to be the day? 'Yes.'—'How soon will they be ready?'—'Not for some time.'—'Then let me sleep till they are.' He was cut by

[4] Francis Reynolds (d. 1773) of Strangeways, near Manchester, father of the second and third Barons Ducie.

[5] Susan, daughter of Bartholomew Burton, and widow of Hon. James Brudenell. Her son was George Bridges Brudenell, Equerry to George II.

[6] Hannah, fifth daughter of Alderman Robert Lowther. She was Maid of Honour to Queen Mary and Queen Anne. She died unmarried (aged one hundred and three), in January, 1757.

[7] Second son of third Duke of Devonshire; M.P. for Derbyshire; Comptroller of the Household, 1761; d. 1794.

[8] Lord Frederick Cavendish, third son of third Duke of Devonshire.

[9] Lord John Cavendish (1732–1796), fourth son of third Duke of Devonshire; M.P. for Weymouth; Lord of the Treasury, 1765–66; Chancellor of the Exchequer, March–July, 1782, April–Dec., 1783. He was a prominent member of the Rockingham party. Lords George, Frederick, and John Cavendish were first cousins of Sir William Lowther.

[10] Lord Charles Cavendish, third son of second Duke of Devonshire.

a new instrument of Hawkins[11], which reduces an age of torture to but one minute.

The Duke had appeared in form on the causeway in Hyde Park with my Lady Coventry; it is the new office, where all lovers now are entered. How happy she must be with Billy and Bully[12]! I hope she will not mistake, and call the former by the nickname of the latter! At a great supper t'other night at Lord Hertford's, if she was not the best-humoured creature in the world, I should have made her angry; she said in a very vulgar accent, if she drank any more, she should be *muckibus.*—'Lord!' said Lady Mary Coke, 'what is that!'—'Oh! it is Irish for *sentimental.*'

There is a new Morocco ambassador, who declares for Lady Caroline Petersham, preferably to Lady Coventry. Lady Caroline Fox says he is the best bred of all the foreign ministers, and at one dinner said more obliging things than Mirepoix did during his whole embassy. He is so fashionable that George Selwyn says he is sure my Lady Winchelsea[13] will ogle him instead of Haslang.

I shall send you soon the fruits of my last party to Strawberry; Dick Edgecumbe, George Selwyn, and Williams were with me; we composed a coat of arms for the two clubs at White's, which is actually engraving from a very pretty painting of Edgecumbe, whom Mr. Chute, as Strawberry King-at-Arms, has appointed our chief herald painter; here is the blazon:

Vert (for card-table), between three parolis proper on a chevron table (for hazard-table) two rouleaus in saltire between two dice, proper; in a canton, sable, a white ball (for election) argent.

[11] Cæsar Hawkins, the surgeon.

[12] The Duke of Cumberland and Lord Bolingbroke.

[13] Mary (d. 1757), daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Palmer, fourth Baronet, of Wingham, Kent; m. (1738) Daniel Finch, eighth Earl of Winchilsea.

Supporters. An old knave of *clubs* on the dexter; a young knave on the sinister side, both accoutred, proper.

Crest. Issuing out of an earl's coronet (Lord Darlington's) an arm, shaking a dice-box, all proper.

Motto (alluding to the crest), *Cog*it amor nummi.

The arms encircled by a claret bottle ticket, by way of order.

By the time I hope to see you at Strawberry Hill, there will be a second volume of the Horatiana ready for the press; or A full and true account of the bloody civil wars of the house of Walpole, being a narrative of the unhappy differences between Horatio and Horace Walpoles; in short, the old wretch, who aspires to be one of the Heptarchy, and who I think will live as long as old Mrs. Lowther, has accomplished such a scene of abominable avarice and dirt, that I, notwithstanding my desire to veil the miscarriages of my race, have been obliged to drag him and all his doings into light—but I won't anticipate. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

477. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 4, as they call it, but the weather and the almanack of my feelings affirm it is December.

I will answer your questions as well as I can, though I must do it shortly, for I write in a sort of hurry.

Osborn could not find Lord Cuts[1], but I have discovered

Letter 477.—Wrongly placed by C. amongst letters of 1755. (See *Academy*, Dec. 26, 1895.)

[1] John Cutts (1661–1707), Baron Cutts. He took a prominent part in Marlborough's campaigns, and was third in command at Blenheim. Montagu's interest in Lord Cutts was due to the fact that the latter was the third husband of his maternal grandmother, Elizabeth (*née* Clark), widow of John Trevor, of Plas Teg, Flint.

another in an auction for which I shall bid for you. Mr. Müntz has been at Strawberry these three weeks, tight at work, so your picture is little advanced, but as soon as he returns it shall be finished. I have chosen the marbles for your tomb; but you told me you had agreed on the price, which your steward now says I was to settle. Mr. Bentley still waits the conclusion of the session, before he can come amongst us again. Everything has passed with great secrecy: one would think the devil was afraid of being tried for his life, for he has not even directed Madam Bentley to the Old Bailey. Mr. Mann does not mend, but how should he in such weather?

We wait with impatience for news from Minorca. Here is a Prince of Nassau Welbourg, who wants to marry Princess Caroline of Orange: he is well-looking enough, but a little too tame to cope with such blood. He is established at the Duke of Richmond's[2], with a large train, for two months. He was last night at a great ball at my Lady Townshend's, whose Audrey[3] will certainly get Lord George Lenox[4]. George Selwyn t'other night, seeing Lady Euston with Lady

[2] Charles Lennox (1735–1806), third Duke of Richmond, Duke of Aubigny in France; entered the army, 1753; saw active service during the Seven Years' War, and was present at the battle of Minden. He was Ambassador at Paris, 1765–66; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, May–July, 1766; Master-General of the Ordnance, 1782; Field-Marshal, 1796. The Duke was a prominent member of the Rockingham party. He strongly opposed the government policy with regard to the American colonies. It was while attempting to reply to Richmond's speech relative to the withdrawal of troops from America, that Chatham was seized with his fatal illness. Richmond was in favour of parliamentary reform and of Catholic Emancipation. His advocacy of the latter made him peculiarly obnoxious to the mob at the time of the Gordon Riots. His marriage to Lady Mary Bruce (daughter of Conway's wife, the Countess of Ailesbury, by her first marriage) brought him into friendly relations with Horace Walpole, who had a great regard for him, and a great affection for the Duchess.

[3] Hon. Audrey (or Ethelreda) Townshend, only daughter of third Viscount Townshend; m. Captain Robert Orme.

[4] Lord George Henry Lennox (1737–1805), second surviving son of second Duke of Richmond. He entered the army, 1754; was Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Cumberland, 1757; General, 1793.

Caroline Petersham, said, 'There's my Lady Eus*ton*[5], and my Lady us'd *to't*.'

Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

I enclose a print of the arms.

I forgot another *bon mot* of G. Selwyn's; somebody said they should not dislike Mrs. Deering; 'Ah!' said he, 'if you was to see *la petite* Guildford!'

478. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 16, 1756.

You will hear with great satisfaction that your brother rides out every day, and bears it pretty well. I sent to him yesterday morning, and my Swiss boy told me with great joy at his return, that he saw your brother's servant cutting a plate of bread and butter for him, 'big enough,' said he, 'for you, Sir, and Mr. Bentley[1], and Mr. Müntz'—who is a Swiss painter that I keep in the house—you perceive I deal much in Swiss. I saw your brother this morning myself; he does not mend so fast as I wish, but I still attribute it to the weather. I mentioned to him Dr. Cocchi's desire of seeing his case and regimen in writing by Dr. Pringle, but I found he did not care for it; and you may imagine I

[5] Hon. Anne Liddell (d. 1804), daughter of first Baron Ravensworth; m. 1. (1756) Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Earl of Euston (succeeded his grandfather as third Duke of Grafton in 1757), from whom she was separated in 1765, and divorced in 1769; 2. (1769) John Fitzpatrick, second Earl of Upper Ossory. She was the object of Horace Walpole's admiration and interest as Duchess of Grafton. After her divorce and marriage to Lord Ossory (whom Walpole greatly esteemed) their friendship continued, and she became one of Walpole's regular correspondents. The first of his letters to her was written in 1769, and to her is addressed the last of his printed letters, dated Jan. 15, 1797, a few weeks before his death.

Letter 478.—[1] Richard Bentley, son of the famous Dr. Bentley, lived much with Mr. W. at that time. *Walpole.*

would not press it. I sifted Dr. Pringle himself, but he would not give me a positive answer; I fear he still thinks that it is not totally an asthma. If you had seen him so much worse, as I have, you would be tolerably comforted now. Lord Malpas[2] saw him to-day for the first time, and told me alone that he found him much better than he expected. His spirits and attention to everything are just as good as ever, which was far from being the case three months ago.

I read the necessary part of your letter to Sir George Lyttelton, who thinks himself much obliged, and leaves the vases entirely to your taste, and will be fully content with the five jesses you name.

We have nothing new; the Parliament rises the 25th; all our attention is pointed to Minorca, of which you must be much better and sooner informed than we can. Great dissatisfactions arise about the defenceless state in which it was left: it is said, some account arrived from Commodore Edgecumbe[3] the night before last, but it is kept very secret, which at least specifies the denomination of it. I hope to find Mr. Conway in town to-morrow night, whither he is just returned from Ireland; he has pacified that country to the standard of his own tranquillity.

I have read the poem you mention, the *Pucelle*, and am by no means popular, for I by no means like it—it is as tiresome as if it was really an heroic poem. The four first cantos are by much the best, and throughout there are many

[2] George, eldest son of George, third Earl of Cholmondeley, by Mary, daughter of Sir R. Walpole: he died before his father, and was father of George, the fourth Earl. *Walpole.*

[3] George, second son of Richard, Lord Edgcumbe; succeeded his brother in the title, and was by George III created Viscount Mount Edgcumbe. *Walpole.*—Treasurer of the Household, 1765–66; Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1770–72, 1784–93; Admiral of the White, 1782; and was created Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, 1789; d. 1795. Edgcumbe was off Mahon with a small squadron when the French fleet approached, and was obliged to retire to Gibraltar.

vivacities; but so absurd, perplexed a story is intolerable; the humour often missed, and even the parts that give most offence, I think very harmless.—I don't see that he attacks beyond the outworks! As to your asking why nobody writes against the impudence of the Bishop of London's[4] affected bigotry, I answer, they would be mad if they did: of all martyrs, sure those to irreligion are the most ridiculous—what signifies what species of prevailing folly you combat? Some there will be always.—Did Calvin make the world much amends, when he pulled down St. Francis, and burned Servetus? But even in this country, where there happen to be more eyes open than in others, it is ruin, at least perpetual odium and persecution, to attack any reigning superstition—nay, there is a better reason against it; the priesthood has so little credit, that they can attract few followers, but when they have an opportunity of hallooing them upon an heretic. And for my own part I had rather any dowager of my acquaintance should lump an earthquake under the chapter of miracles, than be forced to explain to her the natural process of it. I am sure she will not talk half so much nonsense upon it in a religious style, as she would in a philosophic one.—I have known the time when I am sure you and I should have wished that my Lady Orford and my Lady Pomfret had studied St. Chrysostom instead of Sir Isaac Newton. Adieu, my dear Sir.

P.S. We are to declare war this week; I suppose, in order to make peace[5], as we cannot make peace till we have made war.

[4] Dr. Thomas Sherlock.
[5] War was declared against France on May 18, 1756.

479. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 19, 1756.

Nothing will be more agreeable to me than to see you at Strawberry Hill; the weather does not seem to be of my mind, and will not invite you—I believe the French have taken the sun. Among other captures, I hear the King has taken another English mistress, a Mrs. Pope, who took her degrees in gallantry some years ago. She went to Versailles with the famous Mrs. Quon; the King took notice of them; he was told they were not so rigid as *all* other English women are—mind, I don't give you any part of this history for authentic; you know we can have no news from France but what we run. I have rambled so that I forgot what I intended to say; if ever we can have spring, it must be soon; I propose to expect you any day you please after Sunday se'nnight, the 30th; let me know your resolution,—and pray tell me in what magazine is the Strawberry ballad! I should have proposed an earlier day to you, but next week the Prince of Nassau is to breakfast at Strawberry Hill, and I know your aversion to clashing with grandeurs.

As I have already told you one mob story of a King, I will tell you another; *they say*, that the night the Hanover troops were voted, *he* sent, that is, *a King* sent for his German cook, and said, 'Get me a very good supper; get me all de rarities; I don't mind expense.'

I tremble lest his Hanoverians should be encamped at Hounslow; Strawberry would become an inn, all the Misses would breakfast there, to go and see the camp!

My Lord Denbigh[1] is going to marry a fortune, I forget

Letter 479. — [1] Basil Fielding (1719–1800), sixth Earl of Denbigh; Master of the Fox-hounds, 1761–82. He married (1757) Mary, daughter and co-heir of Sir John Bruce Cotton, sixth Baronet.

her name: my Lord Gower asked him how long the honeymoon would last! He replied, 'Don't tell me of the honeymoon; it is harvest moon with me.' Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

480. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 27, 1756.

Your brother is determined to go to Bristol in ten days: our summer, which nobody but the almanack has the confidence to say is not winter, is so cold that he does not advance at all. If his temper was at all in the power of accidents, it would be affected enough just now to affect his health! What a figure he would make in a catalogue of philosophers or martyrs! His wife's aunt, Mrs. Forth, who has always promised him the half of her fortune, which is at least thirty thousand pounds, is dead, and has left him only two thousand pounds. He sent for your brother Ned this morning to talk to him upon some other business, and it was with such unaffected cheerfulness, that your eldest brother concluded he was reserving the notification of a legacy of at least ten thousand pounds for the *bonne bouche*; but he can bear his wife, and then what are disappointments? Pray, my dear child, be humble, and don't imagine that yours is the *only best* temper in the world. I pretend so little to a good one, that it is no merit in me to be out of all patience.

My uncle's ambition and dirt are crowned at last; he is a peer[1]. Lord Chief Justice Ryder, who was to have kissed hands with him on Monday, was too ill, and died on Tuesday; but I believe his son will save the peerage.

We know nothing yet of Minorca, and seem to think so

Letter 480.—[1] Horatio Walpole, the elder, was created (June 4, 1756) Baron Walpole of Wolterton.

little of our war, that to pass away his time, Mars is turned *impresario*; in short, the Duke has taken the Opera House for the ensuing season. There has been a contest between the manager Vanneschi and the singers Mingotti and Ricciarelli; the Duke patronizes the Mingotti, and lists under her standard. She is a fine singer, an admirable actress; I cannot say her temper is entirely so sweet as your brother's.

May 30th, Arlington Street.

See what a country gentleman I am! One cannot stir ten miles from London without beginning to believe what one hears, and without supposing that whatever *should* be done, will be done. The Opera House is still in dispute between Signor Guglielmo and Signor Vanneschi—and Mr. Ryder[2] will not get the peerage; for coronets are not forfeited by worthlessness, but by misfortune. My Lord Chief Justice misses one by only dying, my uncle gets one by living!

I this moment receive your letter of the 15th. We had picked up by scrambling accounts pretty much what you tell me of Minorca; but hitherto we only live on comparing dates.

I can add nothing to what I have said in the article of your brother. I am going to send the papers to Lord Macclesfield. Adieu!

P.S. It is uncertain who will be Chief Justice; Murray could have no competitor, but the Duke of Newcastle cannot part with him from the House of Commons[3].

[2] Mr. Ryder did obtain a barony in the next reign. *Walpole.*—Nathaniel Ryder (1735–1804), cr. Baron Harrowby, 1776.

[3] Murray became Lord Chief Justice.

481. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, June 6, 1756.

I am not sorry to be paving my way to Wentworth Castle[1] by a letter, where I suppose you are by this time, and for which I waited: it is not that I stayed so long before I executed my embassy *auprès de Milord* Tylney. He has but one pair of gold pheasants at present, but promises my Lady Strafford the first fruits of their loves. He gave me hopes of some pied peacocks sooner, for which I asked directly, as one must wait for the lying-in of the pheasants. If I go on *negotiating* so successfully, I may hope to arrive at a peerage a little sooner than my uncle has.

As your Lordship, I know, is so good as to interest yourself in the calamities of your friends, I will, as shortly as I can, describe and grieve your heart with a catastrophe that has happened to two of them. My Lady Ailesbury, Mr. Conway, and Miss Rich passed two days last week at Strawberry Hill. We were returning from Mrs. Clive's through the long field, and had got over the high stile that comes into the road; that is, three of us. It had rained, and the stile was wet. I could not let Miss Rich straddle across so damp a palfrey, but took her in my arms to lift her over. At that instant I saw a coach and six come thundering down the hill from my house; and hurrying to set down my charge, and stepping backwards, I missed the first step, came down headlong with the nymph in my arms; but turning quite round as we rushed to the ground, the first thing that touched the earth was Miss Rich's head. You must guess in how improper a situation we fell; and you must not tell my Lady Strafford[2] before anybody that

Letter 481. — [1] Lord Strafford's seat, near Barnsley, in Yorkshire. [2] Lady Anne Campbell, second daughter and co-heir of second Duke

every petticoat, &c. in the world were canted—high enough indeed! The coach came on, and never stopped. The apprehension that it would run over my Chloe made me lie where I was, holding out my arm to keep off the horses, which narrowly missed trampling us to death. The ladies, who were Lady Holdernesse, Miss Pelham, and your sister Lady Mary Coke, stared with astonishment at the theatre which they thought I had chosen to celebrate our loves; the footmen laughed; and you may imagine the astonishment of Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury, who did not see the fall, but turned and saw our attitude. It was these spectators that amazed Miss Pelham, who described the adventure to Mrs. Pitt, and said, 'What was most amazing, there were Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury looking on!' I shall be vexed to have told you this long story, if Lady Mary has writ it already; only tell me honestly if she has described it as decently as I have.

If you have not got the new Letters and Memoirs of Madame Maintenon[3], I beg I may recommend them for your summer reading. As far as I have got, which is but into the fifth volume of the Letters, I think you will find them very curious, and some very entertaining. The fourth volume has persuaded me of the sincerity of her devotion; and two or three letters at the beginning of my present tome have made me even a little jealous for my adored Madame de Sévigné. I am quite glad to find that they do *not* continue equally agreeable. The extreme misery to which France was reduced at the end of Queen Anne's war is more striking than one could conceive. I hope it is a debt that they are not going to pay, though the news that

of Argyll; m. (1741) second Earl of Strafford. Her death (in 1785) was due to injuries received by falling into the fire during an attack of epilepsy, from which she had suffered throughout her life.

[3] The Letters in nine volumes, 12mo, and the Memoirs in six volumes, 12mo, the first edited, the second compiled, by La Beaumelle.

arrived on Wednesday have but a black aspect. The consternation on the behaviour of Byng[4], and on the amazing council of war at Gibraltar[5], is extreme: many think both next to impossibilities. In the mean time we fear the loss of Minorca. I could not help smiling t'other day at two passages in Madame Maintenon's Letters relating to the Duc de Richelieu[6], when he first came into the world: 'Jamais homme n'a mieux réussi à la cour, la première fois qu'il y a paru: c'est réellement une très-jolie créature!' Again:—'C'est la plus aimable poupée qu'on puisse voir.' How mortifying that this 'jolie poupée' should be the avenger of the Valoises!

Adieu, my Lord. I don't believe that a daughter of the Duke of Argyll[7] will think that the present I have announced in the first part of my letter balances the inglorious article in the end. I wish you would both renew the breed of heroes, which seems scarcer than that of gold pheasants! Your most faithful servant, HOR. WALPOLE.

482. To JOHN CHUTE.

MY DEAR SIR, Arlington Street, June 8, 1756.

Pray have a thousand masses said in your divine chapel *à l'intention* of your poor country. I believe the occasion

[4] On May 20, Byng fought an indecisive action with the French off Mahon. Four days afterwards he returned to Gibraltar, and abandoned Minorca to its fate.

[5] 'Admiral Byng . . . arriving at Gibraltar on the 2nd of May, had, according to his orders, demanded of General Fowke, the governor, a battalion to be transported to Minorca, but . . . the governor, instead of obeying these directions, had called a council of war, where, in pursuance of the opinion of engineers whom they consulted, it was determined to be impracticable to fling succours into St. Philip's, and that it would be weakening the garrison of Gibraltar to part with so much force, which accordingly was refused.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. p. 56.)

[6] Richelieu was in command of the French force at Minorca.

[7] Lady Strafford was the youngest daughter of John, Duke of Argyll. *Walpole.*—She was the second daughter; her younger sisters were Lady Betty Mackenzie and Lady Mary Coke.

will disturb the founder[1] of it, and make him shudder in his shroud for the ignominy of his countrymen. By all one learns, Byng, Fowke, and all the officers at Gibraltar, were infatuated! They figured Port Mahon lost, and Gibraltar a-going! a-going! Lord Effingham, Cornwallis, Lord Robert Bertie, all, all signed the council of war, and are in as bad odour as possible. The King says it will be his death, and that he neither eats or sleeps—all our trust is in Hanoverians.

The Prince[2] has desired to be excused living at Kensington, but accepts 40,000*l.* a year; 5,000*l.* is given to Prince Edward[3], and an establishment is settling; but that too will meet with difficulties. I will be more circumstantial when we meet.

My uncle has chose no motto nor supporters yet: one would think there were fees to pay for them! Mr. Fox said to him, 'Why don't you take your family motto[4]?' He replied, 'Because my *nephew* would say, I think I speak as well as my brother.' *I believe he means me.* I like his awe. The Duke of Richmond, taking me for his son, reproached himself to Lady Caroline Fox for not wishing me joy. She is so sorry she undeceived him! Charles Townshend has turned his artillery upon his own court: he says, 'Silly fellow for silly fellow, I don't see why it is not as well to be governed by my uncle[5] with a blue riband, as by my cousin[6] with a green one.'

I have passed to-day one of the most agreeable days of my life; your righteous spirit will be offended with me—but I must tell you: my Lord and Lady Bath carried my Lady Hervey and me to dine with my Lady Allen at

LETTER 482.—[1] William Sandys (d. 1542), first Baron Sandys de Vyne.

[2] The Prince of Wales, who was just of age.

[3] Afterwards Duke of York.

[4] 'Fari quae sentiat.'

[5] The Duke of Newcastle, half-brother of Townshend's grandmother.

[6] Lord Bute, first cousin of Townshend's wife, the Countess of Dalkeith.

Blackheath. What added to the oddness of the company in which I found myself was her sister Mrs. Cleveland[7], whose bitterness against my father and uncle for turning out her husband you have heard—but she is very agreeable. I had a little private satisfaction in very naturally telling my Lord Bath how happy I have made his old printer, Franklyn. The Earl was in extreme good-humour, repeated epigrams, ballads, anecdotes, stories, which, as Madame Sévigné says, puts one in mind 'de sa défunte veine.' The Countess was not in extreme good-humour, but in the best-humoured ill-humour in the world; contested everything with great drollery, and combated Mrs. Cleveland on Madame Maintenon's character, with as much satire and knowledge of the world as ever I heard in my life. I told my Lord Bath General Wall's foolish vain motto, 'Aut Caesar aut nihil.' He replied, 'He is an impudent fellow: he should have taken "Murus aheneus."' Dodington has translated well the motto on the caps of the Hanoverians, 'Vestigia nulla retrorsum'—*They never mean to go back again.*

Saunders[8], the new admiral, told the King yesterday in a very odd phrase, that they *should screw his heart out*, if Byng is not now in the harbour of Mahon. The world condemns extremely the rashness of superseding admirals on no information but from our enemies. The ministry tremble for Thursday se'nnight (*inter alia*), when the King is to desire the Parliament to adjourn again. I believe altogether it will make a party. Adieu!

[7] Widow of William Cleland (d. 1741), known as a friend of Pope. Cleland was dismissed from his post of Surveyor of the Land Tax in July, 1741.

[8] Rear-Admiral Charles Saunders (d. 1775), afterwards Admiral and K.B.; Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital, 1754; Comptroller of the Navy, 1755; Lord of the Admiralty, 1765–66; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1766. He accompanied Anson on his voyage round the world, took part in Hawke's great victory in 1747, and, in command of the fleet in the St. Lawrence, greatly contributed to the capture of Quebec (1759).

483. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 14, 1756.

Our affairs have taken a strange turn, my dear Sir, since I wrote to you last at the end of May; we have been all confusion, consternation, and resentment! At this moment we are all perplexity! When we were expecting every instant that Byng would send home Marshal Richelieu's head to be placed upon Temple Bar, we were exceedingly astonished to hear that the governor[1] and garrison of Gibraltar had taken a panic for themselves, had called a council of war, and in direct disobedience to a positive command, had refused Byng a battalion from thence. This council was attended, and their resolution signed, by all the chief officers there, among whom are some particular favourites, and some men of the first quality. Instead of being shocked at this disappointment, Byng accompanied it with some wonderfully placid letters, in which he notified his intention of retiring under the cannon of Gibraltar, in case he found it dangerous to attempt the relief of Minorca! These letters had scarce struck their damp here, before D'Abreu, the Spanish minister, received an account from France, that Galissonière[2] had sent word that the English fleet had been peeping about him, with exceeding caution, for two or three days; that on the 20th of May they had scuffled for about three hours, that night had separated them, and that to his great astonishment, the English fleet, of which he had not taken one vessel, had disappeared in the morning. If the world was scandalized at this history, it was nothing to the exasperation of the court, who, on

Letter 483.—[1] General Fowke. [2] Rolland Michel Bassin (1693–1756), Marquis de la Galissonière, in command of the French fleet at Mahon.

no other foundation than an enemy's report, immediately ordered Admiral Hawke and Saunders (created an admiral on purpose) to bridle and saddle the first ship at hand, and to post away to Gibraltar, and to hang and drown Byng and West[3], and then to send them home to be tried for their lives: and not to be too partial to the land, and to be as severe upon good grounds as they were upon scarce any, they dispatched Lord Tyrawley and Lord Panmure upon the like errand over the Generals Fowke and Stuart. This expedition had so far a good effect, that the mob itself could not accuse the ministry of want of rashness; and luckily for the latter, in three days more the same canal confirmed the disappearance of the English fleet for four days after the engagement—but behold! we had scarce had time to jumble together our sorrow for our situation, and our satisfaction for the dispatch we had used to repair it, when yesterday threw us into a new puzzle. Our spies, the French, have sent us intelligence that Galissonière is disgraced, recalled, and La Motte[4] sent to replace him, and that Byng has reinforced the garrison of St. Philip with—150 men! You, who are nearer the spot, may be able, perhaps, to unriddle or unravel all this confusion; but you have no notion how it has put all our politics aground!

This is not our only quandary! A message of 40,000*l.* a year, with an intention of an establishment for a court, and an invitation of coming to live at Kensington, has been sent to Leicester Fields[5]. The money was very kindly received—the proposal of leaving our lady-mother refused in most submissive terms. It is not easy to enforce obedience; yet it is not pleasant to part with our money for nothing—and yet it is thought that will be the consequence

[3] Byng's second in command.

[4] Toussaint Guillaume Picquet de la Motte (1720–1791), Comte de la Motte Picquet.

[5] Where the Prince of Wales lived with his mother.

of this ill-judged step of authority. My dear child, I pity you who are to represent and to palliate all the follies of your country!

My uncle has got his peerage; but just when the patent was ready, my Lord Privy Seal Gower went out of town, on which the old baby wrote him quite an abusive letter, which my Lord Gower answered with a great deal of wit and severity. Lord Ilchester and Lord Falconberg[6] are created earls.

General Isemberg of the Hessians has already diverted us: he never saw the tide till he came to Southampton; he was alarmed, and seeing the vessel leaning on the shore, he sent for his master of the horse, and swore at him for overturning the ship in landing the horses. Another of them has challenged a Hampshire justice, for committing one of his soldiers; but hitherto both Hessians and Hanoverians are rather popular.

Your brother, whom, if anything, I think better, is set out this morning for Bristol. You cannot pray more for its restoring his health than I do. I have just received yours of May 28th, to which I make no answer, as all the events I have mentioned are posterior to your accounts. Adieu! my dear Sir,

484. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 11, 1756.

I RECEIVE with great satisfaction all your thanks for my anxiety about your brother: I love you both so much, that nothing can flatter me more, than to find I please the one by having behaved as I ought to the other—oh, yes! I could be much more rejoiced, if this other ceased to want my attentions. Bristol began to be of service to him, but

[6] Thomas Belasyse (1699–1774), fourth Viscount and first Earl Fauconberg.

he has caught cold there, and been out of order again: he assures me it is over. I will give you a kind of happiness: since he was there, he tells me, that if he does not find all the benefit he expects, he thinks of going abroad. I press this most eagerly, and shall drive it on; for I own if he stays another winter in England, I shall fear this disorder will fix irremovably. I will give you a commission, which, for his sake, I am sure, you will be attentive to execute in the perfectest manner. Mr. Fox wants four vases of the Volterra alabaster, of four feet high each. I choose to make over any merit in it to you, and though I hate putting you to expense, at which you always catch so greedily, when it is to oblige, yet you shall present these. Choose the most beautiful patterns, look to the execution, and send them with rapidity, with such a letter as your turn for doing civil things immediately dictates.

There is no describing the rage against Byng; for one day we believed him a real Mediterranean Byng[1]. He has not escaped a sentence of abuse, by having involved so many officers in his disgrace and his councils of war: one talks coolly of their being broke, and that is all. If we may believe report, the siege is cooled into a blockade, and we may still save Minorca[2], and, what I think still more dear, old Blakeney[3]. What else we shall save or lose I know

Letter 484.—[1] His father, Lord Torrington, had made a great figure there against the Spaniards. *Walpole.*

[2] Port Mahon surrendered to the French on June 28, 1756.

[3] It was at that time believed that General Blakeney had acted with great spirit; but it appeared afterwards that he had been confined to his bed, and not been able to do anything. *Walpole.*—Major-General William Blakeney (1672–1761), cr. Baron Blakeney, 1756. He served throughout Marlborough's campaigns, took part in the expedition to Carthagena of 1741, and was made Lieutenant-Governor of Stirling Castle in 1744. In this capacity he distinguished himself during the rebellion of 1745, and was promoted to be Lieutenant-Governor of Minorca in 1747. The defences of Minorca had been for many years totally neglected, in spite of Blakeney's urgent requests for men and money. This was known to the French, and led to the expedition of 1756. After Byng withdrew Blakeney had no hope of holding out, and

not. The French, we hear, are embarked at Dunkirk—rashly, if to come hither; if to Jersey or Guernsey, uncertain of success—if to Ireland, *ora pro nobis*! The Guards are going to encamp. I am sorry to say, that with so much serious war about our ears, we can't help playing with crackers. Well, if the French do come, we shall at least have something for all the money we have laid out on Hanoverians and Hessians! The latter, on their arrival, asked *bonnement* where the French camp was. They could not conceive being sent for if it was no nearer than Calais.

The difficulties in settling the Prince's family are far from surmounted; the Council met on Wednesday night to put the last hand to it, but left it as unsettled as ever.

Pray do dare to tell me what French and Austrians say of their treaty[4]: we are angry—but when did subsidies purchase gratitude? I don't think we have always found that they even purchased temporary assistance. France declared, Sweden and Denmark allied to France, Holland and Austria neuter, Spain not quite to be depended on, Prussia—how sincerely reconciled! Would not one think we were menaced with a league of Cambray[5]? When this kind of situation was new to me, I did not like it—I have lived long enough, and have seen enough, to consider all political events as mere history, and shall go and see the

after 'seventy days' defence of an almost indefensible fortress, surrendered on the honourable terms that his garrison was to be transported to Gibraltar, and not made prisoners of war.' See notice in *D.N.B.*, which directly contradicts Horace Walpole's statement that Blakeney was incapacitated during the siege.

[4] The Treaty of Versailles. On May 1, 1756, 'a compact of neutrality and defensive alliance was signed between Austria and France, by which the former power engaged to observe complete neutrality in the war between England and France, and the latter to abstain from every attack upon the Austrian dominions, while in all contingencies that did not arise out of that war each power guaranteed the territory of the other.' (Lecky, *Hist. Cent. XVIII*, vol. ii. pp. 361–2.)

[5] Formed in 1508 by Pope Julius II, the Emperor Maximilian I, Louis XII, and Ferdinand V of Castile and Aragon against the Venetians.

camps with as unthinking curiosity as if I were a simpleton or a new general. Adieu!

485. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 12, 1756.

When I have told you that Mr. Müntz has finished the drapery of your picture, and the copy of it, and asked you whither and how they must be sent, I think I have done all the business of my letter; except telling you, that if you think of conveying them through Moreland, he is gone a-soldiering. All the world is going the same road, except Mr. Müntz, who had rather be knocked of the head for fame, than paint for it. He goes to-morrow to Kingston, to see the great drum pass by to Cobham [1], as women go to take a last look of their captains. The Duke of Marlborough [2] and his grandfather's triumphal car are to close the procession.—What would his grandame, if she were alive, say to this pageant? If the war lasts, I think well enough of him to believe he will earn a sprig; but I have no notion of trying on a crown of laurel, before I had acquired it. The French are said to be embarked at Dunkirk—lest I should seem to know more than any minister, I will not pretend to guess whither they are bound. I have been but one night in town, and my head sung ballads about Admiral Byng all night, as one is apt to dream of the masquerade minuet: the streets swarm so with lampoons, that I began to fancy myself a minister's son again.

I am going to-morrow to Park Place; and the first week in August into Yorkshire. If I hear that you are at Greatworth, that is, if you will disclose your motions to me for

Letter 485.—[1] 'Monday, July 12. The first battalion of each of the three regiments of Foot Guards have orders to march to Byfleet, near Cobham in Surrey, to encamp.' (*Gent Mag.* 1756, p. 357.)

[2] As Colonel of the second regiment of Foot Guards.

the first fortnight of that month, I will try if I cannot make it in my road either going or coming. I know nothing of roads, but Lord Strafford is to send me a route, and I should be glad to ask you how you do for one night—but don't expect me, don't be disappointed about me, and of all things don't let so uncertain a scheme derange the least thing in the world that you have to do.

There are going to be as many camps and little armies, as when England was a Heptarchy. Adieu!

Yours faithfully,
H. W.

486. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 24, 1756.

Because you desire it, I begin a letter to-day, but I don't think I shall be able to fill to the bottom of this side. It is in answer to your long one of the 3rd.—In answer?—no; you must have patience till next session before your queries can be resolved, and then I believe you will not be very communicative of the solutions. In short, all your questions of, Why was not Byng sent sooner? Why not with more ships? Why was Minorca not supported earlier?—all these are questions which all the world is asking as well as you, and to which all the world does not make such civil answers as you must, and to which I shall make none, as I really know none. The clamour is extreme, and I believe how to reply in Parliament will be the chief business that will employ our ministry for the rest of the summer—perhaps some such home and personal considerations were occupying their thoughts in the winter, when they ought to have been thinking of the Mediterranean. We are still in the dark; we have nothing but the French accounts of the surrender of St. Philip's: we are humbled, disgraced, angry. We know as little of Byng, but hear that he sailed with the

reinforcement[1] before his successor reached Gibraltar. If shame, despair, or any human considerations can give courage, he will surely contrive to achieve some great action, or to be knocked on the head—a cannon-ball must be a pleasant quietus, compared to being torn to pieces by an English mob or a House of Commons. I know no other alternative, but withdrawing to the Queen of Hungary, who would fare little better if she were obliged to come hither—we are extremely disposed to massacre somebody or other, to show we have any courage left. You will be pleased with a cool sensible speech of Lord Granville to Coloredo, the Austrian minister, who went to make a visit of excuses. My Lord Granville interrupted him, and said, 'Sir, this is not necessary; I understand that the treaty is only of neutrality; but what grieves me is, that our people will not understand it so: and the prejudice will be so great, that when it shall become necessary again, as it will do, for us to support your mistress, nobody will then dare to be a Lord Granville.'

I think all our present hopes lie in Admiral Boscawen's intercepting the great Martinico fleet of a hundred and fifty sail, convoyed by five men-of-war; Boscawen has twenty. I see our old friend Prince Beauvau[2] behaved well at Mahon. Our old diversion, the Countess[3], has exhibited herself lately to the public exactly in a style you would guess. Having purchased and given her Lord's collection of statues to the University of Oxford, she has been there at the public act to receive adoration. A box was built for her near the Vice-Chancellor, where she sat three days together for four hours at a time to hear verses and speeches, to hear herself called Minerva; nay, the public orator had prepared an encomium on her beauty, but being

LETTER 486.—[1] Apparently this was not the case.

[2] Son of the Prince de Craon.

[3] Of Pomfret. *Walpole.*

struck with her appearance, had enough presence of mind to whisk his compliments to the beauties of her mind. Do but figure her; her dress had all the tawdry poverty and frippery with which you remember her, and I dare swear her tympany, scarce covered with ticking, produced itself through the slit of her scowered damask robe. It is amazing that she did not mash a few words of Latin, as she used to fricassee French and Italian! or that she did not torture some learned simile, like her comparing the tour of Sicily, the surrounding the triangle, to squaring the circle; or as when she said it was as difficult to get into an Italian coach, as for Cæsar to take Attica, which she meant for Utica. Adieu! I trust by his and other accounts that your brother mends.

P.S. The letters I mentioned to you, pretended to be Bower's, are published, together with a most virulent pamphlet[4], but containing affidavits, and such strong assertions of facts, as have staggered a great many people. His escape and account of himself in Italy is strongly questioned. I own I am very impatient for the answer he has promised. I admire his book so much, and see such malice in his accusers, that I am strongly disposed to wish and think him a good man. Do, for my private satisfaction, inquire and pick up all the anecdotes you can relating to him, and what is said and thought of him in Italy. One accusation I am sure is false, his being a plagiary; there is no author from whom he could steal that ever wrote a quarter so well.

[4] *Six Letters from A—d B—r to Father Sheldon, Provincial of the Jesuits in England; illustrated with several remarkable facts, tending to ascertain the authenticity of the said letters, and the true character of the writer.* It was written by John Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury.

487. To Richard Bentley.

Wentworth Castle, August [1756].

I always dedicate my travels to you. My present expedition has been very amusing, sights are thick sown in the counties of York and Nottingham; the former is more historic, and the great lords live at a prouder distance: in Nottinghamshire there is a very Heptarchy of little kingdoms elbowing one another, and the barons of them want nothing but small armies to make inroads into one another's parks, murder deer, and massacre park-keepers. But to come to particulars: the Great Road as far as Stamford is superb; in any other country it would furnish medals, and immortalize any drowsy monarch in whose reign it was executed. It is continued much farther, but is more rumbling. I did not stop at Hatfield and Burleigh to see the palaces of my great-uncle-ministers, having seen them before. Bugden Palace[1] surprises one prettily in a little village; and the remains of Newark Castle, seated pleasantly, began to open a vein of historic memory. I had only transient and distant views of Lord Tyrconnel's[2] at Belton, and of Belvoir. The borders of Huntingdonshire have churches instead of milestones, but the richness and extent of Yorkshire quite charmed me. Oh! what quarries for working in Gothic!

This place is one of the very few that I really like; the situation, woods, views, and the improvements, are perfect in their kinds; nobody has a truer taste than Lord Strafford. The house is a pompous front screening an old house; it

Letter 487.—Wrongly placed by C. (See *Notes and Queries*, Nov. 11, 1899.)

[1] Bugden or Buckden, in Huntingdonshire, formerly a residence of the bishops of Lincoln.

[2] John Brownlow (d. 1754), Viscount Tyrconnel. On his death without issue, Belton became the property of his sister, Lady Cust.

was built by the last lord[3] on a design of the Prussian architect Bott[4], who is mentioned in the King's *Mémoires de Brandenburg*[5], and is not ugly: the one pair of stairs is entirely engrossed by a gallery of 180 feet, on the plan of that in the Colonna palace at Rome: it has nothing but four modern statues and some bad portraits, but, on my proposal, is going to have books at each end. The hall is pretty, but low; the drawing-room handsome; there wants a good eating-room and staircase: but I have formed a design for both, and I believe they will be executed—that my plans should be obeyed when yours are not! I shall bring you a ground-plot for a Gothic building, which I have proposed that you should draw for a little wood, but in the manner of an ancient market-cross. Without doors all is pleasing: there is a beautiful (artificial) river, with a fine semicircular wood overlooking it, and the temple of Tivoli placed happily on a rising towards the end. There are obelisks, columns, and other buildings, and, above all, a handsome castle in the true style, on a rude mountain, with a court and towers: in the castle-yard, a statue of the late lord who built it. Without the park is a lake on each side, buried in noble woods. Now contrast all this, and you may have some idea of Lord Rockingham's[6]. Imagine a most extensive and most beautiful modern front erected before the great Lord Strafford's old house, and this front almost blocked up with hills, and everything unfinished round it, nay within it. The great apartment, which is magnificent, is untouched: the chimney-pieces lie in boxes unopened. The park is traversed by a common road between two high hedges—not from necessity. Oh no; this Lord

[3] Thomas Wentworth (1672–1739), first Earl of Strafford of the third creation.

[4] Johann Bott (1670–1745).

[5] *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Brandebourg*, by Frederick the Great.

[6] Wentworth House, near Rotherham.

loves nothing but horses, and the enclosures for them take place of everything. The bowling-green behind the house contains no less than four obelisks, and looks like a Brobdignag ninepin-alley: on a hill near, you would think you saw the York Buildings water-works invited into the country. There are temples in corn-fields; and in the little wood, a window-frame mounted on a bunch of laurel, and intended for an hermitage. In the inhabited part of the house, the chimney-pieces are like tombs: and on that in the library is the figure of this lord's grandfather, in a night-gown of plaster and gold. Amidst all this litter and bad taste, I adored the fine Vandyck of Lord Strafford and his secretary, and could not help reverencing his bed-chamber. With all his faults and arbitrary behaviour, one must worship his spirit and eloquence: where one esteems but a single royalist, one need not fear being too partial. When I visited his tomb in the church (which is remarkably neat and pretty, and enriched with monuments) I was provoked to find a little mural cabinet, with his figure three feet high kneeling. Instead of a stern bust (and his head would furnish a nobler than Bernini's Brutus) one is peevish to see a plaything that might have been bought at Chenevix's. There is a tender inscription to the second Lord Strafford's[7] wife, written by himself; but his genius was fitter to coo over his wife's memory than to sacrifice to his father's.

Well! you have had enough of magnificence: you shall repose in a desert. Old Wortley Montagu lives[8] on the very spot where the dragon of Wantley did, only I believe the latter was much better lodged: you never saw such a wretched hovel; lean, unpainted, and half its nakedness barely shaded with harateen stretched till it cracks. Here the miser hoards health and money, his only two objects:

[7] William Wentworth (1621–1695), second Earl of Strafford.
[8] At Wharncliffe Lodge.

he has chronicles in behalf of the air, and battens on tokay, his single indulgence, as he has heard it is particularly salutary. But the savageness of the scene would charm your Alpine taste: it is tumbled with fragments of mountains, that look ready laid for building the world. One scrambles over a huge terrace, on which mountain ashes and various trees spring out of the very rocks; and at the brow is the den, but not spacious enough for such an inmate. However, I am persuaded it furnished Pope with this line, so exactly it answers to the picture:—

On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes.

I wanted to ask if Pope had not visited Lady Mary Wortley here during their intimacy, but could one put that question to *Avidien*[9] himself? There remains an ancient odd inscription here, which has such a whimsical mixture of devotion and romanticness that I must transcribe it:—'Preye for the soul of Sir Thomas Wortley, knight of the body to the Kings Edward IV, Richard III, Henry VII, Henry VIII, whose faults God pardon. He caused a lodge to be built on this crag in the midst of Wharncliffe' (the old orthography) 'to hear the harts bell, in the year of our Lord 1510.'—It was a chase, and what he meant to hear was the noise of the stags.

During my residence here I have made two little excursions, and I assure you it requires resolution; the roads are insufferable: they mend them—I should call it spoil them—with large pieces of stone. At Pomfret I saw the remains of that memorable castle 'where Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey[10]

[9] Wortley-Montagu and his wife, Lady Mary, figure as 'Avidien and his wife' in Pope's *Imitations of Horace* (Sat. II).

[10] Antony Wydvil (1442–1483), second Earl Rivers; Sir Thomas Vaughan, Knight, and Sir Richard Grey, Knight, seized by order of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, when they were journeying from Ludlow to London with the young King Edward V, and executed at Pomfret in June, 1483.

lay shorter by the head[11]'; and on which Gray says—

> And thou, proud boy, from Pomfret's walls shalt send
> A groan, and envy oft thy happy grandsire's end[12]!

The ruins are vanishing, but well situated; there is a large demolished church, and a pretty market-house. We crossed a Gothic bridge of eight arches at Ferrybridge[13], where there is a pretty view, and went to a large old house of Lord Huntingdon's at Ledstone[14], which has nothing remarkable but a lofty terrace, a whole-length portrait of his grandfather[15] in tapestry, and the having belonged to the great Lord Strafford. We saw that monument of part of poor Sir John Bland's extravagance, his house[16] and garden, which he left orders to make without once looking at either plan. The house is a bastard Gothic, but of not near the extent I had heard. We lay at Leeds, a dingy large town; and through very bad black roads (for the whole country is a colliery, or a quarry), we went to Kirkstall Abbey, where are vast Saxon ruins, in a most picturesque situation, on the banks of a river that falls in a cascade among rich meadows, hills, and woods: it belongs to Lord Cardigan: his father[17] pulled down a large house here, lest it should interfere with the family seat, Deane[18]. We returned through Wakefield, where is a pretty Gothic chapel on a bridge, erected by Edward IV in memory of his father[19], who lived at Sandal Castle just by, and perished

[11] Cf. article on Rivers in *Royal and Noble Authors*, where the following quotation is given :—

'— Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey
Ere this lie shorter by the heads at Pomfret.'

[12] These lines are not to be found in *The Bard* as published; they are given among the variants printed by Gosse, *Works of Gray*, vol. i. p. 45.

[13] Ferry Bridge crosses the Aire, not far from Pontefract.

[14] Five miles from Ferrybridge.

[15] Theophilus Hastings (1650–1701), seventh Earl of Huntingdon.

[16] Kippax Park.

[17] George Brudenell (d. 1732), third Earl of Cardigan.

[18] Near Wansford, in Northamptonshire.

[19] Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, killed at the battle of Wakefield, 1460.

in the battle here. There is scarce anything of the castle extant, but it commanded a rich prospect.

By permission from their Graces of Norfolk, who are at Tunbridge, Lord Strafford carried us to Worksop, where we passed two days. The house is huge, and one of the magnificent works of old Bess of Hardwicke[20], who guarded the Queen of Scots here for some time in a wretched little bed-chamber within her own lofty one:—there is a tolerable little picture of Mary's needlework. The great apartment is vast and trist, the whole leanly furnished: the great gallery, of above two hundred feet, at the top of the house, is divided into a library, and into nothing. The chapel is decent. There is no prospect, and the barren face of the country is richly furred with evergreen plantations, under the direction of the late Lord Petre.

On our way we saw Kiveton, an ugly neglected seat of the Duke of Leeds, with noble apartments and several good portraits. Oh! portraits! I went to Welbeck. It is impossible to describe the bales of Cavendishes, Harleys, Holleses, Veres, and Ogles: every chamber is tapestried with them; nay, and with ten thousand other fat morsels; all their histories inscribed; all their arms, crests, devices, sculptured on chimneys of various English marbles in ancient forms (and, to say truth, most of them ugly). Then such a Gothic hall, with pendent fretwork in imitation of the old, and with a chimney-piece extremely like mine in the library. Such water-colour pictures! such historic fragments! In short, such and so much of everything I like, that my party thought they should never get me away again. There is Prior's portrait, and the Column and Varelst's flower on which he wrote[21]; and the authoress Duchess of Newcastle[22]

[20] Elizabeth Hardwicke (d. 1608), Countess of Shrewsbury.

[21] Two short poems by Prior, *To the Lady Elizabeth Harley, since Marchioness of Carmarthen, on a column of her drawing*, and *On a Flower painted by Simon Verelst.*

[22] Margaret Lucas (d. 1674),

in a theatric habit, which she generally wore, and, consequently, looking as mad as the present Duchess; and dukes of the same name, looking as foolish as the present Duke: and Lady Mary Wortley[23], drawn as an authoress, with rather better pretensions; and cabinets and glasses wainscotted with the Greendale oak, which was so large that an old steward wisely cut a way through it to make a triumphal passage for his lord and lady on their wedding, and only killed it! But it is impossible to tell you half what there is. The poor woman who is just dead[24] passed her whole widowhood, except in doing ten thousand right and just things, in collecting and monumenting the portraits and reliques of all the great families from which she descended, and which centred in her. The Duke[25] and Duchess of Portland are expected there to-morrow, and we saw dozens of cabinets and coffers with the seals not yet taken off. What treasures to revel over! The horseman Duke's[26] *manège* is converted into a lofty stable, and there is still a grove or two of magnificent oaks that have escaped all these great families, though the last Lord Oxford[27] cut down above an hundred thousand pounds' worth. The place has little pretty, distinct from all these reverend circumstances.

daughter of Sir Thomas Lucas, of Colchester; m. (1645), as his second wife, William Cavendish, Marquis of Newcastle, cr. Duke of Newcastle in 1665. Besides plays and poems, she wrote a Life of her husband.

[23] She was a friend and correspondent of the Countess of Oxford, whose recent death is mentioned below.

[24] Lady Oxford, widow of the second Earl of Oxford, and mother to the Duchess of Portland. *Walpole.*

[25] William Bentinck (1709–1762), second Duke of Portland.

[26] William Cavendish (1592–1676), first Duke of Newcastle, author of two books on horsemanship.

[27] Edward Harley, third Earl of Oxford; d. 1755.

488. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Aug. 28, 1756.

As you was so kind as to interest yourself about the issue of my journey, I can tell you that I did get to Strawberry on Wednesday night, but it was half an hour past ten first —besides floods the whole day, I had twenty accidents with my chaise, and once saw one of the postilions with the wheel upon his body; he came off with making his nose bleed. My castle, like a little ark, is surrounded with many waters, and yesterday morning I saw the Blues wade halfway up their horses through Teddington Lane.

There is nothing new, but what the pamphlet shops produce; however it is pleasant to have a new print or ballad every day—I never had an aversion to living in a Fronde. The enclosed cards are the freshest treason; the portraits by George Townshend are droll—the other is a dull obscure thing as can be. The *Worlds* are by Lord Chesterfield on Decorum, and by a friend of yours[1] and mine, who sent it before he went to Jersey; but this is a secret: they neglected it till now, though so preferable to hundreds they have published—I suppose Mr. Moore[2] finds, what everybody else has found long, that he is aground.

I saw Lovel[3] to-day; he is very far advanced, and executes to perfection; you will be quite satisfied; I am not discontent with my own design, now I see how well it succeeds. It will certainly be finished by Michaelmas, at which time I told him he might depend on his money, and he seemed fully satisfied. My compliments to your brother, and adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

Letter 488.—[1] Bentley.
[2] Editor of the *World*.
[3] A statuary mason in business near Cavendish Square. He executed the monument erected in Westerham Church to the memory of Wolfe.

489. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 29, 1756.

A journey of amusement into Yorkshire would excuse my not having writ to you above this month, my dear Sir; but I have a better reason,—nothing has happened worth telling you. Since the conquest of Minorca, France seems to have taken the wisest way for herself, and a sure one too of ruining us, by sitting still, and yet keeping us upon our guard, at an outrageous expense. Gazettes of all countries announce, as you say, almost a league of Cambray against us; but the best heads think, that after all Europe has profited of our profusion, they will have the sense only to look on, while France and we contend which shall hereafter be the Universal Merchant of Venal Princes. If *we* reckon at all upon the internal commotions in France, *they* have still a better prospect from ours: we ripen to faction fast. The dearness of corn has even occasioned insurrections: some of these the Chief Justice Willes has quashed stoutly. The rains have been excessive just now, and must occasion more inconveniences. But the warmth on the loss of Minorca has opened every sluice of opposition that has been so long dammed up. Even Jacobitism perks up those fragments of asses' ears which were not quite cut to the quick. The City of London and some counties have addressed the King and their members on our miscarriages. Sir J. Barnard, who endeavoured to stem the torrent of the former, is grown almost as unpopular as Byng. That poor simpleton, confined at Greenwich, is ridiculously easy and secure, and has even summoned on his behalf a Captain Young, his warmest accuser. Fowke, who of two contradictory orders chose to obey the least spirited, is broke. Pamphlets and satirical prints teem; the courts are divided;

the ministers quarrel—indeed, if they agreed, one should not have much more to expect from them! the fair situation!

I do not wonder that you are impertinenced by Richcourt; there is nothing so catching as the insolence of a great proud woman[1] by a little upstart minister: the reflection of the sun from brass makes the latter the more troublesome of the two.

Your dear brother returns from Bristol this week; as I fear not much recovered, I shall have good reason to press his going abroad, though I fear in vain. I will tell you faithfully, after I have seen him a few days, what I think of him.

I never doubt your zeal in executing any commission I give you. The bill shall be paid directly; it will encourage me to employ you; but you are generally so dilatory in that part of the commission, that I have a thousand times declined asking your assistance. Adieu! my dear Sir.

490. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Thursday.

Not being in town, there may be several more new productions, as the *Grubbaea frutex* blossoms every day; but I send you all I had gathered for myself, while I was there. I found the pamphlet[1] much in vogue; and, indeed, it is written smartly. My Lady Townshend sends all her messages on the backs of these political cards; the only good one of which, the two heads facing one another, is her son George's. Charles met D'Abreu t'other day, and told him he intended to make a great many good speeches

Letter 489. — [1] The Empress Queen, wife of the Great Duke. *Walpole.*

Letter 490.—Wrongly placed by C. among letters of Sept. 1757. Incomplete in C.; collated with original in possession of Sir T. V. Lister.

[1] *The Art of Political Lying.*

next winter; the first, said he, shall be to address the King not to send for any more foreign troops, but to send for some foreign ministers.

Mr. Fox had a very bad sore-throat, but never was in any danger. You have heard, I suppose, what an abominable will Lord Fitzwilliams left; did not mention his wife or younger children in it, but leaves all to his eldest son, though she is one of the most deserving women in the world, and the younger son and five daughters will have but 2,500*l.* apiece!

My Lord Chesterfield is relapsed: he sent Lord Bath word lately, that he has grown very lean and very deaf: the other replied, that he could lend him some fat, and should be very glad at any time to lend him an ear.

I shall go to London on Monday, and if I find anything else new, I will pack it up with a flower picture for Lady Ailesbury, which I shall leave in Warwick Street, with orders to be sent to you. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. The person I employed could meet with no such thing as Bowen's paper; but the enclosed paper has all the supplies. If this will not do, give me farther directions.

491. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 19, 1756.

I PROMISED you an account of your brother as soon as he should return from Bristol, but I deferred it for a week, till I could see him reposed and refreshed, and could judge more fairly. I do think him much mended; I do not say recovered. He looks with colour again, and has got

a little flesh, and is able to do much more than before he went. My Lord Radnor[1] thinks he has a great appetite; I did not perceive it when he dined with me. His breath is better, though sometimes troublesome, and he brought back a great cough, which is, however, much abated. I think him so much better, that I ventured to talk very freely to him upon his own state; and though I allowed him mended, I told him plainly that I was convinced his case would be irrecoverable, if he did not go abroad. At times he swears he will, if he falls back at all; at others he will not listen to it, but pleads the confusion of his affairs. I wish there is not another more insurmountable cause, the fury, who not only torments him in this world, but is hurrying him into the next. I have not been able to prevail with him to pass one day or two here with me in tranquillity. I see his life at stake; I feel for him, for you, for myself; I am desperate about it, and yet know no remedy! I can only assure you that I will not see it quietly; nor would anything check me from going the greatest lengths with your sister, whom I think effectually, though perhaps not maliciously, a most wicked being, but that I always find it recoils upon your brother. Alas! what signifies whether she murders him from a bad heart or a bad temper?

Poor Mr. Chute, too, has been grievously ill with the gout—he is laid up at his own house[2], whither I am going to see him.

I feel a little satisfaction that you have an opportunity of returning Richcourt's insults: who thought that the King of Prussia[3] would ever be a rod in our hands? For my

LETTER 491. — [1] John Bodville Robartes, last Earl of Radnor of that family. He lived at Twickenham, and was a friend of Mr. Mann. *Walpole.*

[2] At the Vine, in Hampshire. *Walpole.*

[3] The Seven Years' War had broken out with the advance of Frederick into Saxony at the head of sixty thousand men; he entered Dresden on Sept. 9, 1756.

part, I feel quite pleasant, for whether he demolishes the Queen, or the Queen him, can one but find a loophole to let out joy? Lord Stormont's[4] *valet de chambre* arrived three days ago, with an account of his being within four leagues of Dresden. He laughs at the King of Poland with so much good breeding, and abuses Count Bruhl[5] with so much contempt, that one reconciles to him very fast: however, I don't know what to think of his stopping in Saxony. He assures us that the Queen has not 55,000 men, nor magazines, nor money; but why give her time to get any? As the chance upon the long run must be so much against him, and as he has three times repeated his offers of desisting if the Empress-Queen will pawn her honour (counters to which I wonder he of all Kings would trust) that she will not attack him, one must believe that he thinks himself reduced to this step: but I don't see how he is reduced to involve the Russian Empress in the quarrel too. He affirms that both intended to demolish him[6]—but I think I would not accuse both till at least I had humbled one. We are much pleased with this expedition, but at best it ensures the duration of the war—and I wish we don't attend more to that on the Continent than to that on our element, especially as we are discouraged a little on the latter. You reproach me for not telling you more of Byng[7]—what can I tell you, my dear child, of a poor simpleton who behaves arrogantly and ridiculously in the most calamitous of all situations? He quarrels with the Admiralty and ministry every day, though he is trying all he can to defer his trial. After he had asked for and had had granted a great number of witnesses, he demanded another large

[4] Minister at Vienna. *Walpole.*

[5] Prime Minister to Augustus, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony. *Walpole.*

[6] Through the treachery of one Menzel, a clerk in the Dresden Foreign Office, Frederick had for some years been aware of the intrigues against him.

[7] Byng was now under close arrest at Greenwich.

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set: this has been refused him: he is under close confinement, but it will be scarce possible to try him before the Parliament meets.

The rage of addresses did not go far: at present everything is quiet. Whatever ministerial politics there are, are in suspense. The rains are begun, and I suppose will soon disperse our camps. The Parliament does not meet till the middle of November. Admiral Martin, whom I think you knew in Italy, died here yesterday, unemployed. This is a complete abridgement of all I know, except that, since Colonel Jefferies arrived, we think still worse of the land-officers on board the fleet, as Boyd[8] passed from St. Philip's to the fleet easily and back again. Jefferies (strange that Lord Tyrawley should not tell him) did not know till he landed here what succour had been intended—he could not refrain from tears. Byng's brother[9] did die immediately on his arrival. I shall like to send you Prussian journals, but am much more intent on what relates to your brother. Adieu!

[8] Robert Boyd (1710–1794), afterwards K.B.; storekeeper of the Ordnance at Minorca. His attempt to convey dispatches was unsuccessful, contrary to Walpole's assertion. Boyd was subsequently Lieutenant-Governor of Gibraltar, and second in command under Heathfield during the siege (1779–83).

[9] Edward Byng, youngest brother of the Admiral. *Walpole.*

END OF VOL. III

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